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Cling

Hope you know

the wind

is meant to blow...

Hope you feel

the Earth's agony when it gets too unbearable deep inside

for I too,
have let out
my tensions
visibly
and furiously...

Like a mother cries at the thought of separation...

I too, cried...

Hope you know

Because sometimes the blow becomes the rescue

the soothing of cries that aren't heard

those waiting to be silenced and calmed...

Hope you know

the pain
of your Mother
your Earth
that loves
endlessly
Hope you know
that even when you step
on Her,
she tries
to keep you close
to her heart
I too, have felt
the forces
hat can
fling you out
far away
from my
center
Hope you know
the wind might blow
and silence the cries
still waiting
to be heard
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