

A Rubbish Christmas

In a little Welsh village by the long winding stream,
lives a girl named Willow with a mighty big dream.
She's waiting for a letter to come through the post,
From a girl named Mahia, who she admires the most.

Mahia lives in Malaysia, where tigers roam free,
In a small little village that's close to the sea.
In the letters she sends, she talks about wild spaces.
The creatures who live there and their colourful faces.

The wonders of nature and the sights to be seen,
The adventures she's had, and the places she's been.
Willow thinks these are the best kind of tales,
And hope she likes her stories from Wales.

Like the time she was running and found a huge rock,
Or when she sat watching the ships in the dock.
And even the treasures Willow had found,
Like the small broken tile stuck in the ground.

It was white and blue with smooth round sides,
Sanded, polished, and washed in the tides.
The pattern was like a map to be read,
Of pirates and treasure and adventures ahead.

She had sent it to Mahia and told her this tale,
Of how pirates got lost in a mighty fierce gale.
How the treasure had sunk, lost out to sea,
Calling for adventurers to set it free.

But the letter that came today through the post,
Spoke of how rubbish littered the once beautiful coast.
Of how the forest was gone, and the trees all felled,
And how toxic and dirty the rivers now smelled.

The blue sky was now filled with a cloud of grey smoke,
Covering her home in a poisonous cloak.
As Willow read on, her eyes filled with tears,
What she was reading was a story of fear.

Of a world without sunshine, the sea without fish,
A Land without trees is not a good wish.
Water from rivers that's too toxic to drink,
It is more than Willow can bear to think.

She wrote back to Mahia and told of her dream,
Where she'd help to fix it and make the beach clean,
She'll stop using plastic and recycle much better,
She made sure to say this all in her letter.

She'll switch off the lights and turn off the taps,
Dress a bit warmer and compost her scraps.
She'll do all these things and tell others too,
It's going to be tough because there's so much to do.

Christmas was coming. There was no time to waste.
More letters to be sent and trees to be placed.
But instead of her usual request for new things,
She'll ask Father Christmas to change what he brings.