

By Lillie Wilder

We are born of soil and song—
of roots tangled, veins of rivers,
nourished by sunlight that slips
like honey through pine needles.

Our hands remember the shape
of seeds, the cool press of moss,
the hush of dusk settling on the backs
of deer. We are the echo of thunder
in our bones, the hush of snowfall
in our dreams.

We build cities, pour concrete rivers,
but dandelions write poems in the cracks—
reminders that the wild waits beneath
our inventions, patient and persistent.

On windy days, our hearts flutter
like moths drawn to the moon, restless
for open fields, for the scent of rain
on dry earth, for the ancient comfort
of wind in the grass.

We are of and on the world—
nourished by its beauty, haunted by its loss,
each breath a promise, each footprint
a question: will we remember
how to listen, how to belong?

Let us kneel to the ground, let us remember:
we are more than visitors. We are stories
the earth tells when the stars are watching,
when the trees lean in to listen.