

**Stacia B**

A silent crow,  
a lovely tree,  
a timid bug,  
a single heart beat.

All the things  
we yearn to find,  
abide behind  
the hidden pines.

All the things  
that then find us  
are far more real  
than those we lost.

**Austin Gay**

Sun pours,  
through the leaves.

Sweet smelling ferns wave softly  
in the wind,  
to the leaping squirrels.

Forgotten, old,  
on a tree,  
a spiderweb glimmers.

**Chad Kousky**

A barren peak  
held together by rocks and moss  
towers over a duck pond.

The wind combs the barren place,  
carrying the leaves of crispy orange  
up into the firmament

Above the golden treeline,  
the sky is covered with jet-trails  
and a raven soars high.

### **Mike Slovenski**

The air is crisp and cold in the man's lungs,  
The gurgle of the brook washes  
Against his ears.

Green, yellow, orange, red, and brown,  
The spectrum of the forest's color  
Leaps out at his eyes

Blown along by the harsh fall wind,  
His thoughts soar.

### **Mitchell Perry**

Leaves in the canopies,  
Soaking up rays of sun.

The breeze, the wavering revenant, waxing and waning like the moon's restless dance;  
Bringing spontaneity to their humdrum mores, and meaning that fill them,  
Lets them unbind, lets them press on, will caress them onto the flaxen cloak engulfing to  
the earth.

The youth-filled sheets of emerald glowing, watching, waiting for their return,  
Their turn to let go, to put on the sunny mask, and dance through the truths from which  
they derive: The Truths that tell us we live but to die.