She

by Monona Faasumuamalie

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.