

Love

By Andrew Ullmann
Based on "Dreams" by Langston Hughes

Cling to love
For if it fails
Life is a ship
Without its sails.

Cling to love,
For when it ebbs
Life is a spider
That can't weave webs.

Cling to love
For if you do not
Hate and misery
Is all you got.



by Yankia Ned

Wintertime in the North

By Olivia Sleiman

Wintertime is cold windows and thick blankets. The aroma of fresh fallen snow and pure mountain pines are in the air. Smells of burning firewood flow through houses as smoke rises from chimneys. The sky is a mix of bright blue and musty grey while sun shines through leafless trees. Thermostats are cranked up so that the toasty feeling of summer helps warm bodies. Schools are out for snow days as children build perfectly round snowmen. The scorching taste of hot chocolate satisfies the children before they pick up mounds of snow and form them into perfect white balls to send across the air. Snug inside their many layers, people trudge through the powdery fallen snow to scrape the ice off their buried cars. Descending gently from the sky, snowflakes eventually reach the ground. Icicles, with their translucent colors and piercing points, hang from the corners of homes. Ski lifts begin to run. Skiers and snowboarders bundled up in their hats and gloves slide down crisp slopes. Faces and fingers turn numb. Temperatures continue to decrease, and more snow falls during wintertime in the North.

Art

By Zachary Montford

Based on "To Look at Any Thing" by John Moffit

To look at a piece of art,
You must be that thing.
You must examine every mark;
You need to look at it
And think of all the work.
It's not just paint.
You must enter in, imagine the love and the care,
Count every hair,
Notice every stroke of the brush.