

“Earth”

By: Lauren Foster

Down and out on this dreary earth
Living to die or dying to live
Abnormal birth
Seeking the touch and feel of the polluted dirt when it only hurts your eyes
Look, at your eyes
The blind decay of masquerade elevates
The bright display of sting rays poisoning your very will
Will you still live on this drawing earth?

Can you live on this droughted earth?
Nothing but sandpaper staining your sand-whispered hands
Plan after plan we reside in The Man who never really gave a shit about us
We reside in a cold, disgusted heart
Constructed with metals for parts
And part of me wants to believe and find good, but what good is it if you don't believe?
I ask Jesus, I ask God
I ask any element that's bigger than me
Why must the good suffer for the transactions of the bad?

How can you live on such a steel earth?
Magnifying, gratifying the fire swirling inside us and impending on the ground so everyone
drowns
Does that not sound like a problem to you?
Magnifying, gratifying the drainage of our bodies of water
We are bodies of water hydrating deserts
Deserts with no cacti for souls
How on earth, is Elsa supposed to let it go into the Unknown if the cold bothers her?
Immense heat flurries in fractals from the drowning fires?
Decompress because we think we're higher
We're not

This old dreary earth is all we got
We can stop the drowning fires
We can stop the draining seas
We can stop the polluted aisles
You and me need to breathe
Inhale, exhale

We need to breath
One day, we shall read
So long go, this dreary earth was coated
In dirt, grime, and nearly floated
So many have to sugar coat it
But an uproar of sergeants acted as detergents and cleaned up their act
Now, this dreary earth, where we once questioned our abnormal birth, has flowers in its dirt
The hurt in your eyes is only from crying tears of joy
That Earth is back
This is how we'll react when we laugh and have our flourished Earth back