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Rise Up

by Mari Syrad Grieves

The news spread swiftly through the village. Fire had erupted without explanation across the fields, the crops were destroyed and the cattle burned, caught by the flames in their confusion. The animals and the people were screaming as the fire fed on, no measure of water enough to extinguish the rage that fuelled it.

Elsewhere, riverbanks burst flooding the homes of those nearest by, sweeping memories and loved ones away on the relentless, breathless current.

Devastation wrecked the earth one disaster at a time across every country, every town. The sea swallowed vast coastlines and burning forests led like a lit fuse to the closest volcano while those that were left blindly watched the lava rain down into their disbelieving eyes.

The voice of the earth bellowed its pain out towards the sky, towards the sun. "Kill me," she screamed. But the sun didn't know of mercy.

New mountains were born as the planet's core pushed back in one final attempt to be seen. Waterfalls tore through rock but even the tear stained landscape was not enough for the human race to stop and think and protect anything but their own interests, they were too selfish to see they were killing themselves as well. They just kept going and going.

But now they're gone, and the earth is barren, the rivers dry; there is no sound, the lives of all who failed it, ash, blown into the sky towards the sun that kept on beating down, never knowing its child was dead.