

## The World Is Grieving

Sadness reaps its belongings as my clouds— a cloak covers everything in darkness  
forcing my inhibitors' eyes to shut and lulling them to sleep while the others who walk my land stay far  
from here not caring to oppose it  
I tell my own story with each blown-away piece of rock, each shard of glass deposited in what will be just  
another layer of my sediment.  
My people are helpless to the doom and destruction  
“here in Mariupol, this is the third failed assassination attempt of their president”  
their country, their world, you betray them  
leave them in my streets, watch as their bodies blend with the ashes from my crust  
the smell of decay cakes on the walls of their empty living rooms,  
“How are the rich content while we are dying, do they feel no shame, no guilt?  
little miss news reporter has no idea of what is happening yet she will write of my misery.  
she doesn't smell my trees burning. She doesn't hear the bombs going off at night in my valleys. She  
doesn't taste the tears of my mourning. she doesn't touch the rocks of me that spell out ‘children are here’  
so that officials know exactly who they are harming.  
“When do you think the war will end?”  
their eyes glaze over, with shots of hallucinogens going straight to their dome.  
isn't this enough?  
use my belongings as ammunition for manslaughter, allow war to happen on my grounds but use my  
wheat to make potions that wash away the pain.  
you strip away every nutrient from my land but douse the soil in your chemicals  
If I could lead my horse to water, I could make it drink, yet the unspoken noise of glorified racism and  
misogyny litter my sea.  
you refuse to listen.  
“How does pollution impact minority communities?”  
scientists are shot down for determining the antidote to the chaos  
As I wither away, ashes to ashes and dust to dust each continent grieves me, each plastic bottle a symbol  
of their love, every person pronounced dead after using opioids, the flowers of my land, a show of their  
gratitude, each soul that slips away as they are killed in my hills and valleys at war with no end in sight a  
sign of their respect, the dust particles, ashes and other soot that strip the air from my lungs, forcing tears  
from my eyes, a cure for my date of expiration.