

All of Earth's Beauty

Dirty

This world is dirty:
Filled with mud, sticks, and other debris.
It's hard and cruel and doesn't pick sides.
Both the bad and the good are just along for the ride.

But we humans are resilient.
Surprisingly strong, stubborn, and able to give clean slates.
I'm amazed daily by humans' washing away of the past
And by our constant push into and through the mire.

This world is so often so ugly.
It makes us wish there was something else to see.
The world is callous, bruised, and battered with scars
Which both the deceivers and honest have caused
By reaching for their own stars.

But we humans do both give and take.
We're compassionate, sorry, and hopeful
That we haven't wasted the time we've spent.
We are thankful for the movement we still make,
Not always straight or in the right direction,
But pushing through the swamp for each other's sake.

This world is so damn petty,
Taking an eye for an eye
When we already can't see clearly.
It is full of fake smiles and closed-door winks,
Demonstrated daily by those who've failed
And whose only mistake was to blink.

But we humans are so ready to stand
Behind a cause and become united.
Sometimes we get that cause right
And a flame becomes lighted.

I'm blessed everyday by our ability to come together.
Even if only for a time,
That unity can help us storm the weather.

This world is so far from easy,
Making us cry, shout, and whisper.
It is full of falling rocks- chaotically changing our paths-
As we constantly and consistently
Underestimate its wrath.

But we humans learn from our mistakes.
With each incoming generation,
New leaders grow, give, and provide more foundation.

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I wish we shared the truth
That our youth will make this earth a better home--
As long as there are an honest few pledging
To help the poorest and to never leave the dirtiest alone.

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I Need a Storm

Yesterday, I jogged in the rain.
Sometimes I tread through foul weather...
Just to prove I can.

Sometimes I stare at the indignation of the lightening.
I listen to the fury of the thunder's rumble
To remind me how listless and small I am.

Sometimes we need the bad weather
To wash away the shallow dirt,
To help us touch the underlying earth.

Sometimes I need a storm
To keep my heart pumping,
My lungs breathing, and my body warm.

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Rebirth

The snow has enveloped the landscape
White powder covers foliage beneath
Cold, icy, and unpleasant to touch on the outside
But protecting inner life which will bloom in the coming spring

Crackling flames overtake logs placed in the hearth
Engulfing, consuming, hardened bark and crisp wood
Transforming stumps into sticks, and sticks into embers
Yet, those embers keep our home warm against the frigid air

Winter lays the crop fields bare for a season
The dirt soaks in and absorbs the earth's snow blanket
Which, in turn, replenishes minerals' sustaining compositions,
Preparing the dull mud to support the life that yearns to grow

Night covers the day and temporarily takes away the light
Darkness eclipses the prism of colors for which humanity yearns
But those shadows remain for just a few small hours
Enabling nature's circadian rhythm to bring humanity respite

Everything which surrounds humankind
Will at some time or another come to an end
Each person's day-to-day memories will fade away
But each hour's resolution purposefully brings unrest

Through each of our collective moments- life's chapter's-
We learn, are forced to grow, and eventually transform
Ideas once held so close to the core of our beings- our hearts-
No longer keep our chests beating, our souls yearning

For each of life's minimal and hefty attainments
Leads us to want more: to hold what we haven't yet touched
Long-hidden, deeply muted desires are made apparent
Through time's ability to melt the ice encircling our souls.

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Your Summit

Darling, you may think
You would have turned back
If you only knew
What was coming up ahead.

But hear me, friend,
When I say
Soon you will never wish
You stopped this journey.

At this summit's peak,
You will hold a clearer vision of a wider landscape
Of so much more
Than anything you could have grasped in the vale.

Dear, these cuts and scrapes,
the deeper gashes,
Will be stitched together in time...
Hewn into a stronger soul.

Love, this pain is a part of the story.
The hurt teaches us to sense the pleasure.
Our sorrows let us treasure the joy.
The exhaustion gives us subsequent rest.

Now, is when you graze the rocks and
Feel pinned under crushing boulders.
But this is now...
And it will not always be.

I don't know when, but soon,
You will stand upon the majesty
Of all those trials now far beneath.
Your season's tempests will help you see all of earth's beauty
From a summit which you could have never known below.