

A world on fire

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Sometimes I hear the sky speak
in low cadences and agitated whispers
continuous musings of a world
much older than we are

It tells me of the Beginning
when the first bud of life took in
its first breath

And it tells me of the End
when the world will siphon down
the hourglass of Time
and emerge broken and befuddled
on the other side

Sometimes I feel the sky's grief
captured in crystal slices running down my face
as I mourn
the destruction around us
and I know
when the rain stops
when the Earth is dry

that even the sky has run out of tears
at the mess we have made

Because we live in a world set on fire
where hatred is rampant
division trumps unity
and the clouds that gather are the fumes
stoked by demagogues

Sometimes the smoke is too much
the flames scorch my skin
the sky is choked with shadow
but I remember
within the fire there is a phoenix
within the storm there are flashes of light
and every battle not fought is justice not won

Today I look up at the parched sky
and hope
one day we will heal