

## A CRY FOR HELP

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You call me home. Yet you don't treat me like it. Some days I wake up with the expectation that one day you'll be gone. Leave, so I could successfully return to my healthy, safe, and natural state. However, my meaning in this infinite place I call home is to give you shelter. No matter how hard it gets. No matter the circumstances. No matter the mistreatment.

There was a time where I was considered the center of everything. Now it feels like the roles have shifted against me. You, delightfully, have been developing an obsessive control over me. Now I can't breathe. You do as you please without restrictions. Hiding away the endless consequences it may bring. While I suffer and turn weaker, losing hope of finding something so little as a drop of realization and forgiveness from your breed to mine. You have abused the kindness I bring from generation to generation of every species that has stepped across me. You have disrespected my resources. You have assaulted my natural richness. And you expect me to understand that I have become my own shield because you don't have the courage to protect me? *How foolish of you.*

This relationship I'm committed to is extremely toxic. I've had enough of being told what to do or not to do. What facade I should use next or which I shouldn't. I'm done with the excessive dominance and control over me. Therapy isn't working anymore. You've damaged our harmony and unison. You've broken your vows. You've lost my trust.

My brothers and sisters are not yet capable of giving you the necessities to survive. You've been studying for centuries the features my family may provide for your advantage. Nonetheless, I beg for mercy. For one day you may find the many blessings they bear, and turn them into slaves.

The same way you did to me. Even worse, with science and technology you may turn them into your own theme park and transform them into a new method of commercialization.

Therefore, you, generation that boasts of knowledge and technological advancements, it was your ancestors who admired and appreciated my magnificence. They considered me holy. They treated me like royalty.

Father isn't getting any weaker. Furthermore, year by year my shield progressively wears out due to all the poison you have infused in my atmosphere. Increasing your temperatures to skyrocketing levels at extreme speed. Without mercy, causing horrid wildfires and melting, what used to be, gigantic glaciers. Ending lives and putting some in menacing situations. Killing away the beautiful creation that walks through me. Flora and fauna being massacred. Your species dead.

When will be the time you recognize that you depend on me to live? Any technology you build or any knowledge you acquire will never be enough to extend your existence. I give you life. I am the beginning and the end.

Burned to ashes. Slaughtered and exploited creatures. Circumstances faced because of your intentional disbelief and closemindedness, for that is easier than facing me. It's fascinating how indifferent you've become. How step by step, you're forcing others to quit the nonsense just so you can sleep in peace. Except, what about me? I can't sleep. I can't take a break. If I do... you'll be convicted of murder.

It appears my protests and purges have become obsolete. You don't seem to comprehend any of my statements. I know they may seem like an extreme measure to get your attention. But I have no other choice. It's mandatory I rediscover my ecological balance. And this, is the only way.

However, you should take some of the blame. For the unnecessary chaos and destruction.

Don't you understand when you're told to stop? When you're told you cannot do this under any circumstances because you may or are in imminent danger? Building structures close to my beautiful oceans, where I wash away anything that doesn't belong. Building near landslides, where with one breath I can blow them away and send wreckage your way.

I've been enlightened. You have an excessive need for rebellion. Doing what fits you best, then blaming me for your actions. *How ridiculous.*

There are almost 7.7 billion of you. I admire those who have put aside their agendas to join my battle of rebirth and restoration. These wonderful beings who are risking

not only their well-being, but their devoted souls to save me from all the havoc their own race created.

I ache for those who have the potential to step forward. Yet are afraid of speaking their minds and hear what the cruel society they were born into has to say. Afraid of being told their words mean nothing. Afraid to be pushed away because their youth makes them untrustworthy and unreliable.

I plead for those who are ignorant. Both, those who choose to be and those who civilization created. Plead for your open-mindedness and understanding. Plead for the powerful who have become brainwashers, to surrender. Educate people instead of blinding them with money.

After all this madness, you still choose to pretend nothing is happening?

I'm running out of time.

Hurry up.

Instead of being my foe... choose to be my salvation.



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