# **Self-Destruction**

By Jeremy Joseph

I always wanted to ask this for a while

How does it feel to be cancer?

Yes cancer

To make your mother sick

To be-self destruction to the earth, to be human

And use being human as an excuse, to being a murderer

We were cells of the same species, different, each original in mind

Each having the understanding of natural moral

But within us, cells of our mother

The hunger for her death laid dormant, but awoke

No wonder we of cancer soon sought-after control of our host

So we created boats

that spread from the marrow of her earth

To veins and seas

the current of her crimson river

And breath of her breeze carried us to various homes

We were meant to take care of her, but as time passed

Some cells sought after power, so instead of unified strength

we settled to trigger the self-destruction of our mommy

We become industrial, and in the industry all contributed

To her lymph nodes swollen with our plastic and liver cramping

To the viscous poison of our waste we force fed her

As we built factories like masses on mommy’s skin, large and filled inflamed

To ooze the smoke into her atmosphere, into her lungs

Now she can’t breathe from all these years of smog

Retaining heat …oh god no our mother has a fever!

Her ice caps are melting

she's cold sweating drenched flooding the surface of her skin. Taking all who sought her after death with her

She's shaking quaking her skin is now gaping cracks of open wounds

She coughing like an old hag bringing up lava and ash gargle in disgust

Her breath is heavy now it’s one part hot and cold churning into hurricanes, seeking after the destruction of our own homes

You of little discipline fear your mother’s death now?

You of cancer and sad story and coal and wealth and strength and pride

You of disease, you of nothing but yourself, you can still change

Honor your mother regardless of how young she is she is older than us all

Nurture her nature, show love to her rivers that pulse through her body

And seas that breathe life in depth unknown, to skies churning into tempests that give thunder and lighting

To beasts who roam the grasslands, fall in love with her

Design divine innovations to help you help her,

You were cancer, but now together we can be cure.