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Hello Columban's Mission Society,

I would like to enter my poem into the 2025 Season of Creation school competition. 'Nature does not wait to be watched' written by Tess Elder and facilitated by [@Jacinta Wells](#) at Mount St Benedict Collage, 2120. I am in year 9 (14 years).

Below is my poem:

Nature does not wait to be watched - Tess Elder

You are blind. A film cemented in front of you.

Maybe it was put there,
maybe it was always there.

The absence of sight does not mean there is nothing to see.

What is, will always be.

Fish still swim in dark waters,

Nest built though you do not notice missing twigs,

The moon still, till' day,

Fruit too ripe to pick,

Trees grow to and from one another like lovers,

I see it.

I see paintings of white, and grey done by feathered brushstroke,

I see blades of grass shaped and tufted into carpet,

I see tide pulled back by string,

Eyes confused for oceans,

Moss beds,

And due softened trees.

Trees that line paths in forests not made FOR us but made BY us,

The existence of creation not waiting to be seen, nor heard, nor felt or thought of.

Footsteps not on pavement but dirt,

large and far apart made only by the few who's eyes gaze up,
a memory of their memory,
their sight.

Maybe it was cleared,

Maybe it was always clear.

Maybe, it was you who had your hands over your eyes this whole time.