

Hope For Tomorrow: Poem

By Khanh Pham, 6th Gr. Herbert Hoover MS

I am hopeful
I am hopeful for us
For that the future that we hold
In our lucre-seeking hands
Will shine bright
Despite the thick barricade of gray
Above us

I am hopeful
I am hopeful for the leaders
That have shielded themselves
from the consequences
That have none but indifference
for their greed
That they face their reality
Our reality

I am hopeful
I am hopeful that fireflies
Those that danced in swarms
Ten years ago
Now as scarce as snow
Will continue to be
Such a pleasure
For future generations to come

I am hopeful
I am hopeful that what kills me
Is not my own planet
Is not the scorching heat
Of our world on fire
Or the wretched evil
Of a fallen tree

I am hopeful
I am hopeful that I will wake up
To see tomorrow
To see clouds drift across a blue sky
To witness the blessing of a sunrise
And say,
This is not the end

Hope for Tomorrow: Short Essay

By Khanh Pham, 6th Gr. Herbert Hoover MS

Snow.

A single weather phenomenon is the one greatest wish that I hope is to come true this year.

I don't remember which year was the one where I slipped on those thick gloves that I couldn't move my finger joints in. Whichever year it was, it was the final one to date. Maybe this will be the year that miraculously births a pattern of snow-angel-white flakes, because much has changed since the beginning of us diminishing and cutting down on the luxuries of planet Earth, tree by tree, atmospheric layer by layer.

Will there ever be snow again?

Much has changed.

Such as how ice is re-solidifying in the North and South Poles. Such as how our apathetically discarded garbage is slowly breaking down and disappearing into thin air instead of piling up by the meter and on the verge of tipping over the junkyard man. Such as how the life of a sea turtle is flashing before its eyes as it chokes on the plastic water bottle you chose to utilize for half a day.

So much has changed.

In the event that you couldn't tell by now, that was sarcastic.

But I hope that that literary device won't be necessary to use the next time that I find myself in front of a computer screen, writing about the consequences of anthropogenic threats.

Because then, I hope to be praising this incredible species and paying tribute to the works of us humans, about how we were the heroes in flying red capes that swooped down to save our planet from falling into that burning hot pot of fire, the one that we melded and tended to ourselves in the first place.

I can tell the tailors right now that it'll be a long wait for those red capes.

But truly; Rain *is* replacing snow and plastic *is* rising in tall towers. Those are facts; whether we want them to be or not, whether we care or not. But they are *our* reality, and they will continue to be if we let them be. This essay has revolved around the theme of hope; and I hope that this is not our future. I hope that this is not the permanent route that we've taken. It's never too late until it is.

Besides those vague hopes and dreams of not needing to incorporate sarcastic remarks in my writing, and besides those of soft, white, powdery snowmen-material, I desire to live life to its fullest. So as the glowing star known as the Sun sits on the horizon line, I hope that it will continue to rest in that same place. I hope that I will wake up to see it, and continue to bathe in its gifted light. I hope that its rays will continue to function as a blessing; and not as the execution of the world. But the only way the Sun can become such a death trap is if our further actions provoke it to be. I truly hope that we prevail to see the sun rise again tomorrow.