

March Snowstorm

by Sage Fleming

When she wrote her words,
They tumbled to the ground,
Snow from March skies.
Spiralling to the sidewalks and roofs
In crystallized beauty,
Forcing dusty boots out of their attic boxes.

When the snow had melted, she tried once more.
But her thoughts, when she shared them,
Were pebbles on a beach of hundreds.
Shuffling against the others,
Grey and ordinary and plain.
Glistening with harsh ocean spray,
Completely forgotten.

And when she tried to sing, to let the melody carry her away,
Her notes became rain droplets
Pouring onto already flooded ground.
They splashed and spread
Over the once desert-like plain, begging for a storm,
And ghosts of arid travellers with panting horses.

In the torrent of rain, icy and cold
The brightest stars were darkened

Light eclipsed until no spark remained.
So she lay there, washed by waves,
Surrendering to the constant pressure,
Voice drowned out by the roaring water.

But someday, she'll plant her roots in fresh, hopeful dirt.
Her ashy petals, ruby and coral, will taste the spring air,
Shiver, and straighten to twice their height.
Far from her old place in line, in a garden of hundreds,
Far from the break in the pavement, stepped on and invisible.
When it comes, that luminous day, she'll smile in the sunlight,
And feel it pour over her cracked skin.

Waterfall

By Amaara

I dream of falling.
Rushing past rock and wood,
Nothing will stop me.

I want to be a single raindrop.
I want to be a part of something bigger.
Unstoppable.

I dream of falling.
I dream of waterfalls.

The Calm Before the Storm

I close my fantastical book, transporting myself to the wondrous world of nature that surrounds me. The still water is a mirror, reflecting the painting of swirling clouds above. Golden wisps of sunlight twirl on the depths. Mountains act as barriers, that scrape against the unreachable sky, covered in a vibrant sea of green. Rattling logs come loose underneath our well-worn wooden dock, that sends memories lined with joy through my thoughts. A curtain of rain concealing a storm devours more of the monstrous mountains and a distant grumble of thunder echoes deep in my bones. The last of the sun's kisses are whisked away by the gentle gusts of wind that sings in my ears. A shiver crawls up my spine like a spider on a web. I taste the bits of leftover pulled pork dislodged from my teeth and the unplaceable taste that is so familiar but will never be named sends my thoughts wandering. My hair is like plaster, dripping with what feels like ice. The first lightning strike screams through the distant clouds, there one second and gone the next. The sharp tang of pine stings my nose as hands of the wind make a dance out of the glorious scents of the forest. A cloud steals the sun letting the menacing wall of the storm edge closer. Our dock rocks in time with the waves as if it is being rocked to sleep in the water's embrace. Waves crash against the shore, pounding rocks of various sizes. Suddenly the calm waters are met by a dark line of storm that churns the lake merciless. I savor the last moments before the wrath of the storm is released on our bay and adrenaline pulses through my veins, my laughter lost in the defeating roar of wind. I open the mesmerizing book when the smoke of a distant raging fire is put out in preparation. I take one last glance of the beauty around me and dive into another world.