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Category: Poetry

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## Tidying Up

I have never understood how people live in a dirty room.  
Hang their old socks on a chair  
Leave the closets cluttered with decades worth of junk  
Let the hamper pile up with clothes until the stench of it hits your nose

I like having a clean room.  
I leave no clothes on the floor, wipe the dust off my door  
Change the bedsheets regularly  
Sweep and bleach everything I see  
And I wish cleaning the world was just that easy.  
That I had the power to revive raw beauty-

I'd scrub tire tracks off the roads,  
spray lysol on graffitied trees and pry the gum from their branches with my elbows I'd  
mop years of our wasted sweat and tears from the sidewalks  
put the ocean through a filter  
kiss tar stained petals and watch buds blossom beneath my lips-  
I'd pour droplets of the sun's rays into containers like Windex  
and wipe down every plant to help them grow.

No, I'd put everything back in its place.  
Carry rising sea levels in my arms and set them inside glaciers,  
Take a hurricane and wring it out back to the equator like a wet rag  
I want to run a forest fire under a faucet,  
Submerge it and scrub the dry air out with soap and a sponge  
I want to mop up oil spills from the ocean with my own hair,  
wrap tornados in cloth and repair the same homes they impaired cause  
there's something about the world that makes me want to save it;  
treat it like my own bedroom.

For these rivers and lakes are our beds, we've rested our heads along their streams-  
These emerald palm leaves are the curtains we've watched our lives through-  
The forests are our closets you'll find our secrets and love etched onto the trees,  
We've seen our reflection in waterfalls we've got no use for mirrors,  
See, we've been using the grass beneath our feet as carpet and the clouds as pillows  
The stars were our night lights and I swear sometimes the sun looks like the ceiling fan

I swear,  
we are spinning out of place-  
Suffocating under our own destruction and  
will never do anything about it until we're met with our own unforgiving natural disaster  
It shouldn't take a mess to realize you've got some work to do-  
*We* have got some work to do

So perhaps the world just needs some dusting,  
some tidying up from all of us to look like our home again.