

## Green Noise

The earth hums low beneath my feet,  
A restless pulse, a feral heartbeat.  
Buds erupt in a neon flare,  
Cracking open the frozen air.

Winter loosens its iron grip,  
Fire waking in a thawed fingertip.  
My ribcage rattles, my senses shake.  
Each breath cuts sharp, alive, awake,

This isn't just the birth of spring,  
But a renewal that every day will bring.  
A rising storm, a sacred fight,  
The blunt insistence of new life.

So let the green noise rise and roar,  
And lift me past what was here before.

It floods my veins, it breaks my chains,  
Unraveling doubts, rewriting pains.  
The world remakes its brittle core,  
As hope knocks on its silent door.

Not gentle blooms or whispered rain,  
But thunder drilling through my brain.  
The wild energy calls out, a raw refrain,  
And March ignites every frozen plain.

Sharp and screaming, sweet and torn,  
A soul re-lit, a self reborn.  
No soft return, no quiet thaw,  
Just truth laid bare, unveiled rugged and raw.

So smile wide and let the green noise rise and roar,  
The earth's restless heart no longer can be ignored.