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“My Gift” by Piper Gaulke

I step into the cool crisp air of Fall.

The wind pulses.

My breath makes tiny clouds as I walk down the street.

I see a girl on a bench, her tears pour like rain drops and her fists are clenched like a closed flower.

I feel her pain, and I want to cheer her up.

I know I have the power inside of me.

I kneel upon the ground and push my hands into the Earth.

I picture purple and blue lilies, and sweet, Sun yellow roses.

My mind gives them life.

Sprouts burst from beneath my hands like little prairie dogs poking their heads out from their homes.

In only seconds they have blossomed into the most vibrant bouquet.

She looks at me with her gloomy eyes, as I gently tap her shoulder.

I place the blooms into her hands.

She smiles, and I smile back.

My gift and I can do many things.

With dirt in my hands, I can make a hospital room into a lush, green forest.

Nature is healing.

There is no more suffering.

I can close my eyes and think of all the people without homes.

I imagine for them a simple home of twisted trees layered with vines.

A place for them to feel safe and warm.

So they do not have to beg, I grow them a garden filled with:

juicy tomatoes,

rough potatoes,

sweet apples,

and crunchy carrots.

I think of these things and they happen across the whole world.

Nature is healing.

There is no more suffering.

I travel to forests that are no more.

I can feel the sadness spread through my body like wildfire catching on dry grass.

Every stump my fingertips touch transforms back into a lush, green tree.

Weeping willows. Maples with helicopter seeds. Hawthorns overflowing with blossoms.

Nature is healing.

There is no more suffering.

Peonies, buttercups, moon flowers and lavender.

Daffodils, lilacs, honeysuckle, and poppies.

Anywhere can become a divine meadow.

I will run with my arms stretched out like wings,  
as the dirt and gravel fills with flowers like a trail behind me.

This is my gift to the bees.

To the butterflies, and ladybugs.

Nature is healing.

There is no more suffering.

The Sun dips gradually behind the mountains.

I walk home, tired but happy.

I know I have helped the world with my gift of nature.

Each new day my heart opens like a morning glory for the beautiful Sun.

Nature is healing.

There is no more suffering.