

Spirals

By Preston Say

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Like a spiral of ants together we brought ourselves death. We journey around and around; doing the same old thing. We work and work to death; to continue the descendants. We thrive off of hedonism; for what denouement we just won't get. Like a spiral of ants; we keep going since we would be more trounced.

Like flying into a graveyard spiral; not knowing won't get you out of your absence of knowledge. We fail from our lack of awareness; end up like burnt cookies. A world record inverting roller coaster won't stop to avoid collision; more operation for the Smiler is more money. We tried to up without stabilizing ourselves; so we went into a downward spiral. Like a graveyard spiral; failure leaves a mark on the ground.

Like a spiraling whirlpool; we try to fill in the gaps that the economy left on the environment. Therefore with this we spiral down with the economy; yet we are still self-evident. We have the opportunity but we still must keep the spiral. Like a spiraling whirlpool; we don't control the economy that we should.

Like a tornado that spirals to the earth; we will dwindle off but we pull off terrible feats. We could lift a truck with a full haul; yet having to change what fuels us might kill us. From land to water; from nonrenewable to renewable. From a supercell to an E5; yet a tornado to a water sprout. Like a tornado that spirals to the earth; we become bigger and more herculean yet our robusticity wanes.

Like a spiral shell we wash up on the beach like what we sent up to it. Consequently we have to coexist with what we have done; the sent off sector became the epilogue that we live in. We shine in glimmer; yet we are the remains of death and harm. We took our drug of choice to have a few gleeful moments, however we were led into a downward spiral. Like a spiral shell we will be put on display one day; perhaps in a museum.

Like spiral shaving we take to create. We drink from a cup to plenish ourselves; and when we run dry one may lose their tongue. We are as perfect as macaroons made by a 5 year old. We shave wood to make a table, and let the spirals fall to the ground. Like spiral shaving, when we fall off we can't be plastered with glue back on to perfection.

Like a spiral of ants, we have no choice but to dance. The pheromones leave our corpses there alone, in the mill that contains our thrill. We live in spirals, no matter how much we zoom in it just keeps twirling and whirling. Some sit with the spiral of life with

gloom but however some like to enjoy the flowers bloom. You can't just tell me if it's we as a whole, so we have to continue it seems. However if we stopped the ever-living spiral of life; we might as well stab ourselves with long hunting knives. In the spiral shall be the place where you take your final breaths, like a spiral of ants we brought ourselves death

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