

Years 7-8 Category Winner

Eve Charlesworth – Tarooma High School

Summer Days

The sun, beamingly radiant, shines fiercely,
It shimmers, it sparkles,
Dappled light lying across the timber of our veranda,
Sunlight flowing over the world, little by little.
I watch the sun rise over the horizon, orange, gold, and rose-coloured beams creeping over the hillside,
stretching out as far as the eye can see,
Gently awakening the creatures of the valley,
Providing the bitter-sweet nostalgia of better days, of summer days.
Summer days warmed by both the rising sun and the tender love of our dearest companions,
All animals roamed the valley, deer bounding over the paddocks in the early hours of the morning, awaiting the
imminent radiance of the sun, awaiting the warmth it would donate,
These summer days defined by their sheer beauty,
Pleasant evenings spent watching the rising sun become the setting sun, the sky fading from vibrant blues to
purple, entering a state of darkness, the night sky adorned with twinkling diamonds, stars.

No amount of adversity could part me from my admiration of these blissful summer times,
Yet this year,
This year, I despise those summer times,
Pastimes I once looked to for their glory,
Glorious beaches I once visited,
Gorgeous white sands,
Rolling indigo waves.

I now look to these distressed waves in sympathy,
As I observe their water line creep closer and closer to the dunes each year,
Their temperature simultaneously inching further and further up the thermometer,
I deplore these summer days as the creatures of the once green, fresh paddocks and of the once brilliant, vivid
coral reefs retreat by the masses,
Disappearing into the abyss of extinction, species by species,
Danger lurks.

I watch the sunrise,
Day after day,
It rises only to fall again,
To set in the sky,

A symphony of colour,
Electric yellows fade to darling pinks,
The great blue taking on a red hue,
Only to eventually turn completely black,
Dark ink spilled across the sky,
The colour being blotted out of the world.
This occurs day after day,
Night after night.

I now observe a change in the inky night sky above our valley,
The stars begin vanishing
Stolen from the firm grip of space,
As though snatched from reality entirely.

This year, we approach winter with caution,
In winter we seek relief from the relentless summer days,
In winter we place our trust,
Desiring a gloomy storm of rainclouds to restore life to our devastated valley,
To restore colour,
Vision,
Hope,
To retrieve our creatures, big and small,
But the world, in a state of utter distress after such a ruinous summer, cannot exert any further energy,
Drained to all extents,
The friendly sky I grew up under now suffers,
The world suffers too.

A million tears fall from above, torrential, persistent,
The never-ceasing rain only part of the tempest to come,
Only a faint memory of the winter days before,
Winter days of softly falling snow, dusting the valley from hill to ditch,
Winter days famous for calming rainstorms, puddles of cool water enriching the winter soil,
Winter days engulfed in crisp, frosty air, animals shying away in hibernation,
These calm winter days are now interrupted by the heat of summer,
Winter moments intertwined with that of summer,
A temper-tantrum on a global scale,
Yet nobody seems to notice the days growing warmer,
The storms increasing in both intensity and frequency,
My voice drowned out by the song of our leaders, our protectors,
Protectors who won't change,
I feel helpless,
As the world plunges deeper into an environmental apocalypse, set for dystopia,
The sun, beamingly radiant, shines fiercely.