

Lifblood of the Universe

Bounty in every way.
Wheat and barley groaning to weight of harvest
corn so high the crows give a wide berth
fields of soy hugging distant horizon
clover meadows cloaked in purple glory
bejewelled in honey bees on quest for golden mead.

I know the wealth nourishing the grain
new-green in spring rain
emerald in cracking thunder
purple in moonlit vastness
in the whisper of dawn
nodding to sleepy cicadas
bowing to first rays of sun.

Have we forsaken the lifblood of the universe
the womb that gives birth to all mothers' wombs?
Have we forsaken the children of the tomorrows
laced their bread basket with leachate plumes?

Have we flung aside the mantel of trust
lain upon us by those who came before
betrayed all that dwell upon this soil
—and lay the burden of our folly
on the children of tomorrow?

Close your eyes
and feel the surge
the heartbeat of water beneath your feet
the mother of all mothers
the child of all children to come
—lifblood of the universe—

Have we forsaken our water, the lifblood of the universe?

—Bianca Lakoseljac