

WRITING

Matricide:
Addressing
Climate
Change

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.

by Maggie Munday Odom, Kailua, HI

TYPE

POETRY

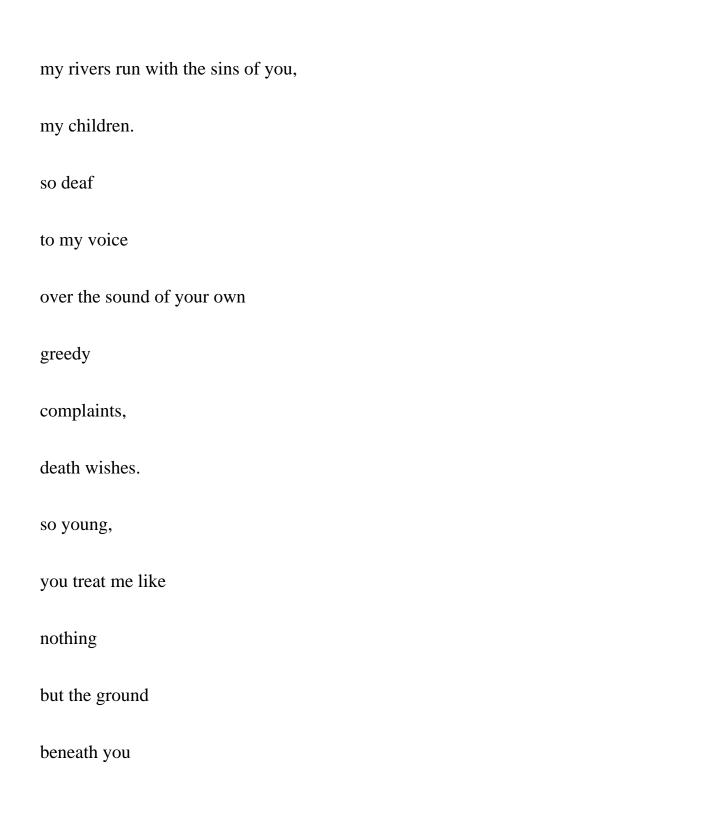
GENRE

GRADES 9-10

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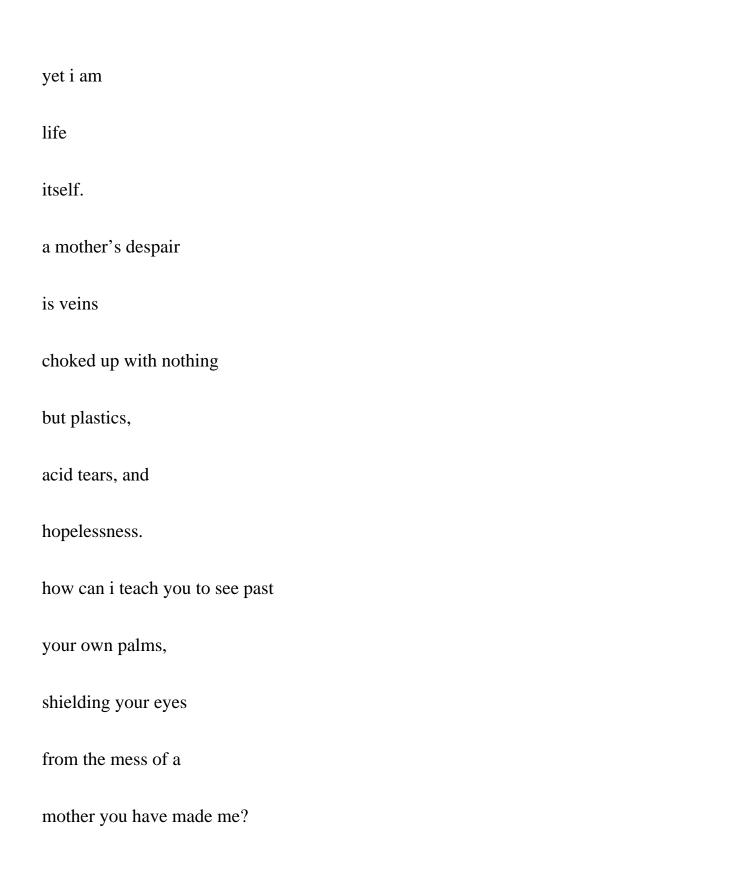
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