

The Earth is not asleep—she weeps.
Beneath her roots, the sorrow seeps.
In shadows deep, her breath grows thin,
As we, her children, scorch her skin.

Her forests—once cathedral halls—
Stand hollow now, as timber falls.
Each axe's bite, a bell of doom,
Each fallen trunk, a prophet's tomb.
The birds once sang in joyful choir—
Now silence reigns, and ash, and fire.

The rivers wind through poisoned ground,
Their voices lost, no lullaby sound.
Where once they whispered, soft and slow,
Now oily secrets downward flow.
The fish lie still beneath the grime,
Their scales like coins tossed into time.

O human hands—how pale with guilt,
For all the empires you have built
On bones of trees, and breaths of beasts,
And all the green that fed your feasts.
You crowned yourself the Earth's high king,
Yet stole the crown from everything.

The wind now howls a hollow hymn—
A requiem for every limb
Of oak or ash or willow gray
That watched the stars just fade away.
Even the moon avoids her gaze,
Ashamed to light her darkened days.

Still deeper lies a dreadful fear,
That Earth will wake and none shall hear.
That vines will rise like silent screams,
And choke the steel that choked her dreams.
That flowers, black and slick with rot,
Will bloom in places time forgot.

And should she speak—O heaven, hush—
Her voice would crack the mountain's crush.

No mercy in her molten veins,
No pity left for those remains.

Yet even now, a choice remains—
To heal her wounds or break her chains.
To lay our egos at her feet,
And let our hearts with hers repeat:

“I am your child, and I must keep
The watch while you lie still, and weep.
And if you rise in wrath or flame,
Let not my blood forget your name.”