

# She

*by Monona Faasuamalie*

We all come from the earth Everything  
started with Her

We all started with her

Does it really matter

If it didn't come from her?

He, She, They

Why can't we just be

Just

Be

People

Humans

Living

Here

Why does everything come with a price

A price to pay

We are separated by these prices

Too expensive

Too cheap

I'm sick of paying

I don't wanna pay unless

Unless it's to her

Sunrise

Sunset

She leads our days into nights

Our wrongs into rights

But how many wrongs will she correct?

She's tired

Sleep

Sleep is what we all crave

What about her?

Our bodies

Our bodies like the hills

Flat

Wide

Tall

Short

Brown

Tan

White

Black

Red

Yellow

She created those hills

She created us

She gave us life

Time

Wind

Sky

Water

And in return for that?

We destroy her body

We destroy her breath

We destroy her

Her

She

She is finished

Done.

I wonder if she'll give us a second chance

A chance to redeem ourselves

To fix our mistakes  
To right our own wrongs  
I wonder if she is telling us we need to come together  
Come together to resolve our flaws  
To bail our blunders  
To fix our faults  
We all make mistakes  
That's what makes us human  
Living  
Breathing  
Sleeping  
Enjoying  
Its okay to make mistakes  
But will you stand up for yours?  
Will you take honor in correcting it?  
Will you even correct it at all?  
We all make mistakes  
But how many more can She take?

We shall sit under our own vine and fig tree  
But where do we sit once all the vines and fig trees disappear?  
Maybe,  
Just maybe,  
Instead of the vine and fig tree being a granted thing,  
Maybe  
We have to grow our own  
Plant and sow the seeds  
Water and trim them  
Then maybe  
We will all have our own vine and fig tree  
That we earned ourselves  
Not from Her

But from us

We move forward together

Connected as a community

Tight like the twisting vines climbing a wall on an abandoned building

Maybe

Maybe She is giving us a ladder to reach to the heavens above our heads

Maybe that ladder leads to something better

An ideal world

Her wish

We can work together to create that world

Without using Her vines to hoist ourselves up

By ourselves

She needs rest

Sleep

Sleep is what we crave

Being human is what we crave

Being mortal is what we crave

Being

Is what we crave

Why not be together while doing it?

If we aren't together,

Why be at all?

Why suffer

and slave

and sorrow our days away

Without a shoulder to cry on?

To help

To guide

She is all of our guides

But what will we do when She is gone?

Will we sit there and sob?

No

No we won't

We will stand up

We will join hands

We will lift the people who cannot stand on their own

And maybe

We will lean on each other

Lean despite our differences

Our color

Our age

Our gender

Our language

Who we love

She wanted us to love all

If not then why would She make nature everywhere we are

Nature is in the sky

Nature is in our cities

Small sprouts pushing their roots through concrete cracks on busy sidewalks

Resilient, despite being stomped and squished under hurried folks feet

All

Day

Long

They still try to sprout

They spread their seeds

Wishing

Hoping

That someone else would be as brave as them

To start a forest in a big city seems unfathomable

Crazy

Insane

But if it was, why do they stay?

Why do the birds

The trees

The squirrels

The pigeons

Why do they stay?

If not to attempt to build a home

A place to go

A community

Why shouldn't we be connected like the roots of the trees that surge through  
the soil under our feet

I want us to be

You want us to be

And most importantly

She wants us to be

Why else would She build our planet like this?

Why would She do the things she does

Why would we have the urge to connect

That's what makes us human

Living

Breathing

Sleeping

Being

Done.

