**Mother Earth**

She is screaming,

Screaming,

Screaming.

Tides crash

Around confused ankles;

Her voice comes

In sharp waves

Cuts the air

Crashes down onto onto sand,

Icy water dampens dreams.

She yells so loud

The seagulls enter a frenzy,

Her words are a motorboat

Causes ever increasingly large disruptions

From somewhere deep into the blue;

Spreading out to the innocent vacationers

A disruption.

What a word.

It is the best way to describe

How she’s besmirched

This perfectly calm evening.

Murder would be another suiting noun

As she’s murdered the stillness

With her shrieks of rage

And psychosis

So much

That now we’ve forgotten

The definition of stillness

That we once knew so well;

Forgotten how we ever obtained it

For those fleeting glimpses

Of monotonous bliss.

She screams

Then cries;

She screams again

To the point where we fear a tsunami

Beyond the mental shifting of ocean.

All our lives could be destroyed

If she continues hurtling down this path

Of creating the biggest splash she can

All for nothing,

Nothing,

Nothing.

It is all pointless.

I wonder if she knows this.

In between oceanic assaults,

She whispers.

Her gentle waves come from nowhere,

For there is no slow down

Between her levels of sound.

Her pushes of water drop from

Destructive

Down to gentle

Before we can wipe the salt water from our eyes.

She whispers “I love you”

And we feel forced to say “I love you too”

In the hopes that it will calm her.

It doesn’t.

Before we can return the words

She is screaming too loud to hear us.

It will rinse and repeat until she sleeps,

But we must always fear another pounding wave.