



Oh mother bring me home

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THE CENTER SCHOOL | 11TH GRADE

I stare up into the clouds and grieve the world that we have lost

I plead with mother Earth to return to her warm and welcoming grasp

as I lay there dirt rubbing against my skin

I wish to be returned in the Harshest way possible

I imagine all the ways she could reclaim what is rightfully Hers

Behind my eyes I see myself sink deeper into the ground

her vine's wrapping around me Holding me close as a mother to her child

My head pointed directly at the sky
eyes wide open forever to be blinded by the sun

And only given rest when the moon is awake

I become a part of the scenery

lavender bursts from my veins wrapping around my wrists and threw my fingers.

Daisies grow from my throat and Bloom through my lips Decorating my mouth

Finally giving my voice a rest

At last I am one with her again
as all nature should be.



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