

# Morning

by Alexandra Morrison

A warm, sunny morning,  
Her hands wrapped around the teapot  
Their wrinkles and scars are a map,  
Of everything she's done.  
Eyes are soft and glassy  
Pure and peaceful  
Soft wrinkles frame her mouth,  
Too many forced smiles...  
Hair pulled back  
Streaks of white  
Standout in their grey setting  
Tangled in an unruly bun  
The chair squeaks as she sits,  
Her legs tired,  
The light from the window  
On dusty corners  
Where spiders build their homes

Pain, Happiness, Love, Death  
Every feeling  
She has felt  
All that remains  
Is a body  
An empty ship that has fought too many battles



# A Place of My Own

by Sara Greenblum

Down a path by an old stone bridge  
Is a place of my own  
Where many pass by without even a glance.  
To get to my place you must travel a winding path  
Where footsteps echo through the trees  
And squirrels gather acorns that litter the road.  
Down a small green hill a little lake sits  
With a dock so small it's like two wooden steps  
Where only the fish move in a rush.  
The silence is filled with so many sounds  
Like the splash of the water  
As fish leap out of the glassy surface.  
Flowers dot the scene with colors  
That make the clear blue of the sky jealous,  
And that make the trees of the canopy look dark.  
It is a place of my own.

Trucks don't rumble through  
Carrying thick layers of smoke  
And cars don't pollute the silence  
With natural beauty and  
No buildings block the sunset;  
There is a place of my own.

# Fish Bowl

*Anonymous*

He looks in the bowl  
To find some fish  
He grabs the food  
He has a wish

As he pours the food  
While sinking down  
Surrounded by glass  
He's going to drown

Hangin' with his orange friends  
His wish has come true  
He's in a happy place  
Surrounded by blue.

