

The Curse of Mankind

The wind sweeps across the water, forming ripples. The cypress trees sway in the breeze. This secluded portion of the bayou is breathtaking. The spellbinding silence is broken by a bird's cry, and another bird's response. Even these harsh screeching sounds become milder with my surroundings. I wish the fragile beauty would survive for the future.

A few months later I returned to the breathtaking spot. I gasp in dismay when my eyes process what has happened. Litter tarnishes the once clear water. A can of soda bobs up and down in the waves. A plastic bag is snagged on one of the cypress tree's branches. A chip bag rests on one of the tree's roots. This once tranquil spot, untouched by mankind, has been destroyed. All that remains is a ghost of its beauty. The water still ripples and the trees still sway in the breeze, but the feeling of something infinitely pure has been lost.

Yet another wonder of nature has been destroyed. Once again, the curse of mankind, the fact that whatever it comes in contact with becomes corrupted, has occurred. Soon all of the world will be ruined. Sooner still, it will become irreversible. We must strive to repair what we, as a society, have destroyed. We must struggle to fix our errors and save what little remains. Or else we may lose everything.

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