

# Earth Is Silent

Coal, gas, and oil have won. They bullied our poor planet until her grass withered, her trees drooped, and her flowers ceased to bring beauty to our front porch. Nature doesn't sing like it used to. In fact, it has hidden away, silent and tired. The ocean has risen, sad and unheard. The sky has cried. Yet, the drought remains, a cracked frown on the floor. The storms have swirled. The sea has angered. The ground has quaked and it left us with a silent mother. Battered and broken.

The hope has drained from her features, the lakes dry and fields plain. She doesn't smile like she used to...they are being punished, those who took her smile. They have all but perished, with no food to eat, no clean water to drink, no safe place to rest. Death welcomes them with open arms.

Now, there is nothing to see here, though it was once beautiful. She has been defeated, our mother Earth. Where there once were trees, there is ash. Where there once was water, there is dry floor. Where there once was hope, there is sorrow.

The trees used to breathe, whispering soft in the wood. Their soft leaves fluttered in the wind, colored red, green, and gold. The flowers would sway, dancing to the song of the birds. The lakes would ripple as dandelion seeds landed on their surface.

Autumn would come out to play, dancing with the leaves on the breeze. Bathing the sky in red and gold as she turned the leaves pristine colors. She twirled with the lilies, poppies, and orchids, until they grew tired and settled down to rest.

Then, Winter would creep in, sprinkling soft powder on bare branches and roots, stilling the water, creating shimmery sheets of ice. He coated the ground with white, burying the pretty flowers in a blanket of snow. Of course, when the trees found it too cold, they shivered, bringing in the Spring.

Ah, yes, Spring. Sweet, tentative Spring. She would take small steps, inching closer, until Winter flew away. She would coat the lakes, puddles, sea, and rivers,

slowly thawing the ice within them. She grew flowers, and coaxed the trees to show their leaves.

When she became tired, Summer took the lead, taking warmth and placing it on the ground, warming the trees and lakes. He let the flowers frolic in the breeze, the trees stretch their branches toward the sun, framing the skies. He let the birds sing sweet lullabies, and the crickets chirp in the brush.

Alas, our sweet seasons no longer bring beauty to Mother Earth. Summer and Winter reign, it's either too warm or too cold. Yet, the drought is always in power, depriving the human race of water. And these humans slowly perish, though they brought this onto themselves.

The bones of our predecessors became fuel that powered everyday lives. A human's constant need for heat and comfort created problems, no longer accompanied by a solution. Burnt fossil fuels released toxic chemicals into Earth's air, suffocating its poor inhabitants.

The marine animals were first to go. Coral died, fish rose belly-up, and the ocean acidified. Plastics floated through the once crystal-clear waters. The water rose and buried the ground under the sea.

The insects were affected next, the warming climate dropping them from the sky. Some harmed plants and animals while some fought for Earth's beauty, though all of them died off in the end. The decline in insect populations cut off food sources to animal populations.

Then, the land animals perished, unable to adapt and evolve with changing climates. They lost their habitats to deforestation and warming temperatures. They were driven to extinction, causing the human race to starve.

But, these humans, cheeky little humans, had found a way to survive. They still had their ways, tricks up their sleeves, made to outlast the extinction. They survived for a while, cheating the system that they had ruined.

But then, the worst hit. The heat suffocated, the storms broke loose, the sky darkened, the sea rose, and the death rate climbed. Soon twenty-five hundred additional deaths were caused over years of climate torture. The small handful of people that still live, await Death, wondering when he will come for them.

So yes, the Earth, our mother, has stopped blooming. She has hidden her beauty, and tucked herself into a corner of the universe, where she slowly withers, no longer lively. She is broken. They have broken her.