

# Mother Nature

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My eyes fixate upon a woman, chained to a stone wall.  
Her head and arms droop from fatigue,  
for she has suffered for a while,  
hiding her pain and masking her constant agony.  
The world seems oblivious to her,  
and she continues on without a single word.  
But, soon her silence will turn into a roar,  
and all will suffer the consequences.  
My eyes admire her pale green skin and notice the  
bulging black bags under her affectionate blue eyes.  
Black tears continue to fall, though  
the previous ones are still dried to her cheeks.  
A ring of fire surrounds this angelic woman,  
and the sweat from her brow drips  
to her tattered brown dress.  
A thick cloud of smoke suffocates her,  
and pollutes her mind.  
Torture like this should be terminated.  
“Mom, who is that?” a young boy asks as he  
timidly looks at the caged woman.  
“That’s mother nature,” the mother replies.  
“Can we help her?” he innocently asks.  
“Honey, that’s not our job,” the mother said  
as she pried her son’s fingers  
from the burning bars of the cage.  
Typical answer, her ignorance was expected,  
just another tear down Mother Nature’s already stained cheeks.  
The question isn’t “who will save her,”  
but rather, “when will we save her?”  
When will we?