

**Sweet Georgia Pine**

Walking down Doncaster Drive toward Sherwood Elementary  
Carrying the humid air on my shoulders  
I watch the dance of the Georgia pine trees  
He leans in to ask her to be his partner, and she almost refuses  
But a shift in the breeze changes her mind.  
She lets him lead, but she knows the dance by heart.  
In perfect sway with the other, they glide  
Until the wind calls them to a halt.  
Pine needles brush against each other as they separate.  
A gesture of appreciation.

*-Sara McFall*

**Mental Draught**

My ideas run dry  
like some sleepy voice  
I clear my throat and swallow hope.  
It moistens the empty sponge inside,  
as doubt threads in and out of the irregular holes  
My hair drips with uncertainty,  
even as my cheeks curve with confidence  
Vision clouded with plans,  
blurred with schedules;  
concave futures compensate for my faltering identity.  
Emotions, left untrained, fumble in the dusk of youth,  
a pickle between excitement and fear,  
dread and relief.  
I exhale a thousand tiny invisible bits  
of insanity  
or more.

*-Amy Vaerwewyck*