

## ***SPROUT***

The sky darkened again, ready to weep. Ashes of disaster danced to the whoosh of the wind; they swam in the brimful jar of water, fighting for dominance with the oil slick. Each breaking of dawn was survival of the fittest—the local birds, men, and sparrows fought with their lives as they breathed amid the chaos. Papa's homecoming with lifeless aquatics was no longer a sight to celebrate, but a melancholic call. Mama's frustration was wrapped in the oil spillage on her farm; it was obvious as she deboned the dead fish papa brought home.

My sanity faded into shadows living in the bustling street full of the chaotic symphony of machinery. The chirping, singing, clucking sound of nature were drowned out by the screech of metal. As a nature activist, my voice for healing awakened the community's collectivity. Days into months and a year, the nature's fragments came into a whole; the waters unburdened as their bodies found home again, the melodious songs of sparrows rose with the sun, and the land birthed in hope. Nature found home, man found life.