

A concrete jungle. Somewhat populated, past it's peak, and it will never be the same.

The air quality isn't all that good in the concrete jungle, the rain turns brown as it hits the ground, but not from the dirt.

Deforestation in the concrete jungle occurs everyday so we can have nice furniture. Hey look at my handcrafted table. Man I hope that kid's fingers don't hurt that much, maybe now he can provide for his family.

Black smoke in the concrete jungle from factories which clouds our air for our entertainment, but we hope the ice doesn't melt, we like polar bears. Hopefully CA doesn't sink.

The gray clouds in the concrete jungle are filled with tears of single mothers that can't afford to give their children the benefits that they didn't have as a kid. These little kids just have to ask as their mother holds back tears, "When is daddy coming back?".

Prices of medicine are higher than the teenagers that find the dealer, but the police can't? Anything for a quick dollar, right? The next day you see on the news, a kid has overdosed because of somebody with special candy off of the streets of the concrete jungle.

Racists are common in the concrete jungle, it's highly populated with people of color, different colors like a rainbow, but a rainbow's colors are united. Could've been someone just like you, but they don't have the same skin color as you, what a monster.

In the concrete jungle, some people are made fun of because of who they choose to love, it's like they can't understand, but when they take their lives, they question, maybe they could've.

A global virus takes over the planet in a couple of months, but I don't wanna wear a mask, I don't wanna stay in my house for a couple of weeks, I want my freedom. Ok, let's see how much you're willing to fight for that "right".

We fight for our rights, but all we end up doing is fighting each other. We are all the same race, the human race, some with different skin, and some with different preferences, but that makes us who we are, that is what makes everyone special.

Life is a lot like Spring, it's dark and stormy, but that's where flowers, animals, sun, plants, and life begin to rise. The flower that blooms later is always more beautiful. We can be that positive result out of a dark time. We can be the change we need, we can be the best person we can be for a better future, in the concrete jungle.