

P118-D

The Land Before This

The land before this

before the plates shifted

and Pangaea became the continents, we were united as one

One of peace, one of prosperity, one of generosity, and one of love.

The land before this, I'd be proud to call my home

I've been there, it was calm, it was friendly

it greeted me with a smile every time I returned to its humble grounds.

Sure, what's one small town in the grand scheme of things?

In respect to the world, outer space and its countless galaxies

containing billions upon trillions of stars.

The land before this was kind, soft with compassion and care, yet tough, ready for a beating.

With great pastures of flowers, lavender and sunflowers for harvesting

to the gusts of wind destroying it all in one sweep of its mighty sword.

Flooded, broken, and beat, those happy fields, somber now, lie still
As the storm began to fade, the damage was seemingly irreversible.

But yet it made it through

The land before this never had a lack of love
every fiber of our living world, its gentle creatures living amongst us
as we ran scattered laps 'round this great big world

Even now, even then, love does not cease to exist
but with love, the artificial kind right at our fingertips
our replenishable water rots, toxicity rises

The land before this built itself up
the highest of trees, the clearest of skies
the great lengths we would go for another

A land now filled with greed
our trees collapsed, skies grew dark
another would kill to build themselves up, and tear the rest of the land down with it

The land before this never gave a second thought to the color, shape, or identity of another
The land served us all, providing for us, black or white, rich or poor, loved or alone

The land before the earthquake hit, destroying all we once knew, fell before our very eyes

The day our own utopias collided into a divided world

One where looks could kill

status could terminate second chances

and reputations could be put to shame

I'd choose the land before this any day

Where in the grand scheme of things, life was not quite so appalling

Nature now greets us with despair, begging for a droplet of fresh, cordial water

We pass by faster than ever before, stripping away the last remnants of our history, our story, and

our love

The land before this.