

Earth Has The Word “Ear” In It
By River Jordan Ostrander
9th Grade, Blacksburg High School

For as long as she’s twirled in her cosmogyrical whirl
The Earth has learned of the patience to listen.
Just as she heard the bantam beasts in her blue oceans,
Their whirring and buzzing and bursting life,
She hears the hum of humanity, the trill of the trees.
She harbors a hive of beasts who believe
The ideal option is to move the mountains, To
stain the seas, to consume the creatures. To be
“bigger and better”.
The Earth, stuck in her sickly cycle,
Cannot help but ponder; what would be better,
The sharp shimmering of static screens,
Or the ink intertwined with her fallen trees.
And she cannot help but long for the age of the sea,
When the winds filled no sails,
And the only beasts
Dwelt in the depths.
Here she remains, and so do her captors.
Her trees still tower, tall and green,
In secret spots that are seldom seen,
That hold their own air of peace.
If one tries their best to sit in silence,
The forest will forget and fall away from refinement,
And, cradled between the crunch of the cedar leaves,
And the minute melodies of the mockingbirds,
The subtle mumbles will erupt from the brush. To
most, the Earth has done nothing but listen, But if
one offers a moment,
It becomes clear that she longs to be heard.

A Quiet Moment
By Trevor Smith
11th Grade, Blacksburg High School

Cold grass slips between my fingers
A million blades, sharpened by sour insects, glaze my hands
Straining my hazy eyes
Trying to taste the starlight on my tongue
The night folds in delicately and wraps me up
With soft honey melodies and rose-water moon beams
The music smells of dust
And the crickets lay me down in nurturing silk
The color pallet sparkles just right
The night is perfectly framed for my memory
A moment to be hidden away
Like a loving secret
Waiting to be revealed in a valley of hesitant tongues and course decay
I breathe in the aroma of the melancholy darkness
It singes my skin and cuts my lips
But the flames are warm and the knife is soft
And I don't want to forget the sweetness
Of being alone

Don't Worry

By Gavin Paye

10th Grade, Blacksburg High School

I know you're all worried Are
we crossing the line? Well I'm
here to assure you, The
environment's fine
I can see that you're doubtful
About the birds and the bees
But there's no need to worry
We have plenty of trees
If you still doubt me, well then,
Take a moment, walk around
You'll see plenty of greenery
Through your trip around town
And if you're still happening
To disagree with my word
Allow me to describe why
your view is absurd

Let's start with the plants The
ones that are "dying" Now you
must understand That those
studies are lying
If you glance out your window
I assure you, you'll see At
least one little stalk Of a
withered old tree
And the forests, they say
Are beginning to shrink
But please don't be alarmed
This is not what you think After
all, trees grow back,
So I'm sure we'll be fine
If we waste away life
Won't it grow back in time?

Since we've talked about green
Let's move on to blue
The sea and the sky Are
doing great too
There may be some black
And perhaps there's some grey
But such things hardly matter

For us humans today.
But, in the event that I'm wrong
It's unlikely, I know
If the animals die
I know just where to go
If the skies get so choked
That we can't see the stars
We'll be more than okay We
can just move to Mars.

Remember

By Karen Villanueva

10th Grade, Blacksburg High School

I want to remember dancing in the rain
Water soaking my clothes
Droplets dripping into my eyes
Making the world a bright, blurry spectacle
Spinning and jumping and dancing
Like there was no tomorrow

I want to remember laying on my back
Soft grass dancing in the wind
A summer breeze tickling my toes
Hands reaching toward the sky
Pulling shapes out of the clouds
Stories and laughter and joy filling the air

I want to remember jumping in leaf piles
A hundred colors painting my world
A million leaves blanketing earth
Leaving their branches to find a new home
Gathering them in my arms and throwing them upward
Letting color cascade all around me

I want to remember sticking out my tongue
Watching big, white snowflakes fall around me
Letting them coat my eyelashes
Until all I could see was a winter wonderland
Cold creeping through my boots
Inviting me to play

I want to remember catching fireflies
I want to remember skipping stones
I want to remember picking flowers
I want to remember making snowballs
I want to remember all of this and more
I want to remember her— Mother Earth

So let us work to keep her alive and well
Letting her continue to breathe life into our world
Painting it with color
Filling it with laughter and bird songs

After all, a few whispers can eventually become a shout
A few actions can eventually become a movement
So, let us shout
Let us jump
Let us call for change
Calling for those who will come after us
For those who will inherit the Earth we have today
For those who may also get a chance to dance in the rain

I Remember
By Karah McClafferty
10th Grade, Blacksburg High School

I remember
The way the blue skies
Gazed down at me
With eyes shaped like stars
And moons.

I remember
The way the greenfields
Never stripped themselves
Of trees and greenery.

I remember
The way the snow
Flurried down
Softly
Like a feather
Fluttering off a
Baby bird's wing.

I remember
The way the wind
Smelled like flowers
And sunshine.

I remember
The way the lake
Peaked out from
Just beyond the hill.

I remember
The way the ducks
Flew over the river
With their feet
Skimming the surface.

I remember
The way the trees
Reached up to touch
The sky's cheeks,
Yet always being
Too far.

I remember
The way the rain
Dripped down my face,
Wetting my hair
And clothes.

I remember
The way the stars
Sprinkled the sky's
Face and nose like freckles,
Making the first eye
Seem harsh compared
To the second.

I remember
The way the
Ocean lapped at
The earth as if
Dying of thirst.

I remember
The way the sky's hands
Hid its face whenever
It was about to rain.

I remember
The way the deer
Cantered gently
Over the earth's cloak.

I remember
The way the frost
Glittered the ground,
Decorating the grass.

I remember
The way the meadow
Glowed green
You could barely
Believe another color
Existed,
Until you looked
Up and saw the
Vast variation of colors
In the sky.

I remember
The way the sky
Glowed after it cried,
As if the world would,
Really be better
After the tears fell.

I remember
The way the flowers
Littered the ground
Like the freckles
On the sky's cheeks.

I remember
The way life
Was before I died.

Though I hear
It's not the same
Anymore.