
YOUTH

MOTHER EARTH

Blood flows to earth's rubied soil,
Crusting holy ground in dark stains.
Evilly seared and scandalized,
Her moans increase in volume;
Deaf are those who hear.

Dragged forth from fiery depths,
Flames scorch the remaining verdure.
Tortured out of tranquil peace,
Ragged breath tears out the monuments—
Grown as testaments to everlasting
devotion.

Mother's sweet comfort rages for
vengeance;
Nature's only response to the few that
call,
Is a helpless groan.
Lifting her hands in surrender,
She will succumb to the invincible
enemy.

As the stones cry out,
And statues shed tears of blood,
A hand is raised in defiance,
And cold glinting steel reflects
mockingly to the heaven, as the hand
Is slowly lowered – sinking into the
soft flesh of its victim.

Yet she is not dead ... hear her cries?
She is beseeching.

Unyielding is the madman,
Amused laughter rolls forth,
And within the sights and deadly aim,
A sharp barking flash.
Our victim staggers and shudders.
The impact too great,
She stumbles forward only to fall.
Heaving tormentedly,
Breathing her last.

Never again will the wing tease laughter
from our souls,
Or the water speak rushing words of
comfort,
Baselessly, we have murdered life.

The air we breath is stagnant,
The land is barren,
The sea only pools of poisoned misery,
and
From the rubied soil of earth,
Blood gushed freely ... for all eternity.

- By DENI-VERMAI MESSER, 515
Perreault Way, Saskatoon, Sas-
katchewan. S7K 6B7



Land clearing

Lorne Scott