

Speaking to the Sun

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Speaking to the sun about what we have done to our green earth

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The Civil War isn't over yet. The Crusades begun a thousand years ago have not been won, and when I read about another drone, another soldier's suicide, another stone thrown at a women's head, another prison being built to rid the streets of anyone who might be one of them, or smoked a joint, or didn't have his papers in his pocket, I look up at the sun and want to cry and not feel shame for what I haven't done, and wish that I knew innocence again, wish that I could sing of my allegiance, but those words won't come when I know what's being done to keep the money coming in, to get the oil your sunlight made a million years ago, the oil to keep the engines going, poisons fields to make food grow, spills into the oceans and our rivers and fills the air with what will make our children's lives hot and hard and dry. Oh, sun, what have we done to your green earth? This gift we can't explain? I sit here in my room each dawn to say what's in my heart to you so bright among the other stars and wonder if you care, but still I speak as if these words I write will vibrate before they vanish in the air.