

Mother Nature

by Sera Hawley, age 14

The wind blows strong, the birds are flying
The flowers grow and the sun is shining
But very slowly the planet changes,
The days grow hotter and temperature rages
Plastic bottles slowly spread
Parts of earth end up dead.
The puff of smoke, the smell of gas
Waiting for the stench to pass
The gods, the great, the mother of all
One false move, we all will fall.
Mother Nature will show her light
Against the people and make it right