

Elias Stretford

Whitehorse

“Awaken, Guardians of the Northern Wilds”

In the quiet of dawn, where the Kluane Mountains rise,
their icy peaks piercing the sky,
a solitary boreal forest cradle life within their branches.
And behold, the sinuous silver thread of the Yukon River carves through valleys,
shaped by ancient glaciers.
Each ripple, each eddy, whispers tales of resilience,
nature’s sublime rhyme etched in water and stone.

The earth does not squander, nor carelessly spend.
Each leaf and drop are savoured, each cycle mended.
Yet, we take without giving, consume without heed,
leaving in our wake a trail of excess,
the earth left to bleed.
But hark, the wise Yukon, its wildness untamed,
teaches us balance, respect, and a love unclaimed.
To live with less, to cherish, not waste,
for in nature’s embrace, true wealth is found.

So let us tread lightly, where our forebears have trod,
with care for each other, for the soil, for the sod.
For in each act of saving, in each thing we conserve,
lies the hope for tomorrow, the world we preserve.

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