

My Time is Done

I've lived for 4.6 million years.
But I will soon perish.
Like my sister, Venus,
Who could not sustain this precious life.

They destroy me; choke me out.
They take my fuel that keeps me running.
They stomp on my body as if I'm nothing.
They cut my thick coarse hair that cleans the air.

My blood has been polluted.
My cells have been executed.
They're gone and I cannot help it.
These--these pests have invaded.

They used to bow down, praise me even,
"Oh Mother Earth, let there be rain."
"Oh Mother Earth, let it be warm."
But now they're taking over me.

I spin around in circles,
And I change their seasons.
I thought that they'd be grateful
For the life that's willingly been given.

I'm too weak to cause a plague.
My time here is done.
But if these vexing pests change their ways,
I can bring back the world for what it once was.

S.S.

