

Gaia

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,
the number of bud bursts, of sunny days,
of kicking through crunchy leaves,
And in scrunching through snow.

Her life measured in your phases,
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 online did it even happen?
She must come back to you, we all must.

Some remember you Gaia,
they fight for you and your children,
the animals, the plants, the water, the hills,
For humankind's continued existence.

The tide is turning, I hope,
more and more people are on your side,
I pray that it is enough, and in time,
That Gaia and her children can endure.

Corinne Muir