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A Cigarette's Butt-end

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I saw a cigarette's butt-end on top of a green leaf, How nature and destruction mingle, How can this combination be explained? A rare scene, one reflects life, and the other Death.

A stranger walks upon
When inhaling and exhaling with smoke-end,
He places the butt-end, throwing on the leaf.
Evening it was; air blows from the south,
The leaves were dancing and making noise
Suddenly! Smoker burns the green leaves,
Leaving the butt-end with fire.

I saw the cigarette butt-end, following morning
The green leaves are half-lived,
After the rain, the cigarette's poisonous elements enter
Into the roots and poison every cell of it,
And the tree was infected,
The color was changing, the greenness was fading away.

The following month, the tree lost its charm,
The toxins of cigarette run through
Every part of its body, every leaves of it is changing.
Months after It died, failing to detoxify it from the deadly poison.

Being a small green rose tree,
It couldn't tolerate the deadly cigarette's butt-end.
Destroying human life, at the end
The butt-end takes the life of a tree that can bloom flowers,
Spread sweet fragrance, give life to earth.
This killing makes me responsible, guilty of inventing the poison,
Poison that took away lives of millions and still waiting to unleash.