

## Deforestation

A quiet day, a peaceful day,  
sun beating down on the land.  
Silence is broken by only the buzz,  
of a single bee collecting pollen.

The bee is spreading the pollen,  
and slowly the trees start to die.  
With each flower more forest topples,  
but the bee just busily buzzes by.

No one means to do harm,  
the bee has to provide for the hive.  
He produces lots of honey,  
so what does it matter if a few little trees die.

More bees are arriving now,  
buzzes fill the still air.  
They feel remorse, but it is too late,  
the garden has pollen, the forest is gone.