

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.