

A Mother's Loving Note

by poetmargo April 8, 2011

Your feet are growing heavier Dear,

Not like when you were younger
and crawled around
bumping into this and that
until you finally pulled yourself up
to timidly walk around.
Even your stumbling and bumping back then
hurt you more than me.
Those explorations that made us both laugh.

Now your bumps blow off mountaintops
and blast gaping holes
shaking my inner core.
Making me tremble large quakes
swelling my waters to rise
rise way above
and destroying
the tall sand castles and
Lincoln Log and Lego structures
you build to play in.

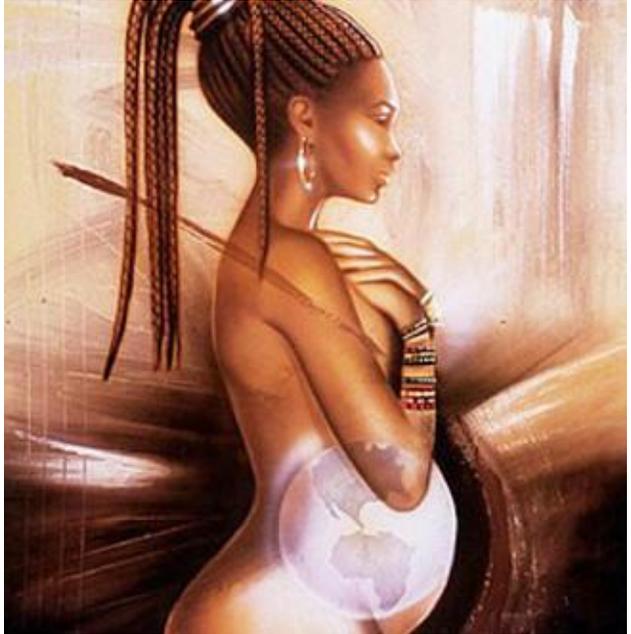
I'm not punishing you Dear
even though it may feel that way sometimes.
Really I'm not
but it all builds up, you know?

You and I used to frolic together.
You remember?
You would tend to my fields
and I would feed you from them
and give you places to build your shelters.

You would play and splash in my water ways
and I would give you passage
from place to place
for your leisure
to visit with your friends and family
...to trade.

I would lend you my trees
for lumber and fuel
to keep you warm
on my cold nights.

You would build the most amazing tools
from my ore
and come running to me
to show me what you had just done.
I was so proud of you.



Back then
you never took more than you needed
and always planted more
for us to raise together.

What happened Dear One?

You don't really tend to the land anymore
you just keep building
and building
and building.
It's kind of...
smothering me.
I cannot even talk about it
or talk about how you greedily
dig and rip minerals
from beneath my skin
without crying.

And you've polluted my water
so badly
that those tears
those tears that fall
are stream-filling acid tears.
Barely fit for you to play in anymore
nonetheless drink.

My other children
the ones that live in my lakes
rivers
and oceans
and on the land
are dying
because of you.

You're playing
is getting a little too rough
violent
and reckless my Dear.

You are spilling the blood
of your own
and feeding it into my soil.
No thank you.
I would much rather eat at your McDonalds.

I question if I spoiled you this way
...rotten?
Given you too much
a playground
that was like...
heaven on me?
Was I not firm enough?

Did I not provide you with enough boundaries?
Or guidance?
I just don't know anymore.
I lay restless
and awake
with the sun and moon
feeling myself grow old
weak
and tired
way beyond my years.

You and I
used to enjoy
and respect each other.
Do you remember?

I'm not saying this to be mean Dear.
Really, I'm not.
But
I do wonder sometimes
if I could possibly
heal myself
and get better
make a full recovery
on my own
if
you
would
just...
leave?
Go away.
Grow up
and find a place
of your own?
Or even
sorry to think this
but...
what if...
your Father and I decided
not to conceive you at all?
I don't mean to hurt your feelings Dear.
I really don't.
It just builds up, you know?

Other times
I wonder
if it would just be best if I leave
but I know that's not possible.
I laugh out loud
thinking about
me packing a bag of my precious treasures
getting up off my axis
and heading to the nearest solar system

and leaving behind
a little note to you
saying,
"I've had enough.
So long."

Oh that is so funny to me
but I do think about it sometimes.
I'm not laughing at you Dear
really I'm not.
But do you have any idea
what you are doing to me?

My birds
fall from the sky
the sky whose ozone
you have destroyed.
Viruses
wild crazy ones
that resemble you a little
breed and infect my animals
and you too.
At least those that have not died off
because you have poured oil and other poisons
down their throats
into their lungs
all over their skin.
It's not a beauty product
or some elixir, you know?!
You have butchered them for sport
removed their natural habitat
to build
more of your little boxes
filled with stuff.
When did you grow so cruel?

The fruits of the field won't grow
unless
they are engineered
by you to do so
same is true with the animals
that you pump with hormones
so they will grow faster
faster than my plan.
And you wonder
why you and your children
are sick and dying?

Darling Dear,
I've done my best
to provide for you
a safe
lush

and plentiful place
to live
a place to grow.

You seem to be a little
too set in your ways
to change now.
Too big for your pants
I think that's what you say.

It all builds up, you know?

I don't really know
how much more I can take.
Either you change
or you go...
or I will.
I'm not pushing you out.
Really, I'm not
you are.
Because
your feet have grown a little too heavy
for me to bear much longer Dear.

Loving yours,

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