

Nature's Wrath

When snow and rain fall from the heavens, do they choose where they land?

Does the tiger choose
to stalk the lord
over the servant
in the jungle?

Both would fall to its fang.

The lord will never raise a hand toward the servant.

The servant will never know fear or pain.

Both will lie where they fall.

Both will nourish the beasts and the insects, exposed to the rain and snow, and will not speak a word in complaint.

Perfect in their mortality.

When plague descends, fires blaze and storms uproot, the hut and the villa are both in danger.

The grass grows.

The wind blows.

The sun shines.

Our father in heaven and our mother of the earth dole their gifts out in equivalence.

Perhaps that is love.