

## The Dandelion

He once asked me how long forever was,  
 When dandelions quit being blown by children, I answered,  
 He smiled and took my hand and walked with me  
 on the winding path he showed me my life  
 He put a dark veil over his face and on we walked  
 Down the dismal dimly path, he remained unspoken  
 He only pushed me onward, the dandelions were sick  
 In a desperate reaction I kissed each flower and  
 prayed for their survival. Forever was ending.  
 With the slow removal of the veil, the wind changed its course  
 He caressed me with a gentle touch and whispered in my ear  
 Suddenly, the once grim path was bright, the dandelions were dancing  
 I held firmly to his hand, for I was anxious to see  
 what changed my world  
 But he abruptly stopped and pushed me forward  
 With a fearful glance I looked back to see him smiling  
 I kept going until I say you  
 You were standing before me with a dandelion in your hand,  
 which you extended toward me  
 I placed my hand over yours and gently blew it--  
 and knew my wish had come true--  
 You had become my forever.

--Katherine Gregory

## Baby Shark

Grey baby shark, forever encased in formaldehyde  
 Eyes like an old blind man that never sees  
 Little gills that never breathe  
 Miniature fins that never sway with water  
 Sharp teeth that never bite into flesh  
 Skin as smooth as the water it never touches...  
 Baby forever silent.

--Lindley D'Alonzo

## The Lily of May

Bows its head, as if it were a servant.  
 It shines like pennies in a wishing well.  
 Its sweet fragrance retrieves memories of running through open  
 fields on a fresh spring morning.  
 It's a reminder of a promise that must be kept.

--Elisa Esposito

## The Panic of an American

Is this really my table!  
 YES YES YES  
 He asked himself,  
 are you sure of your life to come?

Making a circle  
 such tenderness.  
 He built himself.  
 Always there was  
 TOMORROW.  
 Light of the fire,  
 he nearly wept.  
 He asked himself,  
 Is this really my table?

--Amber Harris

## Tissue Flower Author

Looking at her is like looking  
 through her  
 Nothing but goodness and sunlight  
 She sits wanting to make a  
 difference,  
 but has nothing  
 some hopeless dreams; maybe;  
 perhaps a garden of her own.  
 The woman takes what the others call trash  
 Creates and shapes the gift  
 of a smile to the child  
 of all ages.  
 She is not the maker of a toy that can break  
 She is the creator of a  
 flower that never dies.

--Holly Wilensky

## Prism

3000 points of light  
 come to a head  
 in one second  
 triggered by  
 movement into light

Rainbow glow  
 ROY G. BIV.  
 triangle up, triangle down  
 patterns  
 make us up  
 into a whole  
 we erupt with  
 sun, but willing  
 for moon

The difference is in the fact  
 that we can make this decision.

--Holly Evans

## Sioux Father

(for my stepsister, Sarah Miia Crow)  
 (thoughts on a beautiful arrow)  
 Black Crow

Was this your creation?  
 Did your right red hands  
 put this together?  
 Montana,  
 That's where you met.  
 Was it love or did you  
 just intrigue her?  
 Red Man, with your  
 long black braid...  
 What did you leave her?  
 Your bad habits?  
 The ability to cover your feelings.  
 She's a mirror image of you.  
 But is she really?

--Meredith Toomes

## Silent Stream

A small, rocky stream  
 flows through a grove of trees  
 near Bat Cave.  
 Everything is silent.

Fresh powder snow  
 like white cotton candy  
 wrapped around mossy rocks,  
 lies there still, as if rooted.

Isolated pools of water  
 off the edge of the bank  
 are trapped beneath a layer of ice.  
 Life swarms underneath.

From the leaf of a rhododendron,  
 heavy with icicles  
 a drop of melted silence  
 falls into the stream.

--Millicent Mooring