

# Time to Rest

*by* Michelle Elvy

One grey day the earth decided to sleep. The mighty mountains shrugged their rounded shoulders and sighed a great necessary sigh. The wide seas sucked their liquid breath in and out in deep soothing swells. The earth turned inward. Oil stopped flowing. The flat plains coughed a dry cough and the mantis-like machines creaked to a halt. The ocean floor sneezed a satisfying sneeze and swallowed the drilling platforms whole. People who lived on the planet scurried around noisily looking for shelter, and those who could took flight to new frontiers. Some — the quiet ones — stayed behind, and made peace with the sleeping mother.

Soon, all activity ceased and the only thing audible was the sound of sleep in a world that emerged ecstatic with fragrance and color. Tiare and jasmine shouted happy stories across continents, magnolias made mad love as their roots stretched deep into the wet fertile soil, while sequoia and kauri reached with their arms toward heaven.

And the mighty mountains sighed, and the wide seas heaved.  
And the earth dreamed blue-green dreams.

