

She Feels

After 300 years of screaming, her voice hoarse, still no one heard Mother Nature.

She was maimed and wounded, bandaged but bleeding. She was dangling from a thread, orbiting around a mammoth that scorched her surfaces.

She felt a spear stab her side.

It was yet another mine, burrowed into the ground, men disappearing into its fathomless depths, eating away at her core. They brought out a piece of her heart. Then another, as they began to steal away at her very centre, the molten gold that lay within.

She felt a burn on her surface.

The thin spherical sheet protecting her from the swelter of the mammoth began to crack, tearing until she felt her skin, frying under the heat.

She felt a splash of grime, then a flush of searing oil.

Her oceans were corrupted, layers of gunk floating upon their white peaked tips. Small pieces of plastic filled her waterways, funnelled through her currents until they joined together, large enough to make an island of their own.

She felt herself choking.

Her animals, each one was clasping upon their throats. She felt the ghost of a lush past calling to her, and the pain of a billion dying creatures. The fish in the ocean, the koalas on the land. The rhinos in the savannah, the pandas in the bamboo forests.

She felt the air in her throat, blackening her lungs.

She gasped for breath, but the stench was unbearable. Dirt, and burned coal tainted the green that had once populated the skies. She was dying, every muscle falling apart.

She felt their feet upon her, stomping. Each step was a new wound.

She felt her rivers turn brown, her ocean sour. She felt her trees cry, her animals falter.

She felt.

And felt.

And felt.

She felt gunshots from the wars, scattering as they tainted her surface.

Her animals, even peaceful people, had once belonged to these areas. Now the countries fight for custody like a mother of her child. Meaningless land, dead land. They blow it to pieces, ruin it in the pursuit of controlling it.

She feels an eternal pain, crippling as it breaks her surface in two, shattering field after field.

The atomic bomb, everything in its wake destroyed. A city of phantoms.

The people stay away from the flats where the bomb erupted. First because of the fumes, then because of the giant that has emerged.

A volcano, shadowing the vacant plains in darkness. It bubbles and broths until it spills over, masking the broken shards of land with soot-black lava.

In the quiet after the storm, the land begins to cool. The years pass and nobody arrives, all too afraid. A small seedling emerges from a crack in the solidified rock, then another.

Tens, then hundreds of years pass, and an oasis emerges. Green life first, then birds, drinking from a small stream flowing down the side of the mountain. Fish fill the stream, and bugs crawl out of the soft dirt carpeting the ground. Lush mosses grow in the shade as vines shelter the shrubs from sunlight.

While she burns across her spherical body, she can feel a small patch of relief, a place where she can breathe.

One day the beings upon the earth awaken. They look up to the blue sky above their heads and find it blackened. They look towards the hills in the distance, the greenery far away and find a grey desert in its place. They look towards their oceans, and they find brown water waves washing in death. They look towards their dams and find them dry, towards their rivers too. They try to breathe, but the scorching hot air has not a single gasp of oxygen.

They look up again, only to find great volcanoes looming above them, erupting, releasing fiery magma from their pinnacle and flattening everything, until the world is black, and the seas are brown.

Years pass, the death in the sea sinks to the abyss of its depths, the scorching sun cleanses it until the water boasts of crystalline blues again. The seeds from the single oasis spread, carried by birds and freshly carved rivers. The green fills her earth once again, the animals too.

The poles freeze over, the equator shifts back to sands and palms, the forests to pines. The world rejuvenates itself. The surviving animals crawl out of their hiding spots and inhabit the rebirthed world.

The black and brown has dissipated, the blue and green returned.

An uncanny peace exists on the earth, no creature disturbing the cycle. They belong in equality, harmony.

Peace.