

**One More Goodbye**  
**By Nathan L.**

The sun was setting in a puddle of  
Glowing bright orange leaving a  
Trail of pink in the sky  
As if it were saying  
Goodbye

These two kids were skipping rocks  
That left a trail of ripples each  
ending with a plop. This  
Maybe the last moment  
Here. Maybe this is  
Goodbye

With a long sigh and the cold gentle  
Breeze tickling my skin  
As it slowly got softer  
As if it were saying  
Goodbye

I sat on the chilling rocks. Watching the sun  
peak behind the Mountains. The  
salty ocean smell crept up  
my nose, reminding me  
of the moments I wasted.  
The moments where  
I didn't say  
Goodbye

I wish I could meet this beach Again, to say hello.  
So I can feel the heat radiate from the train tracks,  
have the fire popping in the distance, see the  
ocean waving at the laughing, carefree  
children playing on the beach I wish  
The sun set a little slower,  
slow enough  
to say  
one  
more  
goodbye

**August gives me**  
**By August P.**

An energy  
Like that  
Hot summer day

A gust  
Of cold  
Air  
Slicing  
The heat

A strength Found  
in the depths  
Of love

A morality  
From my Parents  
and Brother

An eclipse  
Concealing the  
Hardship with Joy  
and boisterous  
ebullience

**Untitled**  
**By Poppy M.**

I've wandered the streets of Rome,  
Seen eternal vows performed,  
Listened to final words said,  
But i've never seen love  
Like a hospital waiting room.  
Maybe it is the sickness  
In my throat  
Or the tears  
In my eyes  
Or the exhaustion  
In my sweat  
But in the silence of the room  
    Vulnerability  
    Pain  
    Comfort

I see love

To my left is a family  
Filling a row of thin wooden chairs  
So the daughter may rest upon their  
warm laps  
Her hair moves from the touch  
Of her mother  
Her leg shifts as her baby brother  
Rests gently on her,  
He does not sleep  
His worried eyes shift  
To all that will meet his innocent gaze  
So much is spoken  
But i do not think I have ever seen  
A family this quiet

Across from me a boy sits in his football  
uniform

He holds his arm  
As his mother wraps his body  
He is much larger than her  
But here he is small, in her hold.  
Tears are whipped  
From his childlike eyes with her fragile  
hands  
I wonder  
If he would let her hold him  
Love him  
If his friends could see  
Is that why  
She grips him too tight  
And he shrinks to her?  
Will they feel this love again  
Past this room?

To my right an old man holds the hand  
Of his sleeping wife,  
Her eyes rest on his shoulder  
His eyes do not wander from her  
Their gray hair blends together  
Her forehead grazes his chin  
So he kisses it  
Gently,  
To not wake her.  
This kiss is for him.

Names are called,  
They follow

I've never seen love like a hospital waiting  
room

**Untitled**  
**By Dante B.**

People pleasers aren't trying  
to please other people.  
They're trying to avoid  
their own feelings of shame  
when they disappoint someone.

Every people please has  
one core goal: control  
how another person views them.

You might think you respect yourself,  
believing you don't have to prove  
anything to anyone,  
that you're above living up to expectations,  
and that you're not responsible for  
anyone else's feelings.

But the truth is  
you're a doormat.  
You stay still  
and let people step over you.  
If someone's not happy with you  
then you believe it is a clear sign  
that it's your fault.  
You obsess over controlling  
every aspect of your interactions.  
"Nothing can be left to change."  
You cannot afford to let anyone  
dislike you.

One of the hardest lessons  
I've had to learn  
is that no matter how good a person  
you are, no matter how much you try  
to understand others,  
being empathetic or reaching out to help,  
some people will just not like you  
because  
you can't please people  
who aren't pleased with themselves.

## **In the heart of Rome**

In the heart of Rome, history stands,  
Through Vatican halls so tall and grand,  
A centurion wandered, sword in hand,  
In soldiers' garbs, a sight so bold,  
A story yet to be told.  
The Bishops paused, their smiles so bright,  
Nuns whispered with pure delight.  
A Cardinal's gaze, filled with cheer,  
Echoed in hearts, forever dear.  
Through marble corridors, past ancient walls,  
He wandered in wonder, where shadows fall.  
Statues and columns, saints galore,  
He roamed the halls, yearning for more.  
With dreams of knights and quests untold,  
A heart adventurous, brave, and bold.  
In the sacred city, amidst prayers and light,  
He found his path, his spirit in flight.  
Yet as the day began to fade,  
The centurion's secret was gently laid,  
A child beneath the garb so grand,  
Wandering Rome, with dreams in hand.  
Now out of soldiers' garbs, this child so bold,  
The rest of his story yet to be told.

## **Untitled**

**By Nasra K.**

i'm sleeping in the cold, my sheets are on the other side  
and i'm sitting here alone, add insult to their rallied cries  
i watch the cities burn with honour as my alibi

i'm rigged to blow  
nemeses on the throne  
this pain is all i own  
(honour is my alibi)

i'm made to bleed  
bold in the name of peace  
i'll never know what it means  
(it's right there on the other side)

i'm sleeping in the cold...  
it's right there on the other side

## **Ode to Water**

I love to ride upon your frozen flakes  
Watch you fall from the sky  
Fly with the wind across your surface

I love everything about you  
How unpredictable, unforgiving, how fun  
How important

Everything is made up of you  
I am mostly water  
You cover our planet

You provide a playground for us  
We float upon your vast expanses

You provide a way of life  
Food, job, friends  
What would I do without you?

## **White Mans Echoing Words**

the kerosene lamps lit  
clouds parting perfectly  
shades of pink and yellow reflect down to the still water  
surrounded by forgotten memories  
the air is thick

aware  
without a care  
easily replacing what was there before

heavy-eyed with sorrow  
we stare and watch from afar  
as the pinks turn to blue  
then grey  
then go away

how could they  
how could they

## Untitled

The snow piles high  
Growing higher everyday  
Two days ago, it reached my ankles  
Today, it's at my knees  
Nothing can stem the tide  
(Except a little salt)

The snow is soft like a pillow  
Yet crystalline  
So as I walk  
It crunches and crackles beneath my feet

Frozen air floods my nose  
At once a blessing and a curse  
It seals out the scents of suburban Ohio  
And it seals out the allergens that torment me without end  
Summer, Spring, and Fall

Icicles burst forth from the rooftops  
Pointed and sharp  
Smooth and sleek  
Hanging upside down  
Defying gravity  
Mini-Appalachian peaks  
Less than 100 miles away from their larger counterparts

Life is buried beneath winter's endless blanket  
Animals retreat from the world  
Verdant leaves turn to powdered ivory clumps

Beautiful fractals fall from the sky  
Each one unique  
Each one, one of a kind

The roads are clear  
But the sidewalks are coated with ice  
My mother tells me  
"Be careful"  
Don't slip  
Just walk

**Ekphrasis Poem**  
**By Jackson S.**

It is not a problem with my hearing.  
I can hear everything, I'm sure of it.  
Even my voice was under my breath.  
I yell  
I scream.  
I long.  
I long for the missing voice.  
For a reply.  
But then again.

I am silenced

As the shade, fades down my face, down every imperfection.  
Wind-dried skin and zips my lips together.  
Then again.

I am silenced.

Now the only clear sound is the sweet sound of forever.  
The crunching of freshly stomped snow and wind howling down my back.  
Then again.

I am silenced.

I soon realized that my silence would at one point last forever.

**Take a second to remember**

True love is the fall equinox. When there's  
unity amongst nighttime and the dawn,  
valuing the light once it is about  
to depart. Appreciate its  
gravity and sway, directed to you.  
True love is forgetting to be  
grateful for your gifts.