

# POEMS

## The Great Mother Wails

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The Earth extends her arms to us;  
Revealing through her nature the  
changing condition of our existence.

She bends and twists,  
Deflecting the swords of  
Our foolishness,  
Our arrogance,  
Our gluttony,  
Our deceit.

Unbridled by red alerts or amber warnings,  
Her ire gives rise to monsoon winds,  
Jarring us from the stupor of  
Our academic impunity;  
Our disjointed convolutions,  
Our empty promises; our  
black and white dreams.

Filled with unruly discontent,  
we yearn to dominate her mysteries;  
reducing her to microscopic dust,  
we spit upon her sacredness,  
tempting the fury of her seas.

We spill our unholy wars  
upon her belly's tender flesh,  
blazing dislocated corpses,  
ignite her agony and grief.

Still, in love with her creations,  
she warns of our complacency  
to cataclysmic devastation,  
rooted in the alienation of  
our disconnection  
our rejection,  
our oppression,  
our scorn.

And still, we spin ungodly  
tantrums of injustice  
against her love,  
against ourselves,  
against one another.

When will we remove blindfolds from our eyes?  
When will we stretch our arms—to her?  
When will the cruelty of our  
Hatred cease; teaching us to  
abandon the impositions of  
patriarchy and greed?

Oh! that we might together renew  
Our communion with the earth,  
She, the cradle of humanity;  
She, the nourishment of our seeds;  
She, the beauty of the song within;  
She, the wailing that precedes.

-Antonia Darder (2008)

