

# On My Earth

by Jordan Vellon

Oh my beautiful flowers for where have you gone?  
The zephyr that blew your exquisite petals – gone.  
The hill where once you stood – gone; destroyed.  
A great machine takes its place metallic; toxic.  
Pumping sludge and more with fumes that cloud the air.

Oh my blue sky for where have you gone?  
The clouds hang thick and black sadly crying.  
Crying that you have vanished behind a malignant smog.  
You are gone, but we fervently wait for your return.

Oh my crystalline water for where have you gone?  
Bogged by oil and spoliation your pulchritude veiled.  
The resources you gave the world diminished.  
The more you were depleted the more you were needed.

We hymn a requiem solemn and profound.  
Reconciliation is not possible for you are destroyed.  
You are as a Father that gave all he can.  
You are as Mother exhausted and weak.  
But as for us that was loved no reciprocation.  
Overwhelmed by contrition we say to you Earth, sorry.