

**Young Writers of America
2011 West Region Grand Prize Winner!**

Sophia Bezzant

The World as I See It...

The dew slowly trickles down a leaf,
The flowers spring out of the ground
and sway back and forth
to the rhythm of the wind,
The breeze blows and it whispers in your ear, "spring is near",
Each delicate flower looks like it was painted
in pastel by a golden goddess,
Sent from above,
The birds spread out their wings and glide,
Going into the horizon of the sunset.

When you lay down
the sun touches your skin,
And gives you warm kisses,
As you dive in the pool
the clear blue water gives you chills,
You stop and hold your breath,
Feeling the water dance around you
laughing and giggling and pulling your hair,
As you get out of the water
you see how green the grass is,
How delicate the flowers look,
How clear and blue the sky is,
And not a single cloud in the sky.

The leaves change,
They have been painted
a beautiful red, yellow and orange,
The pumpkins are now in season,
The leaves swirl around you in the air,
Flying around in the wind
with not a care in the world,
You see a black demon fly pass you,
It is a crow that cries an evil laugh,
The wind calls and the crow flies away.

The snow comes down like a bullet,
The snow nips at your clothes,
And the wind hisses at me,
And the dark gray clouds roll in
laughing and mocking us,
And the snow traps us in our steps.

That is the world as I see it.