

Who made our Mother Earth cry?

I want to weave a string
of apologies to the motherhood
of the earth we recklessly overlooked.
How ignorant of our race to think of ourselves as superior beings by
killing everything that soothes her
and destroying the greenery that
completes her.

our inconsequential profiteering
that made a joke out of the
concept of 'sustainability' will
sow us in grime and we will
think the demolition hovering
around us must be a sublime
procession of co-incidences

the dreadful assortment of
realizations dig me out of
an angry cyclone
or a fateful quake
or a merciless volcano
or a ceaseless storm
or an outpouring volatile enough
to drown civilizations
or maybe all of these at once

then, who will come to tell us
that this prolific nature had
never been ours to fiddle with
and we were merely an ephemeral
aspect of it's subsistence

that this deity
never needed us to exist
in the first place.

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