

ephemera

i wonder what the world
would say they miss the most
when we finally destroy the earth
and smoke becomes our clouds:
would they say the sunsets,
or forget they ever were?

when our lungs are black and withered,
and our skin greyed with soot,
when our life flashes before our eyes,
would they remember

soft, warm, vivid colors
and pillowy clouds

safe, calm, peaceful nights
spent gazing at the sky

or would they just see black
as their last moments pass
because they never paid attention
to the little things within each moment,
ephemera

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First place, first period