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Category: Poetry

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## **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.