

# Rhythm of Nature

## **Transcendence**

I am enraptured by the power of the enigmatic aura that the west setting sun leaves behind- tracing fragmented riddles across the sky- dance with me where reality is a concept neither understood nor cared about

## **The Journey**

Writing consists of a micro and macro look at the environment and specific outcomes when it comes to creative writing. We are so use to scientific work and research with structure and organization that we struggle to write freely without any rules. A lot of science work is based on hypothesis and writing that is critical filled with facts, however, what if we put these facts into something more creative and fun that others can explore, share and interpret on their own?

## **Purpose and Exploration of Our World**

Our world is full of magic and wonder and being able to express that is important. By using my knowledge of the natural world both in a scientific manor but as well as a creative outlook I was able to explore three different themes: Transcendence, Remembrance and Destruction in which I felt most connected with when thinking about the natural world. My goal was to connect with nature and discover a world that others could also interact with and hopefully be as inspired as I was.

## **Destruction**

Lay here for a while with me. Just for a while, feel the sorrow beneath your feet. it flows between the fingertips of rocks and pebbles. it travels distances for lifetimes and ages underneath my feet. If you lay here with me, for just awhile, maybe you will feel the vibrations through the earth or feel our ancestors

## **What Value is Poetry?**

These poems surround the different ways of thinking and feeling that coexists with the environment. Scientific theories and papers are most of the sciences, however, poetry can also take a place in these settings as well. It is another way to communicate these problems and issues to a community.

## **Remembrance**

back where your eyes are a distant sky where the constellations are written upon the silk lining of clouds, where the fragments of life and memories are made up of scars on the bark of trees and engraved- forever kept in the roots dug in soil- we are the same clouds in our minds floating in the ocean sky where shapes of formless words coexist but are never heard

## **The Beginning**

This study first began as a continuation on my capstone project. I wanted to look at how miscommunication with the media and scientific information worked with how people reacted to Climate Change. However, the usage of language interested me more as well as my love for creative writing.