

Earth's Lament

Dearest, most favored species:

I remember the days when you didn't suck. You lived in few places, pulling up vegetables and plucking fruit from trees. Now, you're everywhere and into everything. As much as I love and appreciate your efforts to kill me slowly, I have to ask once again that you stop. For billions of years, Venus and Mars greeted me every day; now they stare at me in disgust, showing off their perfect bodies as they mockingly spin around me. That's your fault. Not even the soothing glow of the aurora borealis can make me forget you. My beauty and charm once made Pluto blush, but that was eons ago. Now, Pluto gives me the cold shoulder as I struggle with low self-esteem, overpopulation, and depression.

Some misguided individuals tried to understand me. Despite their theory's prejudice against the lower class, they surmised that population growth wasn't possible due to my finite resources. They argued that there would always be repercussions after a substantial growth, making sustaining a larger population impossible. Am I meant to support seven billion humans? Even four billion people seem too many. But your numbers grew. Wherever you went, you took advantage of me, suffocating me with smog, waste, and your endless chatter. With seven billion pesky, parasitic creatures now crawling all over my skin, I hope you're pleased. In fact, you look happy killing, attacking, and stealing from each other and the other animals that try to inhabit the same space as you. Your dreams of excess and easy access agonizingly kill the very planet that supports you. Your talents are becoming my nightmare.

Thanks to you, I have a permanent rising fever, making my beautiful oceans groan and swell beneath the mountains of garbage you've scattered across it. Like billions of maggots covered in putrid filth, your plastic conveniences inconveniently thrown into my oceans choke and suffocate others who are merely trying to live. How would you like a meteor—garbage from outer space—hurled at you? Still, let's not forget how gracious you are, ridding me of all my ice! How I hated that ice. It's not like animals lived on it or the ice cooled me down. That would be preposterous. I mean, I'm exactly like you! Naturally, you never use ice to cool yourselves down. Frozen water? What a joke. It's worse than the Flat Earth Theory.

You know, oceans were always too bland for my taste. But they're so much better now! I love how the acidity makes things so interesting. Back in the day, it was all blue, but wow! Such pretty colors like green and red (how festive). Why before, animals could actually live in them! Centuries after you're long gone, I'll praise you for solving this problem for me. What would I do without you? I couldn't function without you. Without you, I'm like a wingless bird, a toothless tiger. I really love how dangerous and unpredictable you've made me. You embolden me by ensuring that I'm permanently drunk on all of the carbon emissions you've so generously granted me.

I'm afraid that I have to apologize, however. All of the heavy winter storms, the tsunamis, flooding, the earthquakes, and forest fires? They're all on me. My bad. I can't help my tipsy self, and I might aspire a bit too much to repay the favor by making you happier than you made me. Although... I'm afraid it got a little out of hand. I didn't mean

to kill any of you. It just happened. But that's life, isn't it? Unfair, cruel and full of happy little accidents!

I don't know if you knew this, but those forests are a thorn in my side. I can't stand beautiful things on my surface. Besides, trees were so last century. All of the other planets got rid of them millennia ago, opting for the latest fashion trends. Mercury, Mars, and Venus? They went for the hottest fashion trends. Dust storms and lifeless surfaces never looked so attractive. Don't even get me started on Jupiter's lovely red spot. Luckily, I'm on my way there, thanks to your desertification efforts. Sadly, to fully reach their lifeless level, I'll have to get rid of you. But you understand, don't you? After all, looks are everything, aren't they? Who cares about life anymore?

Speaking of life, I will always be indebted to you for getting rid of so many pesky species. The elephant bird, dodo, and moa were hideous, not to mention talentless. Birds that can't fly? What jokes. They were hardly better than passenger pigeons and laughing owls. Have I ever told you how much I despise stripes? No? Well, you must have known somehow, right? Why else would you get rid of the quagga, thylacine, and Caspian tiger for me? Oh well. That doesn't matter. What matters is that you're kind enough to try and keep killing species for me. Bless your hearts.

When you came up with a day to celebrate me, I nearly threw a fit. (Again, sorry for the earthquakes.) ONE day in which people take time out of their lives to 'care' for me? That's one of the kindest things ever, and you've made such a difference in my life. Although I must admit, April 22nd is not my birthday. But who cares? It was only the day of my creation, and obviously, actions don't mean a thing. It's just the thought that counts; actions can't hurt you. Just like how you poisoning my oceans doesn't hurt me in the slightest.

Sadly, just as our time together will undoubtedly come to an end, so must my communication with you. I hope that in future days, you will remember what I have done for you, and you'll be less cruel, willingly helping me recover from your expansive empire. As species rapidly disappear, remember your days are also numbered.

Best wishes and long live me,
Earth