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Creative Writing: Poetry
“Our Mother”

Our Mother

She used to be happy.
Everyday she was different.
Somedays she was bright as the sun,
And other times her eyes twinkled like stars.
She was kind to everyone.
She welcomed them with valleys of flowers,
The music of the animals,
And her pure tears of joy.

They started to pierce her,
With their weapons,
Flames of the sun,
Smoke as dark as their eyes.
And they left scars in the coldest areas of her heart.
She started to melt,
And she began to burn up.
She cried, and cried,
Her tears dried up as well.
But they wouldn't stop.

So she fell asleep.
Dreaming of what they should do,
Plant her new flowers and trees,
Protect her animals,
Give her plenty of pure water,
Air to breathe,
So she dreamed.
And kept on dreaming.
But never woke up again.
Until now.

They woke her up,
Healed her wounds,
Iced her burns,
And blew away the smoke.
They stitched up her scars,

Cleaned her water
And cooled her down.
Grew new trees and flowers,
Protected her animals,
And she couldn't believe it.
So she cried again.
This time with tears of joy.
She had woken up at last.
To her one and only dream.