

Paint

“You can’t create a new world, so just add onto it.” Angela Ge

It was a breathtaking painting. Perched on a soft wooden easel, it was of nature's essence. Every stroke breathed life into the painting, with every brush it awakened and blossomed. Trees sprouted and reached for the sky, meadows swayed and danced with the soft breeze. The waves created rhythm as the colors created harmony, the texture becoming a soft melody. It all blended together yet still contrasted.

As the gold rays fell from the sky, it seemed to come alive. The crystal clear water caught the light scattering it across the horizon. Birds streaked across the clouds and deers grazed through fields. All the stars seemed to shine prettily at night as the canvas became covered by a dark silk sheet with bats and owls fluttering beneath it.

It soon became a cycle, a pattern. The soft yellow touch would lift the veil and everything would awaken. The moon would then convince everyone to rest. The sleek gentle stars balanced out the warm hot sun.

Time flowed and something shifted. Giant metal and concrete structures appeared and rushed from the ground up. They reached closer and closer to the easel, warping around its legs, becoming the focal point. They crowded around the canvas, reaching for the paints.

Suddenly the canvas toppled from its place. It had fallen. With a loud noise, the ground shook, and grey paint was lathered over the velvet-blue skies. Thriving plants were smothered as tire marks replaced the lush vegetation. Murky, polluted water then drowned out the waves when they flooded onto the shore.

The rhythm and melody came to a screeching halt. The towering trees crackled as red flames devoured the ground, with grey smoke clouding the sky. The soft pastel blue sky soon became a grey and it gathered all the clouds, thudding with rage. It cried as rain showered the canvas. Hurricanes came and toppled the buildings as tornados assisted and crashed everything towards the ground.

The waves swallowed more and more carbon dioxide as it swelled. Shells were becoming damaged as the ocean drank away at the carbon dioxide, throwing its pH balance right down the drain. Beaches were sinking closer and closer to the ocean floor. Animals that used to scurry across the ground and soar across the sky were now nowhere to be seen.

Flashes of light flicked across the canvas as they covered up the stars. More and more grey streaks were layered on top of the fields and continued to build up towards the sky. Step by step, brick by brick. The paint swirled as more and more colours were smudged. It all happened

too fast. The top layer of paint would eventually dry, covering the past. But you could still see the colours gushing out, begging to be released.

This continued for quite a while. Bright colours were covered up, and pale colours faded into nothing until grey was all that was left. Wherever there was slight saturation it was toned down into a bland grit. Swirls of grey dominated the sky and crawled across the land. The canvas went from a contemporary portrayal of nature to a claustrophobic abstract reflection of the environment.

The girl picked up the canvas with nimble hands, running her fingers over the smooth grey paint. She could still see the traces of colour and paint peeking out from the sides. Her eyes spotted the discarded paintbrush. She knew that she could be the change.

Her mind began to wander, travelling to the future. She pictured in her head something new. Not a utopia where everything is fixed or back to where it started. Not one that was a blank canvas, ignoring the past, but one that has seen night and day. She scooped up the paint with the gentle bristles and the brush glided across the bland canvas. Her hands moved and her mind struggled to keep up.

She trimmed the streets with greenery and blooming flowers. Roots of trees were burrowed deep within the urban areas. Solar panels and gardens lay across rooftops. The colours layered, contrasting each other, until slowly they began to harmonise. Wind turbines were placed beside the tides, catching the salty sea breeze. Animals scurried back to those familiar surroundings and roots dug deep into the soil.

Her hand soon began to slow down as the canvas overflowed with strands of colour. She stood back, admiring her masterpiece: Her ideas, the change she made to this world.

It was the rainbow after the storm. It was balanced.