

Lines Written at Dusk by Josh Perry

Twas dark, all life's cite stage,
To have no one's face but one's own
Yet rich as kings, a nib dressed in nothing
They with old friends, a wind in all blown

An unease, I'm told, a fear
The light quick as flats and sharps
But smaller now, its finite source
Spring forth from silver lined arcs

A fear, I'm told, a dread
To wash me as Adam's ale
As the glow is but presence
In gloom was to cleanse the vale

A dread, I'm told, a horror
The spring from which it came
Her spears to shear
Their rustling my ear
And resign myself now, a shame

A horror, I'm told, is true
But is made of sterner tools
Steel and iron laid by brothers
Brother then, now by fools

Twas dark, the truth I found in there
To have no one's face but one's own

Riches built and castles made
Bricks laid, nature forbade
A silky road of mud and stone

Yea, twas dark, as no truth before it
To have no one's face but one's own
They fear what they once loved
And poorer now, they are alone

The Hurricane by Tysor Hanson

Stronger than any force in the world
It can destroy a city in a second
With its colossal tentacles twirled
Engulfs the land with utter darkness

Yet, if you look deeper
The further inward you ventured
You'll find something sweeter
An eye larger than any beings

Outside its mass is hell itself
A wasteland left in its wake
Birthed from the outskirts of a continental shelf
Flat and barren life at its worst

Halfway in open skies, simple and plain
A silent moment till death strikes you down
Its clouds whipping akin to a horses mane
The gasping moment till Death greets you

In addition to the strong winds and rain
It overwhelms the shore with high waves
Preparing mentally and physically for the pain

Till next year it strikes again
Beauty and death two in one
The eye of the storm is calm
Time and time again it comes
A circle of clouds as dark as midnight

A Love of White Winters by Lindsay Nickerson

It was amazing to see the sleet fall,
Even though it fell as rain.
The chilling winds blew as I answered your call;
The grass was brown as ripe sugar cane.

The sleet bounced off of the truck.
Its exterior was iced over,
Which rendered us slightly stuck.
The ice covered the springtime clovers.

The icy snow was hand-numbing
As I crafted a snowman.
I gave him features that were stunning.
He sat in a char almost frozen.

The grass was covered in shades of ice;
The coldness brought shivers.
But the weather was still nice;
Oh, how I loved these white winters!

Though I expected a quick return
Of warmth so familiar,
I felt a sense of unconcern,
Even if I'd miss this winter.

The ice and snow were melting away,
But I knew I'd remember
That winter of child's play
Of which I was a member.

Untitled by Caleb Rideaux

Nature sings its beautiful song
Every day of the week
Whether it be rainy or sunny
Or snowing or foggy
Nature sings its beautiful song
Day or night, nature sings
Either with the sun or the moon
But nature sings all the while
It sings its beautiful song
Nature is meant for us to see
So we can see God's glorious majesty
To see the Creator's hand at work
To see what he has made
That everything points to God
Everything he has made
We see through our eyes
The beauty of our world
The wonderful song that Nature sings
The song that brings us to God
Nature's true purpose is revealed
In the beautiful song that it sings
Its purpose is to bring us to God
To show us His majesty
I believe it does a wonderful job
Don't ya think?

Misconception of the Dark Night by Ruth Brown

Darkness, darkness is all one can see
In this vast valley that they call the Night.
Nothing shines, nothing glows, not even something bright.
Looking where you step and up above,
Do you see those glittering stars,
Those lights that are so far?
Some say danger lurks here.
If you are keen, you can hear
The howling of the wolves and wind.
The howls often have growling,
But not always are those the growls of animals.
Look down, what are you seeing?
Gushing and flowing water are nearby,
But listen, do you hear the cry?
The cry that calls from the dark,
Maybe it cries for longing?
Mystery lays, mystery hides within these places,
But with this comes something that graces
The night with its glow, the moon.
Higher and higher it goes, up and up,
Its light shining, that fills this valley.
Maybe they were wrong about this valley,
This valley being void of light,
Because there is a moon that shines bright.

Untitled by Davis Pourciau

On an early winter morning,
When others turned over in bed,
The swines sure needed a warning,
For they would soon be dead.

Their numbers had been increasing,
And their destructive actions showed.
They would soon be all deceasing,
That snowy morn so cold.

All six bundled up for pursuit.
Their guns in hand and knives by side,
They stormed the woods hungry to shoot,
Each alert and wide-eyed.

They spied the foul swine in a field,
Weapons in hands ready to aim.
The horrid pests would soon be keeled,
When bullets pierced their frame.

The scene before them was gory.
Large, lifeless beasts heaped in a pile,
But the young men just saw glory.
Poor boys drug them a mile!

Upon arriving at the shed
They cleaned the pigs with no delay.
It was worth getting out of bed.
Yum, Yum. *Cochon de lait!*

The Snowflakes by Nathanael Kazmierczak

I saw the snowflakes fall one day,
As I alone sat in the park,
Lonely, have of beauty's rays,
Veiled in the coming dark

Not a sound did the snowflakes make,
As to the ground they softly fell,

Where once children their play did take
All sound nature now quells.

“Sad,” some say, “Scene of worried care.”
But it holds my eyes in a trance,
For here is joy; partnered with air
Snow works its stately dance.

“Wherefore is nature to be praised?”
“Does it not upset our best plans?”
“Why should we stare, seemingly dazed?”
Thus asks many a man.

I reply: she feeds man’s spirit
With her spirit, the ripe of things;
Man corrupts – thus speaks Holy Writ,
But nature beauty brings.

So as the snowflakes fall today
Do not grumble “An obstruction!” –
Crystal angels, falling to save,
Work in our redemption.