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Category: Poetry

The Sky is Crying

The sky is crying,
more often now than she used to.
When she breaks down we drown under seas of her tears,
Let her oceans roll down the street
You cannot escape her pain.
Cannot ignore her mourning with a shield because
When the sky cries, the world feels her grief.
Sheds a single tear in solidarity with her,
As if we know what she is going through.
We adapt to her woe instead of trying to help her,
Whip out umbrellas in the hopes that we won't see her
We even put up shutters just so we won't have to hear her sobs
but she makes herself known:

Makes gravestones out of homes
Snatches lives like candy from a child with category fives and flash floods
crushes houses back into mere sheets of paper-
You don't wanna be outside when the sky is having her meltdown.
When she cradles her oceans like they are all she has left of the world,
When she lifts them up to her face and submerges the same villages she gave life to
like they were never deserving of such a gift,
As if her generosity is her worst character trait.
like she just knows the dusks and dawns, the nights and days she's given us will never be repaid with anything other
than smog and carbon emissions but listen,
it's okay to cry.

the pitter patter of Sky sobbing is just her trying to give a little more.
trying to live a little more,
trying to see a little more of tomorrow's emerald trees, the open seas waving a hand in her direction, the blossoms
just beginning to trust her and bloom because tomorrow might not be here,
More of the world is never promised and especially not under these conditions
Nobody likes change, and the sky is no exception
So yes, the sky is crying, but can you blame her for being unforgiving and relentless in her tears?

Her breakdowns are wake up calls, these storms are sounding alarms
and we won't hear them until water fills our own ears so maybe it's time we started listening.
started by lending Sky a tissue to dab her eyes, and telling her that every problem has a solution.
so then maybe the next time she cries,
we'll know it's tears of joy, not mourning.