

**POETRY SELECTIONS FROM OUR MARCH POETRY RESIDENCY
WITH POET, DEBRA CONNER**

Clouds, Whispers

The white clouds move with the softly whispering wind
like a leaf in the stream,
moving toward a waterfall.

The ocean receives
the river's rushing waters
like the throat receives water.

The ladybug grips lightly the leaf
and begins to gnaw a hole through it,
like the sun's rays breaking through a cloud.

As the yellow sun's warmth closes
like a fire burning down,
we remember the peaceful day
we had.

By Anna Butler

Jewel Lights

Crystal butterflies over the amber sunset
Golden dandelions sway in the cool, colorless breeze.
I watch the brown deer go to rest
under a giant sycamore tree
as the sun goes down into a black darkness
and I wonder why the night
has to come so quickly

By Joey Linneman

Things Happening Around Me

Waves crashing on bright sand
Hot, pearl sun breathing on my face
Something to look forward to, when door
Swung wide open, I saw the moon and stars
Fly like a helicopter in the sky.
Looking for what I lost,
Like a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. I waited
For the midnight sun to embrace the midnight darkness.

By Macks Burke

Night Time

Milky white stars twinkle
like an old light bulb
around the moon
or midnight sun.
Windy branches reaching towards
them,
cold snow falling down.
All is dark.
Only a pit of pink flowers
gives life to the world.

By Grace Laiveling

Monday Afternoon

Teak trees and golden daffodils
Scarlett birds in the grassy fields
I hear the wind blowing in the trees
and wonder why this must go so
soon.

By Michael Ashley

The Days

When the cold snow
Drips slowly down from
The clear blue sky and
windy branches flows
through the air.
It really does feel like
the winter.

By Allie May

Beginning of Day

Morning forgets the dark night sky
and closes the door
to any darkness.
Morning allows all light to shine
and the sun to come out.
Morning dances on the horizon
like a performer on stage.

By Kate Doherty