

I am Green

I am not white or black or red or blue. I am Green.

I am Green. I surround you. You come to me when you have when you have sorrow or when you need to breathe. I am Green.

I am Green. You come to me when you want shelter, I am here for those that are caretakers of my being. I shelter the wise ones from rain, wind and snow. I am Green.

I am Green. The foolish rip my foundation, overwork me and their folly remains unnoticed.

I wait for the caretakers because they are wise to advocate for me. My voice is but a whisper because I am Green.

I hear the caretakers' sorrows and give them breath because I am Green.

The caretakers come to advocate for me in my name, as I have many--- one being Meadowlily.

Now is the time for leaders to see through the lens of the foolish and through the lens of the caretakers. For I am Green and only speak in whispers. Not all hear me but those that can heed my call and know what I am saying.

I am Green.

Written by Dorothy L. Stolarski
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Submitted on March 29, 2021