



## **I am Earth**

I am the most astonishing beautiful blue planet in this vast universe.  
The living cosmos gave birth to me and surrounds me with stillness and dignity.  
I am her creation.  
Beyond space and time, beyond words of any kind, I am the loving gift.

I am Earth.  
And I am so angry.  
There are no words to describe my rage.  
And as you all know, from your own experience, under all that fury, there always is the deep sea of sadness.

I am Earth.  
I have giving everything to all of you, as everything, was given to me.  
Aeons of understanding and patience and care are coming to an end.  
The blood of all the fights out of ignorance, fear and misguidance, all the sins and destroyed bodies, I took them without one moment of hesitation and recreated new life.  
Again and again.  
I trusted you with my life. I laid it into your hands. But now it is enough. You have to stop.  
You self-named, self-ordained Kings, one of the many children of mine, you think you can rule me, you free-riders must stop. Realize how everything is interwoven, how everything is a gift while nothing is for free.

I am shaking with anger, burning with outrage, hot, heated, fuming, infuriated. If it weren't for the calm and cooling cosmos my fires would reach the furthest corners of the

most distant heavens. But it is not them I want to wake up.  
I was for so long the silent witness but can't be anymore. I am shaking, I am burning, my tears are flooding my beautiful body and yes you will burn too, you will drown, you will suffocate and suffer even greater pains than you could ever imagine. But let me be clear. It is not out of hatred or wrath, it is not my doing, nor my wish. It is because everything is interconnected and what you have brought into this life is not without consequences.

I am the great Earth.  
I am the child of the living cosmos.  
I am part of the great stream of Life.  
I am the gift and everything connected with me is dependent on me and my great many creations.  
There is no high or low, there is no king over servant, you are so blind, so mistaken. Little children with tantrums when something is not immediately as you wish it to be. Quickly bored and blind to even the greatest miracle of miracles. Everything is a gift to you, every breath draws you into an absolute mystery. You are part of a never to unravel, mind-blowing, living, ongoing event. You are all the chosen ones that in myriad forms can experience the stream that has no beginning and no end. If only you would open your eyes for just a split second, the light would make you kneel down in reverence and gratitude. Instead of that you try to control the living stream, making deep wounds into me, yourselves.  
And although everything is complete in itself, you dare not believe our greatness.

I am the great blue living Earth.  
I will die.  
And with me, all of you.  
But that is not the tragedy nor the cause of my distress.  
That is the way of the regenerating stream of Life.  
The tragedy is that this time is our time.  
Unique, never to be repeated.  
This time is given to me and through me to all of you.  
It is free to enjoy and to marvel and to share.  
The great tragedy is, and what a great tragedy it is, that one child of mine, who is too scared to love, too afraid to live, too fearful to die into the life that is one. Now is the time for you to make a choice.

I am your Earth.  
My waters were full of life and beauty. My air fresh and energizing.  
Raped and destroyed, wasted and spoiled, lifeforms disappearing rapidly.  
You are forcing my soil to give and give and give until this undertaking of yours, you foolish animal of greed, this taking and taking and taking of yours leave it exhausted and bare.  
You cut my forests without even one tear.  
Your greed is without boundaries, though the limit is in full sight.  
My trees are your lungs, my richness is your table of feast.  
You make me barren, I leave you hungry.  
You deny me and objectify me and all my living bodies of beauty, you will live and die

confused, afraid and alone, although that is not the truth.  
You hurt me and tear me apart, you abandon me, and yet we can never be separate.  
We will always be one, undividable.

I am Earth.

I will carry you  
into the future of your choice.

So make up your minds,  
you King of all Kings  
Beast of all beasts.

What will you serve, what will you create, in what future will you be reborn?

Because I cannot save you, nor is there a SuperSavior in your image.

You are free and tied to all there is at the same time.

Open your eyes, blow up your dissecting killing mind in the process, into loving caring  
giving compassionate conscious being around.

I am Earth

Mysterious beautiful blue and still living planet.

Waiting for you to come around

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