

Melannie Reed Johnson

Art, I, believe, is a physical manifestation of the inner beauties of our minds. Since I was a young girl, art has been my love and a pleasure that I continue to enjoy. After a long exhausting day, drawing, painting, and even playing my instruments have become a method for me to release stress, anxiety, or even to have an enjoyable period of leisure. The emotional colors of joy and the darkened struggles I experience, like many others, is freed and expressed in my artistic creations.

One trouble that is plaguing my mind is the ever increasing pollution that is spreading throughout this unique world. The gorgeous marine life that inhabits our oceans are dying as plastic and other pollutants creep closer and closer into *their* homes. In a way, the ocean is no longer a place where these magnificent creatures can swim and enjoy freely. The graying ocean is becoming a cage that is slowly drowning the life from these organisms. In a symbolic representation of this growing issue, I have a water bottle that, I am sure, many of us have drunk from at one point in our lives; because we have used this pollutant, we therefore, have a hand in restricting marine life. Not only that, we have a hand in stripping the land of its the excellence through the litter that is becoming impossible to avoid. My goal is that, through this picture, many people can wake up to the reality of this expanding, problematic situation.