

Honorable Mention

Nature's Child.

By Kelsey Ashton

Inspired by George Ella Lyons

I am from a glen of vibrant colors of green and brown.

Where trees stretch their boughs into the sky,

And new plants are growing everywhere I look.

I am from leaves rustling and sighing in the breeze.

Where branches creak in music of their own,

And birds create their sweet soprano trills.

A stream playfully dances across stones to add to the symphony.

I am from cold snow runoff freezing my fingers,

From strong, rough bark supporting my balance.

Where caution must be taken in which plants you touch,

And ancient rocks jut out of the earth, smoothed by years of weathering.

I am from clean mountain air and damp soil.

Where pollution has no power,

And rain has a scent.

Campfire smoke wafts up at night in tandem

With the light freshness of creosote.