

A trilogy that can be read in any order:

Earth,
do you sometimes wish
to escape from here?

Earth,
do you sometimes wish
you could shake us?

Earth,
you have reason
to spank your children.

I fear Earth Day is going the way of Valentine's Day—a performative event mainly exploited by stakeholders who find ways to profit by it. I don't begrudge the Sierra Club or Earth Justice any donations they can extract. But, like romantic love, one day isn't enough. I realize I am probably preaching to the choir.

Back to keeping an eye on the moment:

sky meets earth
one cold morning in April:
frozen magnolias