

Gaia

By Corinne Muir

She still loves you,
she learned danger in your branches,
counted out puppy love on your petals,
thrashed out teenage anger in your waves.

Her life counted out in your seasons,
in sunsets, and high and low tides,
your moon's rhythm inside her body,
Nature, her mother, our mother.

But she's forgotten that closeness,
if it's not instagrammable does it matter?
If it's not on Facebook did it even happen?
She must come back to you, we all must, or all will be lost.