

99 WRITING

Matricide: Addressing Climate Change

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Odom

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?