

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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