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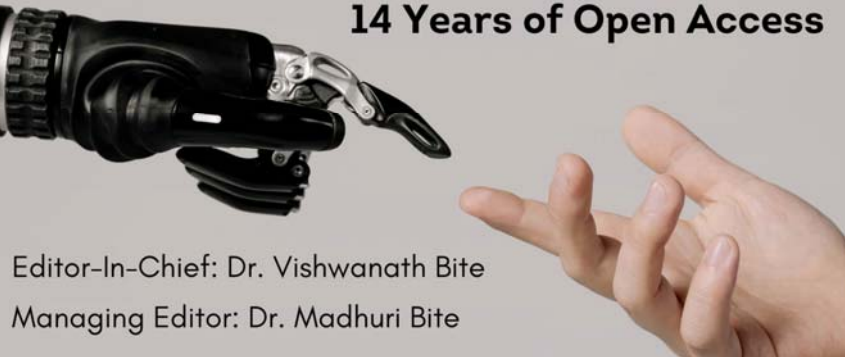
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Nature's Tears, A Mother's Care

Monika Vishwakarma

As the earth weeps, so do I.
For skies once clear now choked with grime,
For rivers dry and forests bare,
And whispers of a lost, pure time.

For the children I cradle close,
Their futures veiled in smoke and steel,
In a world that falters, bleeds, and slows,
As nature's heart grows weak and still.

Once I sang lullabies of skies so blue,
Of fields that kissed the morning light,
But now my whispers carry fear—
Will they know the stars at night?

As the earth weeps, so do I.
For elders who breathe through the haze,
Once vibrant, now their strength has waned.
Their lives, like shadows, were lost in a maze.

I remember stories from my youth,
Of worlds undone, dystopias grim,
Fiction once distant now draws near.
As the known-unknown writes truth within.

The warnings those writers once foretold
Now weave themselves into our days,



A world of smog and silent skies,
Where nature withers, progress sways.

As the earth weeps, so do I.
For nature's arms, once open wide,
Now cracked, parched, and too dry to speak,
A mother's love caught in the tide.

Though I understand what we've gained,
The gift of technology's rise and grace,
I cannot embrace its all-consuming hold.
Nor the abuses that now take their place.

My children lost in artificial light,
Their laughter muted by the glow,
Their world reduced to fleeting sights,
As outside, the winds of change still blow.

The screens they hold—like fleeting flames—
Consume their wonder, steal their spark,
And while they play in worlds unseen,
The sky outside grows grim and dark.

The technology we hailed as saviours
Has locked them in its bright, cold cage,
And while they chase the flashing lights,
The world outside turns to a stage.

As the earth weeps, so do I.



For every cost that we've ignored,
For every promise left unkept,
For every life we've long abhorred.

Oh, Mother Earth, I know your pain.
For I, too, fear for what's to come,
Our children caught between the cracks.
Of progress made with hearts gone numb.

Yet in the depth of this shared grief,
A mother's love, like roots, still grows.
For both my children and this world,
I feel the pull, the urge to sow.

As the earth weeps, still I care.
For every tear she sheds is mine,
The suffering I carry for my own
Reflects the wounds of nature's spine.

A mother's heart, like soil, endures,
Through every loss, through every strain,
For though I bear the weight of love,
I weep for Earth's unspoken pain.

As the earth weeps, so do I.
But in my heart I keep the flame.
A hope that somewhere, through this strife,
A better world we can reclaim.



I dream of hands, young and old,
Reaching to heal what's been undone,
To plant the seeds of life anew,
Where earth and humans breathe as one.

So as the earth weeps, still I hope,
That we may find a way to mend,
To balance what we've lost in greed,
And let the healing truly begin.

Third-person Biographical Note:

Monika Vishwakarma is a diligent scholar hailing from Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh, and currently a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Lucknow, specializing in English and Modern European Languages. Born to Mr. R. J. Vishwakarma and Mrs. Sheela Vishwakarma, she has demonstrated academic excellence throughout her journey.

Building on her passion for literature, Monika pursued and excelled in her Master's in English Literature, emerging as the topper of her graduating class. She has also successfully qualified the prestigious UGC-NET examination, further solidifying her academic credentials.

Monika's research focuses on the intersection of literature and societal reflection, offering a unique and timely contribution to contemporary academic discourse. As a promising scholar, she continues to make meaningful strides in her field.