

The fallen pollinator

Darkness and fog expand across the lands.
We fall.
One at a time
and group by group.
There's one unwavering question we have.
Can you see us now?
As the swallows of the climate intimidate our standing.
We decline in life,
but bring clarity.
Our presence allows the manifestation of nature.
The spreaders of seeds across your gardens
and fighters of the predators.
Can you hear the children?
As they raise their voices to be heard,
and join together to shake the earth back together.
As poverty knocks on their brothers and sisters' ground floor.
Their communities are being underlooked and overbought.
As their needs are only answered due to our fall.
This place we call home.
With its lack of investment,
no genuine care for our sanity,
and our being.
We all grab for sources and refugee.
Politically and literally.
We are adjusting and fighting to remain intact.
Not knowing exactly where we are standing at this time.
We all have to fight to exist
and our knowing.
Hands and borders.
Waters and skies.

Selfish claim

Sometimes she needs to sit back balancing her needs.

Between what makes her happy and not being the light for everyone else.

She is always looking for a place of common ground.

For so long she stayed in one space.

In one mind.

One stage.

The girl with the anxiety and indecisiveness.

Passive aggressiveness has lessened her.

Apologizing for choosing peace.

Only moving when having approval.

She questions her intention.

When did her thoughts transform into conservation.

Her body into legislation.

Her choices become slimming.

Who is she?

Who was she?

How does she regain her how?