

Whispers of Renewal

I am neither ocean nor forest, nor wind alone
I am the question echoing in the void of our making,
a murmured plea from drowned cities of coral
and forests reborn from the ashes of neglect.

In my depths, the sea remembers a time
when tides carried life, unburdened by plastic sorrows,
and in the rustling of leaves, old trees recount
a past marred by chainsaws, yet seed by seed, hope is sown.

A letter drifts through these murmurs:
Dear Future, we are architects of renewal,
crafting green sanctuaries where decay once reigned,
harnessing innovation to mend the scars of progress.

Who speaks now? Is it the ocean's quiet lament,
the forest's timeless memory, or the wind's restless call
to reweave a tapestry of living earth—
a legacy of restoration, an ode to what endures?

In this riddle of elements, may you find the spark
to shape a tomorrow where nature's whispers
rise as a chorus, reminding us that every broken
piece can become part of a mosaic renewed.

NAME: Oluwadamilola Lanre-Ibrahim

Age: 16

School: VIVIAN FOWLER MEMORIAL COLLEGE FOR GIRLS