

„NOT UNDERDEVELOPED, BUT OVEREXPLOITED“

In a world where progress claims its fame,
Lies a tale of two realms, not the same.
In a big world where some have lots of cool stuff,
There's a story of two places, very different and tough.
Through a collage vast, complex, and wide,
Echoes of exploitation cannot hide.

The rich part shines with silver and light,
Fancy cities and flying cars, oh so bright.
The North, adorned in silver, green, and blue,
Futuristic cities, where dreams seem true.
Technological marvels, in deserts stand tall,
Air domes and flying cars, overlooking all.

But turn your eyes, and you'll see another scene,
Where the earth is crying, and the air's not clean.
Islands drown, as seas relentlessly rise,
An ancient balance, ignored, now cries.

Trash mountains and factories, far as you can see,
People working hard, for you and for me.
Through lands of plastic and towering waste,
Indigenous voices, in haste, displaced.

A burning civilization's grim reflection,
On faces, water scarcity's stark detection.
From labor in vast textile mills, unseen,
To indigenous lands, where forests once been.
"Not underdeveloped but overexploited," reads,
A powerful message, sowing reflective seeds.
Like letters from a hostage's desperate plea,
It calls for justice, for the exploited to be free.

From corner to corner, the story's the same,
A game of taking, with no real aim.
Clothes piled high, and nature's pain,
In a world that's chasing only financial gain.

In the midst of shiny tech and hopes so high,
Lies a truth, under the same sky.
As some folks struggle, paying the price,
Others forget, it's not so nice.

Let's remember, as we reach for the stars,
The real cost of having ours.

The collage paints, from corner to corner,
The harsh realities, making observers ponder.
A nudge to think about what we all do,
For a fairer world, for me and for you.

Let us remember, in our quest for more,
The real price of progress, at its core.

In the midst of wealth and technological stride,
Lies a truth, too often pushed aside.
As the Global South bears the weight of the cost,
In the North, the line between right and wrong, lost.

For in this tale of contrast, and stark divide,
It's not underdevelopment, but exploitation, worldwide.
A call to reflect on our collective action,
For environmental justice, a global traction.