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“Marble” by Clara Pavri

In the black the velvet carpet of the universe ripples like a stone
hitting a pool. One blink one moment and a marble rests.
On the surface an ocean lies splashing hungrily.
One blink one moment and predators stalk their prey without mercy
without peace.
One blink one explosion of light and green dances through the
breeze singing healthy unworried melodies.

One minutes one step through time and buildings pierce clouds a
sharp needle poking up, up, up. A factory gives birth to a dark
cloud of smoke that chokes the marble.
Far away from the factory a forest of green and a turquoise sea
are battling regiments of blades and plastic bottle armies.
There it is with those who care trying slowly to help.
Slowly, slowly, slowly.
On the surface hidden among the many faces and drummings of
heartbeats there is one heart that sings one that has the power to
help.
The heartbeat drums. Grow, grow, grow.
In the forest trees rise. Blades chop but they rise fast and strong.
Faster, faster, faster. Balance, balance, balance.
The heartbeat skips. Clean, clean, clean.
Gone are the plastic armies back are the healthy seas.
The heartbeat dances. Gone, gone, gone.
The dark cloud disappears as the marble takes a breath.
A young girl sits to write. Her heart drums, skips,
dances with the power to heal the living marble and the
writer.