

Entry Title: Edge of the World

Name: Grace Wilson **School:** Dominic College

Entry:

Edge of the World

A young girl sits alone, at the very edge of the world

Is she a lucky girl?

The world she lives in, is full of worries, full of hate

What is she thinking?

How is she coping?

She sits at the water, her hair waving softly with the trees

The hard sand flicking at her skin, yet she doesn't even flinch

Does the sand hurt?

Crabs shuffling across the ground, seagulls loudly squawking

Yet she doesn't notice

She remains peaceful

The hot, blazing sun, shining bright into her deep blue eyes

She continues to stare at the sky, at the soft, fluffy clouds

Do her eyes hurt?

Crowds of birds surround her, and she remains still

They slowly start to fly away

Is she scared?

The world has been covered with so many structures and buildings

This is the only place of nature left

And the most beautiful

She picks up herself, and lies in the daisy field

The flowers are white and yellow

Each petal a completely different shape

Each one is unique

Each one is beautiful in their own way

Small drops of rain fall down

They land on her cheek, softly
Does she feel any emotion?
The rain suddenly gets heavier
Yet she doesn't budge
Is she cold?
The cars quickly come to a stop
The traffic lights flash
The world around her is slowly changing
Day by day
Every minute
Every second
Is there an end to this world?
Or will we continue adding structures to it?
And slowly lose our nature?
Bugs are crawling over her body
Her arms, and legs
Yet she doesn't try to flick them off
She leaves them be
Is she uncomfortable?
The ladybug's wings, bright red with black spots
So subatomic
So gentle
Eventually it flutters away, softly
This moment is beautiful
This moment
The moment before the nature disappears
Before all of the Earth's hard work disappears
She is still
The leaves sway
The waves crash into the sand

The crows squawk loudly

It's almost like they're cursing at one another

The sun shines brightly onto the surface

The flower petals break away from the stamen

And softly fall to the wet grass

Green and bright

This moment

Is what matters

To the young girl

Sitting alone at the water's edge

And to me

A transgender boy

Who just wants to be happy

This matters