

## Green Stitches

Maya D'Souza, 12, Hannover

It looks like nothing much.  
Sand and shells from far away.  
Not here,  
Where the rain is dripping  
And the clouds are looming like shadows.  
The sand is fine. Almost nothing.  
And the shells are slightly cracked.

But under the surface  
The sand seems to shift like time in an hourglass,  
And if you listen, the shells hold entire seas.  
The waves push and pull,  
Rhythmic, calm, gentle.  
Washing over the smooth grains  
Again, again

It looks like nothing much.  
Children building sand castles.  
Drinking lime soda.  
Jumping in the sea  
Coconuts on the ground  
And the salty breeze that ever so faintly smells of dreams

But under the surface  
There is a girl who now picks a mango  
Raw, green  
And its smooth, speckled skin  
seems to hold the world, if just for a fleeting moment  
The trees gently rock in the wind  
Again, again

It looks like nothing much.  
In a land not so hot, not so wet, not so sunny,  
There is a garden  
tucked behind a hill.  
Full of glowing flowers  
Like stitches of green that heal scars

But under the surface  
Was a girl who saw a land where  
it was a common sight to see  
A jackfruits spiky scales and chillies  
Cashew fruit, coconut, mango, papaya  
Grow everywhere  
And every year  
Again, again

And so the world slowly blooms  
An empty land now filled with possibilities  
And she knows  
there are other quiet gardens  
With hope to mend  
An ever changing world.