

THE EARTH

by Eva Skrande

When the earth cries,
loosen its belt.
Offer it a chair in your living room.

Offer it some freshly baked bread,
an ottoman to put its legs up. Give it a pillow
that it may recline comfortably.

It will cry about wars, lost birds,
and other of the world's troubles.
Let it put its bundles by the door.

It has come to you like an old beggar.
Honor it with arms to cry into.
Now is not the time to talk about evil.

Open the blinds, the window,
pat its back, kiss its forehead. If it asks
for coffee, give it some in your best cup.

Let it spend the night with you.
Offer it your bed, cover it
with a blanket of stars like it is used to.

It will have nightmares.
Put cold compresses on its forehead.
Adjust its tilt.

Whisper something about truth
and beauty in its ear.
It will settle down soon enough.

Come morning, wake it up early.
Help it get dressed.
Give it some fresh coffee.

Walk it to the door. It will kiss you
like a lover
who has to leave for work.