1. **The Ocean**

The gentle, blue waves wash up my feet,

I stretched my legs onto the sand.

As I sat,

I admired the water flowing up my limbs.

I feel its refreshment,

I am calm.

The gateway,

Leading another world.

God's creation,

Of a different life.

Unbelievable deep sea,

Full of imaginary creatures,

We've never seen before.

I feel its tranquil presence,

Below the soft sky and breathtaking sunset.

The vast ocean

My beloved home.

**2. The Stream**
 I see the stream,
From forests away.
It shimmers underneath
 the bright sun.
My mouth thirsts,
For such clean water.

I run,
As fast as
I can.
 My stamina dies.

I pant,
Yet,
 I have made it.
I see my reflection
 And smile.

I wash my face.
The water refreshes me.
God has given me
A miracle.
I will survive.

**3. Life**

A powerful word.

Memories are created,

lessons are learned,

Happiness is spread among humans.

A timeline of your actions,

And achievements,

It fades as horror happens…

Life,

A series of mistakes,

Being repeated over,

And over,

And over,

Natural disasters,

Murder,

Bad choices,

Lead to loss.

It ruins your existence.

Doubt,

Fear,

And anxiety take over,

No more control,

Hope leaves and disappears.

Life,

A memory,

Of everything.

A record,

Of how you mark

Yourself in history.

**4. God**

A spirit,

Full of wonders.

His works,

Are mysterious,

Hidden,

No one shall understand.

King of all,

Such a kind,

Merciful Father.

He forgives,

And replenishes.

He gives us bricks,

We build houses.

He gives us paper,

A pen,

We write.

He opens the door,

We enter.

He gives us books,

We read.

He gives us instruments,

We play.

He is the foundation,

Of life.

**5. Friends**-

People you meet,

Who change your life.

People who are clowns,

Make you laugh to death.

People who are rainbows,

That shine after the rain,

And cheer you up.

Sometimes,

They fade,

And leave….

Friends-

People who are backstabbers,

Leave you in the dark.

People who ignore,

You don’t get why.

They stop talking,

They’re mad,

They don’t tell you why.

Your only question,

“What happened,

To our friendship?”

Friends-

People you remember,

Their actions influence you.

They either stay,

Or disappear….

**6. We Can Do Better**

The moon gleams under the midnight, velvet sky, full of dancing stars.

Rain is pounding and thumping on my window, as I try to sleep.

The wolf’s howl overrules the drops right outside.

I pull up my covers and try to rest,

but something sparks between my eyes.

It is a ball of light, an unknown creation,

Flying around my room,

It whispers. “Come…”

I stand up, struggling to balance

As I try to capture, the mysterious, sphere of brilliance.

It shoots out of the house,

Faster than lightning speed.

I try my best to catch up to it, clueless about where I’m going.

I look straight ahead and follow this inexplicable work of art.

Suddenly I realize I’m in my darkest place, the woods.

I hear the owls’ prolonging echo,

Maple leaves crunching,

Footsteps and mumbles.

Someone murmurs “Where is it?”

I start to panic. I want to escape.

But to my relief,

I see a portal.

Glistering in the night.

Impulsively, I jump in.

I had realized I traveled in time,

A time when everything was shattered,

A time when everything was botched.

I whip my head around, hearing bombs and screams.

Guns firing, and dead people lying on the ground.

Blood is plastered everywhere, I am speechless, thoughtless.

It’s disappointing that we are our own enemy.

It’s sad how we can create this violence.

I think about the world, how everything is messed up.

The universe is fracturing.

The sun is melting itself, everything is exploding.

It’s terrifying how our world is destroyed so quickly,

How humans can drag it down with one wrong action,

Why is it this way?

Does it have to be like this?

Can we change ourselves, or the methods we’re living?

How are we allowed to form this type of savagery?

How can a tiny problem destruct everyone?

It isn’t small anymore.

This white lie can’t continue.

We’ve all done something bad without thinking

There’s nothing that can take it back.

It’s done.

Suddenly my thoughts are cleared,

And I am back to the present.

I can’t budge.

If I don’t do anything,

It won’t hurt anyone, right?

It will,

I have to do something to fix this broken earth.