

Waves of Change

Footprints in the sand represent where you have been, they tell stories of past adventures and benefit you purely in reflection. You cannot move forward, nor grow if you solely gaze upon what was achieved. Footprints are for the past, but fingers are for the future. Forever grasping, reaching, for dreams yet found. My grandmother taught me that, bitter with age and lost deep within her meticulous wisdom. She was a tree-like teacher, strong and unyielding, having survived only on what had kept her alive in the previous years. I learnt many things from her words, more from her death. The past, although appears pure, will beguile you with nostalgia and comfort, too long in its grasp is toxic. You cannot see it, see it killing your future-preventing it.

Dynamics mean movement, but development means change. We sit on a ledge, a line, between growth and tradition. Every hour that passes, tradition becomes death, growth becomes life. My grandmother was a tree, now we have little left. Everything we need we have little of; time, peace trees bees happiness equality... humanity. The people I'm encompassed by are filled with fury and passion, they aimlessly attempt to create ways that are better. And it looks like that, it looks like it will get better.

But then I see you, you weighed down by gold chains of decadence, lungs corrupted by the sulfuric smell of success, of money, of coal. Your teeth are too big, smile too wide, ego perverts your sense of justice, your breath. Your mouth, tired from preaching outdated words, is parched from the dust they leave. Would you kiss your mother with that mouth? would you kill her with it? And old men sit in old thrones built of their father's legacy. A legacy of pain, hate and selfish apathy. The world is held in the fists of men like you, spitting upon people and calling it progress. But we will not have it, choice, our wave of change will revolutionize this world, they will wipe away your footprints of the past. We are proud of our place in this world, this universe, it is small, but it is us and we must protect it, our mother. We will not back down, we must stand eye to eye with this destruction of late and it *will blink first*. Because the past is gone, it cannot not harm us anymore, we must now leave footprints that are impermanent, fleeting, soft and loving. So when we gaze at them in reflection we smile, not flinch.