

"The Symphony We Forgot"

Clint John | 8th Grade

Do you hear it?

The earth's rhythm—steady, unbroken,

A heartbeat older than time itself.

It thrums beneath our feet,

A bassline born of roots, rivers, and roaring tides,

Carving their stories through the landscapes.

It thrums in the tectonic hum beneath mountains,

In the cadence of rain against leaves,

In the syncopated footsteps of a child exploring nature's wonder.

Each crescendo lifts the oceans higher,

A tidal scream that swallows streets whole,

Its allegro swallowing cityscapes without pause.

Each decrescendo sighs of forests consumed,

Their ashes rising like ghostly hymns.

The dynamics of destruction—loud, sharp, unrelenting—

Crash in dissonance against what was once harmony.

This is the symphony we forgot.

I close my eyes and try to remember the harmony,

The quiet music that once danced through the air.

When jubilant birds sang arias over green canopies,

And Miami's waves kissed the shore like soft vibrato.

I try to remember the adagios of sunsets over pristine waters,

And the delicate legato of fireflies painting the twilight.

But now?

The melody is fractured, its time signature erratic,

Its chords broken under the weight of concrete and apathy.

Do you see it?

The glaciers melting like forgotten lyrics,

Each crack a mournful note echoing across the seas.

The polar ice their final sonata,

A tragic coda in this unfinished opus.

The rhythm of nature is begging for a reprise,

A second verse to rewrite this dirge of despair.

But still, I hope.

I hope we'll retune our instruments,

Sharpen the notes of our actions,

Rewrite this song with gentler chords,

Building melodies of care and crescendos of compassion.

I hope we'll plant seeds where ash now settles,
Creating a landscape of harmonic renewal.

I hope we'll remember the symphony we forgot,
Rekindle its chorus before the last chord fades.

But hope alone cannot rewrite the score.

We must become the composers,
Guiding the baton toward a brighter tempo.

With every act of kindness,
Every tree planted, every tide defended,
We'll restore the harmony to this broken song.

Let us transform the sharp staccatos of division
Into legatos of unity.

Let us play the fermata of reflection—
Pausing, listening, changing—
Before the next movement begins.

And when the final chord is struck,
Let it not be one of sorrow,
But of triumph, a fortissimo of life reclaimed.
Let it echo not as an elegy for what we lost,
But as a hymn for all we chose to save.

The symphony we forgot is waiting.
Its notes lie dormant beneath our feet,
Yearning to rise, to crescendo into a future
That sings of resilience and renewal.

This is not the coda,
Not the end of the song,
But the beginning of an encore—
If only we listen.

Will you join its chorus?