

Nature Chop
By Olivier Duperval

I gently sway to the wind with my friend.
We extend our arms until we feel like we are gonna fly.
I see a strange man enter the forest; he's holding something really sharp.
I don't think much about the guy.
I see him cut something down, I see my friend falling on the ground.
I beg him to stop, but he can't hear me.
He begins to
Chop
Chop
Chop
I fall *fast*.
Then I start to draw my last breath.
I watch my friends *slowly* fall.
I yell to the man to stop.
But he continues to
Chop
Chop
Chop
I fear he's going to cut us all down.
I see more of my friends on the ground.
Now my home feels like a ghost town.
I get carried into the back of a truck.
I have finally lost all of my luck and my soul.

Olivier is an 8th grader PS/IS 295 in Queens.
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