

A Fading Memory

When the last tree has been taken,
when the last river has been poisoned,
when the last animal has been killed
and when the last flower has been cut
then you will understand that you can eat money.

The son asks his father,
his father asks his father,
"Can you remember the woods and lakes, there
where the railway is now ?"

The daughter asks her mother,
her mother asks her mother,
"Do you know what it is like to hear the birds singing ?
And do you know what it is like to bathe your feet in a fresh, clean lake? "

The pupil asks his teacher full of curiosity,
"Do you know what it is like to breathe fresh air without a mask? "
The apprentice asks his master,
"Do you know what it is like to feel the sunshine on your face that is not in
the shade of skyscrapers? "

Many questions, but you will always get the same answer:
"Yes, but it is a more and more fading memory and for you only a phantasm."

