

## GAIA WEEPS

*Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. What he does to the web, he does to himself.*

— Chief Seattle, 1854

Is this the frenzied dance in search of lost youth, lost happiness? When playfulness filled our days, peace a condition taken for granted? Too late to mourn what is past. We never cared for what we had, and now our beautiful earth is soiled and polluted by our greed and selfishness, by our violence and our wars, by famine and disease.

Like spoiled children in the playground, we don't care to mend what we have broken, choosing instead to emigrate in nuclear powered rockets to other planets, pristine only for the moment, unspoiled and peaceful only for a little while longer, until we land and colonize the stars, and start over again our wanton cycle of the destruction of creation

In vain we may weep for the lost joys of just yesterday, when the earth was clean, and multiple species prospered and thrived amid bountiful forests and verdant meadows. Now they perish, each day a requiem for some species never to be seen again. Each day we ignore what we see but do not want to believe. Are we also doomed to follow in the long gone footsteps of dodo and dinosaur?

Only by supreme dedication and devotion can we turn our planet back from its destiny of destruction. We are the negligent guardians of our green and blue planet, a jewel of exquisite beauty set in the scattered heavens. Only we can save the life of this planet and the human race from annihilation. Quick, quick, before it's too late!

*by Susan P. Blevins*