

Gaia

In the beginning,
When things were dark,
I gave you light,
And you gave me your love.

Graveling at my skin,
I nurtured you with the fruits of my womb,
The labor of my love,
Whatever you needed in order to prosper.

I have seen you through the ages,
Thousands of years of growth,
Maturing and expanding through the changes,
Adapting to survive in this world.

Over time, when you could walk on your own,
You changed vastly and widely,
Far past where I could help.
Suddenly, while I could meet yours,
My needs were discarded.

Now I am lost and cannot be found.
My vision is muddled
And my foundation grows weak,
But you do not see this.
You do not hear this.

I rot and I rot
Until the fruits I have borne for you,
My children,
Dry and wither away,
Much like your mother.

Can you find any reason
In your hearts, minds, souls,
To help save what I have provided for you?
Or will you ignore my pleas once more?

When I speak to you, I intend not to yell,
But you do not listen to me at all.

Only when my skin is burning,
The floods of my tears raise your seas,
And the gasses in my lungs suffocate me,
Do you pay any mind to my cries.

I have tried to warn you,
For years and years,
Prior and prior,
Yet it's only when I am in pain that you look at me.

I will tell you plainly, since my signals you cannot comprehend:
I am withered and worn.
I grow more tired each day
And I am losing the strength that I once had.

I am dying, my children.

Will you help me now?