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The Earth Remembers

Bonolo Llale

The earth isn't just soil and stone.
It's a memory. A witness. A keeper of time.

The soil beneath us carries little stones of charm
that lie silently on the ground with no trace of troubles.
It all starts with a crack that opens a chemical to experiment
an atom to help you think beyond what your eyes can see,
and the soil beneath us carries bones and quartz,
those witnesses of the weather,
lying silently on the ground forever
until their destiny is revealed by human flesh.

Somewhere in the dirt,
The Earth is watching.
Not with eyes. With memory.
Even water is the biggest gossiper of all fortune and time.
The water's connection with earth is a love-hate relationship:
it gives life, yet erodes.
It heals.
It destroys. It buries.
It reveals.
It shifts when no one's looking — like it too, was once pressured.

But why? How?
Questions that keep scientists awake.

—
The Bones don't lie

As a traditional man with bones would say: "The bones don't lie."
They rest beneath us — quiet, patient, untouched by time,

like a lover who never left, only faded.
They carry warmth gone cold, secrets once spoken through skin.
Not as wounds, but as shape.
A cracked rib. A worn tooth.
A hand once reaching.
Maybe scientists are not so different from diviners — both kneel,
both listen,

both search for what speaks in silence.

Maybe the Earth Remembers More Than We Do

Like a mother carrying too much grief to speak.
She keeps their stories in the dust,
in the cracks, in the quiet.
With each generation born, she watches her children forget.
    But she doesn't.

She remembers the barefoot ones. The fire-starters.
The bone breakers.
The silent grievers.
She remembers the pressure, the storms,
the sunlight that never reached the cave floor. She remembers
    everything —
even when humans don't ask the right questions.

We dig for stories like seekers search for a face we will recognise.
Hoping to find ourselves.
But we're not the centre of the story. We're just the latest layer.

Because beneath our cities, our noise, and our inventions — the
soil is still speaking. The rocks are still shifting.
The bones are still waiting. And water?
It carries it all — truth, memory, decay — trickling between what
was and what will be. So we listen. And we write. And we guess.
But only Earth knows the full story.