

Junior Division, Poetry
Dakota Squires, Paradise
Change Our Ending (an excerpt)

I need a break,
An escape.
Get me out of this world of forest fires and climate change,
Police brutality, and mask mandates.
Give me a break from this decade.

3 million dead now and maybe it's just beginning.
I don't think there will even be an ending.
It's hard to care when more people are dying everyday.
People were dying long before, but we didn't care then,
It wasn't us, it was them.

New variants and hold ups,
We are enraged.
Sure, make your signs and block the gate.
Run interference, what will that change?
We've been here before but still, no change.
Wave your signs and stand your guard,
Protect the homeland I don't know anymore.

We're all just breathing the last bit of fresh air.
Gasping it down while still pushing out more.
It's a now problem that we push that back for later,
Waiting for the end of this hellfire.

Billionaires are starting a new space race.
We did that before, what did that change?
Put the US and Russia in an arms race.
Well guess it's going on again,
With Ukraine and Russia diving in.

Maybe there will be hope on the new planet in the sky.
I don't even know why I'm wondering why.
It's not like I have a chance at that end.
It'll be me here with the rest of humanity,
Watching astronauts liftoff to ruin another galaxy.

I guess this is who we are:
Planet killers, people abusers, users.
We take what we want, when we want.
No regard for the future generation,
Just now, not why.
It's never why.

Please, somebody, ask why.