

The World Will Not End Because of Me
Sophia Hughes

I stepped outside and the grass was gone
But it had not withered away
The ants and soil were not outside
Though April just turned to May

A bead of sweat rolled down my cheek
Which left me mystified
Because when I looked up towards the sun
It wasn't in the sky

Across a barren landscape
I heard a tiny *huff*
Followed by the solemn coo
Of a Mourning Dove

“Mourning Dove what happened, why did everybody leave?”
The dove replied, “It’s all my fault, it’s all because of me,”

“I mourned Squirrel’s chestnuts far too long,
I didn’t mourn for Frog
I’ve failed my job and let them down, now everything is gone!”

“All I can do is lay here and mourn here for myself”
I couldn’t help but chuckle, surely Mourning Dove knows well,
That the world does not rely
Solely on its help?

“Don’t be silly Mourning Dove, I heard your coo last evening,
It helped me get my mind off of a test grade *I* was grieving”

Suddenly, the dove it laughed, “You worry for a test?
I worry for the twigs that hold the eggs inside my nest!”

I reply, “A twig is small, and it is not alive
And even if you use pine instead your eggs surely won’t die”

When the dove and I locked eyes and smiled,

We suddenly could see!
And suddenly we felt the grass was soft beneath our feet

And we looked up and realized the sky was bright and blue
And we could hear the chipmunks laugh as they dug up their food

My computer screen turns dim inside and loses battery
Yet here I stand with dove now flanked by its family
I smiled as I breathed in air of found tranquility

The world it will not end today, not because of me.