

## THE EARTH'S VIRUS

The sun plays peek-a-boo behind the strong limbs of the towering trees before me. Its rays reaching out twisting around me; casting my shadow to the ground. I climb over the jumble of fallen trees and make my way to the massive maple. Its roots lifting up from the ground like a cradle. I've come here since I was a child. I've grown up with these woods. I cling to the memories of this place like the moss clings to the trees. I look to the sky, so blue it brings envy to even the blue jays flying in it. I look at the small lake to my left and watch the sun dance so gracefully upon it. Then the sounds pick up, the most beautiful music in the world. Frog croaking out the bass, birds chirping their song, Crickets sounding in like a violin, who could ask for better symphony. The beauty of the world is frozen in time, frozen in this place, in this moment.

The outside world is so dirty and so filled with hate, but in the woods there is only love. With nature there is only love. We as humans pride ourselves off our evolution, but we were not the first to evolve, nature was. In nature there is calm, unity, and beauty. The kind humans could never have. In nature there is peace and purity, but humans are not yet evolved enough to find such things. Nature is giving, always sharing with all walks of life, humans and animals alike. But we; we are greedy taking more than nature can offer and still asking for more from it. We deplete its very being, and pile it with our filthy problems, we used it to our own advantage and the few who are brave enough to take a stand in the name of our earth are ridiculed. We fight over it but it doesn't even belong to us. Years of war used to gain something that wasn't even ours to gain. We, we as humans are a virus, an infection on the earth. A sickness that has no cure, we are cancerous we cannot be stopped but we can slow down, we just chose not to. It's funny how viruses work really, they kill the thing that sustains them, there for bringing on their own demise.

The thoughts course through my head as I look at the shopping centre now located where the massive maple used to be, where the frogs used to croak out a bass, the birds used to chirp their song, and the crickets used to sound in like a violin. But now as I listen the only sounds I can hear are the engines of cars and the faint crying of the earth.