Earth.

She has no agenda.

She just is.

Daily, she breathes—

beautiful skies and torrential storms,

gentle winds and destructive hurricanes,

meandering streams and vicious floods,

majestic mountains and violent quakes.

She fractures lives.

Leaves wounds—some visible, some hidden deep.

In the wake of it all, anguish lingers,

nudging the soul when least expected.

A black sky signals the next storm.

Smoke’s acrid warning rides the wind.

Discarded appliances slouch on trash-strewn roads.

A dirty shirt, worn thin, lies beside muddy boots and torn jeans.

Shattered windows. A collapsed roof.

These are the reminders:

that we were once prisoners—enduring grief

day after day after day,

forcing our souls to scream: *Stop! No More.*

But it didn’t stop.

Until it did.

And through the cracks of our broken hearts,

gratitude seeped in.

Lovely little things restored peace:

the crisp bite of fall air,

trees aflame in color before surrendering their leaves,

flowers blooming out of season,

birds calling out their winter flight plan,

coffee’s warm, luscious promise,

a sunset spilling its glory over children’s laughter.

With each moment, a sliver of control returned.

Healing began.

Hearts etched by trauma’s elegant blade

shaped spirits stronger, softer,

better prepared for what Earth brings next.

And she will.

She has no agenda.

She just is.