

VIKING RUNES

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Gratitude

by Zach Clayton

When we think of what we're grateful for,
Some big things come to mind.
Our house, our car, our family,
And others of the kind.

But often we don't think,
Or frankly even care,
About the little things in life,
And there's a few I'd like to share.

I'm grateful for my fingernails,
For helping me to open things.
And I'm grateful for the human voice,
For allowing us to sing.

I'm grateful for the bees,
For pollinating flowers.
And I'm grateful for the wind,
For bringing April showers.

There's many more I'd love to share,
Hundreds, thousands, millions!
But its good to never forget,
Everything that's gotten you there.

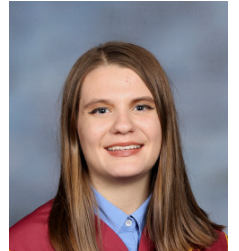


Seasons

by Ansley Farmer

Summer is young and bold and free

She always needs something to do
We all feel her life in whatever we see
And love her, this much is true.
Then comes the Fall, with his chilly breeze
He paints all the leaves in red.
Then slowly, he shakes that fire from trees
Cov'ring the ground with his bed.
Fall then deserts us, and Winter doth come
Distant and icy and cold.
To her clutches we all do succumb,
Till she at last grows old.
From Winter's cold body the Spring doth emerge,
And with her, so does the earth.
From her hand, life and color doth surge,
And we thank her for this rebirth.



Gratitude

by Izzy Snyder

the ground is slick with rain,
the shed tears of something
bigger than us,
and i am grateful for the way the ground
slips underneath me.

i will not think much of the rain while it is here,
but i think of it when it goes and
makes the soil and wood smell
of home, and of comfort.

so, i am grateful now, instead of then.

i am grateful for the cold intake of air,
how it stings my lungs and how the rain
makes my skin tremble and my heart
ache.

the plants all quiver with anticipation,
rain sticking to the leaves and soaking the soil,
and i feel grateful, and envious.
i wish, deep down, i could be like them.

so i am grateful now, instead of then.

i remember sitting upon my knees,
looking up to the sky and praying,
a chant, a litany, begging for the rain to come
and hide me, just for another day.

it is a tireless job, a constant recycling of water
and of air and silly little things,
and i am grateful. grateful for the rain
that hides me for another day.



Lost

by Cierra Barnett

My life is a flower.
With water it sprouts, with the gentle
rays of the sun, it grows.
But I can't seem to find the right conditions to make it
bloom,
And with each passing day, it wilts a little more.
Wishing away the minutes as I sit staring at the clock
willing the ticking hand to move just a little faster.
Those minutes turn into hours
Those hours turn into days,
Those days turn into years,
And in the blink of an oblivious eye
My entire life seems gone in a sigh.
Now I'm choking on that lost time
Now I'm expected to know how to succeed
To know what I'm looking for.
What am I looking for?
Nothing. And everything.
Birds of a feather flock together,
but what do you do when the flock is leaving,
flying south before the cold creeps in,
freezing them in their nests,
and you've lost the compass of your passion?
Suddenly I'm a child lost in the store again
And everywhere I turn I think I might see
Some landmark, some familiarity
But every moving part,
every person, is just a piece of straw
As I try to find the needle in a haystack.
I'm told to buy a ticket for the rest of my life,
But I don't know the destination.
But maybe it's okay to be lost.
To wander through a field of flowers, even as the
seconds tick by.
Maybe I can stop to smell the roses and find my favorite
one.
When I do, I'll pluck it from that never-ending field of
possibilities.
Plant it in my garden,
Water it, care for it.
I'll watch it sprout, grow leaves, and finally blossom.

