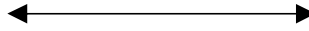


*****POETRY – 8TH GRADE*****



2nd Place

Our World

Anya Houston

Joaquin Moraga Middle School, Moraga
Teacher: Kristen Anderson

Our world is burning
I watch the clouds swirling, disappearing to make room for the grey wisps of fire's
posterity
The trees are decaying
Great redwoods falling, the circle of elders that towered veracious and verdant
are left in crippling forms

These are the consequences of our actions
Of the gasoline that drips from the engines of our trucks
It teases us, convinces us that it's puddles don't matter as it falls, but it does

The mountain of trash that floats in the middle of the
seas Hides from the view of the common man
The world becomes so waterlogged from the tears it wants to release
From the screams it wants to exhale through the clouds in the sky, but it can't

Because we suffocate it with the smoke we brew in dungeons
Those factories that accept the grey skies as the atmosphere's mood
swings When really it is the human's philosophy

The philosophy that says humans rule all
That says the water should continue to flow, the trees to grow because we
keep taking
That's all we've been taught to do
To take until our world is a dystopian place of cracks across Earth's crust

Neurons, synapses, left and right ventricles could have fought for answers
Yet they choose to burrow farther underground, farther than the rats dare to
dig Searching for a solace from the suffering that's not there

Our world is burning
Too many people
bystanding Listening to our
failure sizzling Not
recognizing, not realizing
That the failure is us
Not only the problems we created, the solutions we didn't