

At Burke Lake

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Sixth Grade - Fairhill ES*

It's January.
The trees are bare,
But the air is warm.

My family and I stand side by side,
Leaning on the rusting railing,
Looking out on the water.

Our dog anxiously pulls at her leash,
Ready to keep moving, there are more paths to explore.

A light mist blankets me,
The breeze whispers through the trees.

I realize, that moment,
There still is time for change.

Although it may not be perfect,
Mother Earth will take a turn for the better,

If we clean up the world,
Help little by little,

Hand in hand,
Together.