

## **Last rites**

The sky is weeping, veiled behind  
a darkening of clouds, beneath which  
we scurry like ants explaining ourselves.

Our resources are drained, our forests exhausted.  
At this late hour Earth calls from her sick bed,  
broken and coughing, and asks us  
to remember her as she once was.  
She is whispering her stories,  
revealing the hurt, forgiving us.

In these last hours of cooling sunlight  
words become extinct,  
and mutant ants flicker  
like forgotten stars.

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