

The Cry – Competition Poem By Gracey Bee

Don't tell me you care for me, when you treat me this way.
Don't tell me you love me, yet do things that hurt me, every single day .
Don't tell me you want the best for our future, when you barely sustain what we have now.
Stop promising from now on, "It'll be different!" when your actions, speak the opposite, ever so loud!

Stop telling me, there's time! Or you can rectify all the wrongs you've done.
Stop telling me you'll be much kinder! When? When will that day come?
You tell you'll do better, but I struggle to see the evidence of this!
Temporarily you change your behaviour, but then, the good behaviour you dismiss.
Don't you see, I need your help? Don't you know, I still believe in you?
Deep down, you know really, what you must start to do!

You need to listen, for I'm warning you now! If you pledge to change... keep those vows.
For this treatment, I can no longer allow. It feels like resentment, is what you have showered.

Well guess what? I'm angry too!
Your nonchalance is actually rude.

So my anger... will boil.. yes... volcanic eruptions.
For everything I will break in frustration... earthquakes... causing major disruptions.
My fury will be so heated... scorching fires,
until you listen up keenly, and heed my desires.
My mood swings, the extent you haven't seen... tornados in the wind.
My sorrow for this situation, tsunamis, engulfing everything.
My tears will cry in anguish, terrible thunderstorms,
you think it's over, we're just in the eye of the storm.
But regardless of these warnings, you still pollute me to my core!
You still expect me to keep on giving you more and more.

Have you no mercy?
Why have you cursed me?

Your necessities... home, food, water, necessities, daily I happily provide!
I give you everything I could possibly give, nothing would I ever hide!
But you still take me for granted, so again, I plead, change your selfish ways.
These warnings you've taken for granted, years, months, weeks, days!
All I want is for us to harmoniously exist,
But you live in a false illusion... that no repercussions come with all this.
Time, my patience, is slowly running out! I no longer desperately cry, angrily, I shout!
Help me! Heal me! Care for me! Love me! Support me! Just stop wearing me out!

These are the cries of Mother earth, (our planet), to her children... the entire human race,
If we break her down, destroy her with pollution and she gives up... oh what a disgrace!
She not only cries to us, she warns us for our children and grandchildren too, but her cautions we do not heed.
Our actions has a ripple effect, but in our greed to consume, we watch Mother earth continues to cry, warn, bleed!