



CREATIONS

BY HALLEY RICHARDSON

I look up at the sky and smile.
Maybe I will stay awhile.
It is blue, with wisps of clouds floating along
in the same direction as the wind.
How much I wish it would stay so clear,
the lush green grass
and the fresh smells in the air.
Look up at the sky
and see the sea birds flying freely.
I would love to stand here
and take in god's creations a little bit at a time...

I look up at the sky and frown,
the smog in the air all smothered and brown.
How I wish it would clear.
Yes, I see the concrete grounds,
the cracks in the asphalt, and the scent of smoke and dirt.
All that is heard are the cries of the forests,
there are no more valleys, or sea birds flying freely,
or lush green grass, only man's creations now.
The far off callings of yesterday, withered and torn.
Forever I mourn...

(Dedicated to the small bits of undeveloped nature that should be kept
preserved before our world becomes withered and broken.)

*Halley Richardson is in the seventh grade at Camarillo Academy of Progressive
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