

We, Three

I am the soil, the mountains and oceans of life.

Mycellium colonies beneath my surface plunge up
up, up through the peat and the moss, the decaying leaves. They pray for the rain, the fruit of
my earth.

Plantae nestle in, fragile and comfortable,
seeds sprout to eagerly gulp rain,
animalia flourish, consuming what I provide
only to come home, at the end, to me
to rejoin my earth;
we are one

I am the atmosphere, the sunny clouds and storms producing bounty to those below

I am the chaos in the lightning

I am the rainbow after the storm

Changing fearfully, I'm warmer and drier
than I've ever been before

connected to the ocean, cycling with the wind flying with magnificent wings; most organic some
metallic

I love the magic of what lies below The planet loves me - needs me Yet lately, I don't know

I may feel neglected

I am gliding with my own two feet over fresh, pungent soil packed down on the trail that savors
my tracks--

Carrying my heart in my hand

Raised in a society who pays no attention

With blissful ignorance in humankind--

I turn my back to the destruction

I savor this land, this sky, this earth

I breathe in the bold Yellow Cap birthed over a rainy night whistle with twirling ferns nestled in
the moss

smile with the clumsy toad who blends with mother soil, who watches curiously, and asks me,
what we are doing to his beautiful home?

Ginny Maika