

Cheryl Kaye Marshall

Age: 16, Grade: 11

Home School, Birmingham, AL

Educator: Emily Marshall

Category: Poetry

Nature v. People

The Sea is sounding her siren.
She is rising her tides and readying her crests.
She is gleefully and furiously rising to attack the people for the poor treatment that has been given to her.

Her ever watchful eyes have cried tsunamis as her creatures are strangled in plastic.
Her breath has been held as pollution in the air has traveled to her waves and curls.
And she has accepted all of this in peace with quiet lips.

But no more will this abuse go on.

She's giving us her final warning,
as she slowly
Rises.

I wonder if the stars will come crashing down next,
as we slowly
Destroy
our ozone layer.
Without our precious forcefield, the ultraviolet rays will come and burn through our skin.
Our bodies will be diminished to bone.
The sun will charge with the fury of these rays.
The stars will follow in heated armor, forceful spirits, and glinting swords.
Our defenses are nonexistent, but there will be no mercy for we had no mercy.

The Storms will ready their chariots.
Hurricanes will rise with an anger,
Tornadoes will swirl.
The fires have already blazed our horizons.

Therefore, the Sea, the Sky, and the Storms sew their hearts together.
They will become one to defend their loved ones.
Each will use their forces and hit us from every side.

Punches
And
Burns
And
Blood
And
Puddles of our tears.

The warning signs are gazing into our eyes.
They are pressing their face against ours, screaming to get our attention.

Yet, we are still ignoring them.
We are deaf, and we are blind to what is in front of us.

Little ones will take reusable water bottles to dance class to “save the turtles.”
However, corporations with visible monoxide bursting out of tubes refuse to acknowledge their fate.

The Sea, the Sky, and the Storms will stand back to back.
The Sea holds shards of glass, using a weapon from our own mistreatment.
The Sky controls an army of meteors.
The Storms have their blades of lightning.
The time is over.
Our decisions must be made now,
For the armies will come with no mercy.
Their eyes will blaze with desire.
The desire to protect their worlds.

The clock is ticking.
The tick rings in my ear drums in an attempt to shatter them.
So, will we change the tide of our actions and protect our universe?
Or will we continue down our dark path of destruction?

This is a battle that we will not win.
We have been charged as guilty but yet our corporations plead,
“I direct the judge to disregard the statements regarding our lack of care for the environment.”
The judges are
The Sea
The Sky
The Storms.

Tell me, when will this stop?
It's not too late.
But it almost is.
Why won't anyone listen?

All I can hope for is that they will take pity on those who tried.
Perhaps The Sea will wrap children in a wave to protect them from the war.
Perhaps The Sky will send small shooting stars to take the innocent to other planets.
Perhaps The Storms will keep those who care in the eye of the hurricane.
Or perhaps our government will stop their ways of selfishness before any of this is needed.
It's not too late I plead with you.

But they are coming, and they are coming with a fury⁶