



## WRITING

# Matricide: Addressing Climate Change

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## TYPE

### Poetry

i cry more than i used to

but sometimes i can't cry at all.

i sweat myself to sleep

under foggy blankets of

fear for our future.

my kindness is no longer soft

but hurricanes.

a mother's pain is

the product of her

sons and daughters;

a hundred mistakes and a

million years of looks

away.

my rivers run with the sins of you,

my children.

so deaf

to my voice  
over the sound of your own  
greedy  
complaints,  
    death wishes.

so young,  
you treat me like  
nothing  
but the ground  
    beneath you

yet i am  
life  
    itself.

a mother's despair  
is veins  
choked up with nothing  
but plastics,  
    acid tears, and  
        hopelessness.

how can i teach you to see past  
your own palms,  
shielding your eyes  
    from the mess of a  
mother you have made me?