

## ONE DROP

The year, the date, the time...all had passed away when the earth had caved in on herself and vengefully refused to release us from her infinite embrace.

The sky was painted a handsome orange, or at least that is what they said it had been before the heavens collapsed upon us. The air was made of fire and regret while the echoes of guilt pierced every ear of those who claimed they would not listen.

The only green that could be found was in the eyes that glimmered under the red sun and the ghosts of a corrupt economy. The crows would've been dancing through the air if the cries of anguish hadn't been thundering across the vanishing sky. And with no tide to love, the moon had fallen from her throne.

The creatures of the sea had disappeared long ago, but their friends upon the surface of the shallows had fallen to the heart of the earth. The small critters which had adored the flowers' richness were hungry...for honey or revenge, no one could tell.

It wasn't long before the tears stopped flowing, too. Families turning on families; neighbors; kin against kin. Little by little, nature had completely fallen apart. Or at least that is how it would have happened if every drop of blue had disappeared.

For one drop wasted is one moment closer. Who knows how many moments until the clock strikes **GONE!** The real concern is when the year, the day, the time arrives and there is one drop left, will you throw it away or help the earth grow again?

-Kasey

1<sup>st</sup> Place Essay – High School – Mesquite Christian Academy

“Imagine a Day Without Water” contest.