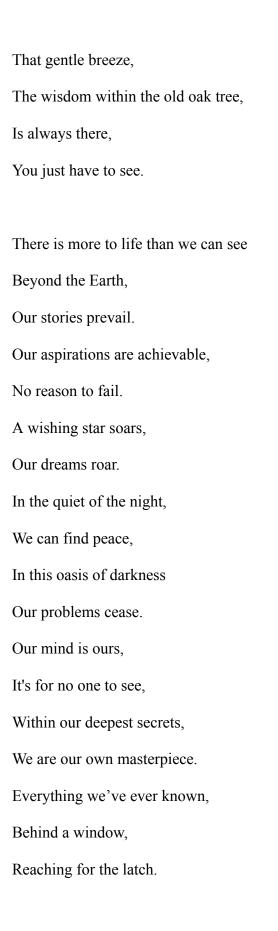
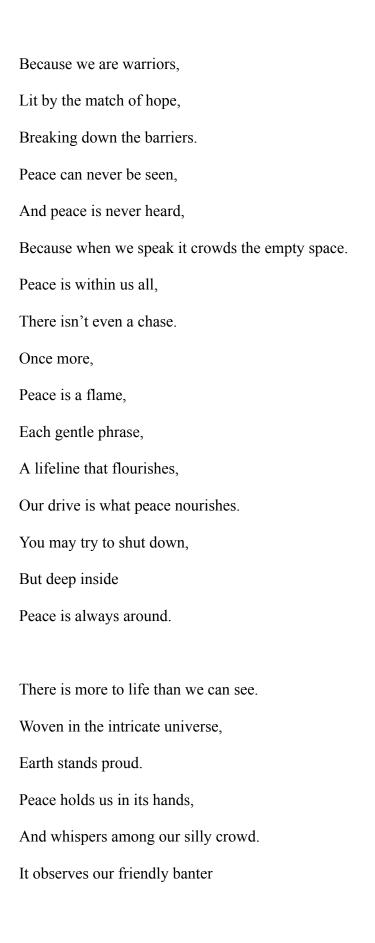
## Emma Stevens, Grade 9

There is more to life than we can see
A gentle breeze
A buzzing bee
Beneath the brush, a world aglow,
Thousands of species,
Connected to the flow.
A quiet air
Blankets the stream
As the sun's gentle rays
Set the world a gleam.
Birds flitter,
The water glitters.
Trees sway,
An old walking path
Has led its followers astray.
Each gentle wind
Is a whisper of reality.
A beacon of who we are,
And who we want to be.
Within nature, we can find peace.
Under the loud chatter, and bustling city
Nature awaits to comfort you in your pity



Everything we've ever known A softball waiting for a catch. Our memories bring us peace, They are always there You just have to reach. Our brains don't make a sound, But you know peace is always around. Peace doesn't always mean quiet. Peace is a fighter. Within the gloomy cloud of gray, It slowly burns, As it becomes an igniter. We dream of peace, And a world of harmony, But this 'quiet' Is nothing but an afterpiece. We stand together Our fear is gone-Lighter than a feather. Peace stands on the sideline And cheers us on Its voice is a booming cacophony of us all.



And frowns at wrongful slander. Peace unites us all, Catches us from our fall. It is whatever you want it to be It lies within you and me. It speaks to those willing to listen. When you think you are alone, Just look for its glisten. Peace is an embodiment Of our greatest ambition It will forever burn within the fog, Waiting for those who stand up. Let's make our time on Earth Just the prologue. It is up to us to grab the rope, Light the matches, No time to mope. It is up to us, To make the world what we want it to be.