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the earth feels tired.

not in a loud way,
not in huge storms
or fires you see on the news.

just, quiet.

like the air is heavier
than it should be.
like it's holding something in.

like the ocean
is carrying too much,
things it was never meant to hold.

like the trees
are just standing there,
not expecting anything anymore.

i notice it.

a sky that should be clearer,
a bird that doesn't come back,
seasons that feel off,
like they showed up at the wrong time.

and it scares me.
because this is it.
this is our home.
the only one we got

and it feels like
it's slowly breaking.
like a crack in glass
that keeps spreading,
even if you try not to look at it.

but i still love it.

i love the way sunlight
comes through the trees.

i love flowers
that grow through concrete
like they refuse to give up.

i love the ocean, too,

still moving.
still trying.

and i think,
maybe the earth
hasn't given up yet.

yeah, it's hurt.
but it's still here.
still growing.
still waiting.

so i don't want to just stand here
and watch it fall apart.
i want to help.
even if it's small.
even if it feels like nothing.
i want to care.

because maybe
it doesn't have to be perfect.
maybe it just needs people
who actually care enough
to try.

so i will.

i'll notice things more.
i'll take care of what I can.
i'll remember
this planet isn't just where i live,
it's part of me.

and maybe,
if enough of us feel that way,
the earth
won't feel so heavy anymore.
maybe it can breathe again.

maybe one day
people won't be scared for it
like i am right now.

maybe they'll just look around
and know,

it's going to be okay.