Hello Writers and Readers!

I am so thrilled that even during a pandemic we still have creative writers willing to submit their art to be shared.

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The Laurel Community

Dr. Sara Nicholson

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The Last Man

BY GRACE USALA

I am the last man to see the sun fall
There once was a world to watch it with me in merry wonder
Now they sleep of beds where I carved them stones
Underneath a yellow cathedral hidden by trees of green
Some I have recognized but all are now
I remember the faces of friends and learn of the strangers
There is not much to do when you are one
Even the crickets have each other while hawks fly in flocks
What I have is a fire that burns red
And a blanket made from flagrant despair and my one longing
To have a flock of my own to fly with
Maybe then the clouds would not cover the sun and its warm light
Until then I am earthbound from my wait
At night there are no hawks or crickets seen for me to envy
Because when the fire is out he comes

buoy sounds far off

silent waters churn below still surfaces

under mirrored light, the moon high

Ocean meets Shore

a ripple born

reverberating, amplifying

buoy sounds far off

Ripples grow stronger

Ocean swells against Shore, Shore succumbs to each rise

Ripples merge, a continuous circle made

rising high, tips curling over edge

fall from heaven, the crash met with thunder

the dancers grow close together

still

pausing a quick moment before bowing away in retreat

the circle broken into two

buoy sounds far off

Today I nearly lost a finger

Woodworking accident

Afraid to lose

What is a finger?

7 extras in reality

Not a thumb

I looked upon my finger and realized it to be insignificant to me

Coffee cup still secured with three

So today I threw away my finger away

And religion

And societal obligations

Maybe tomorrow a pinkie

Because now I am free.

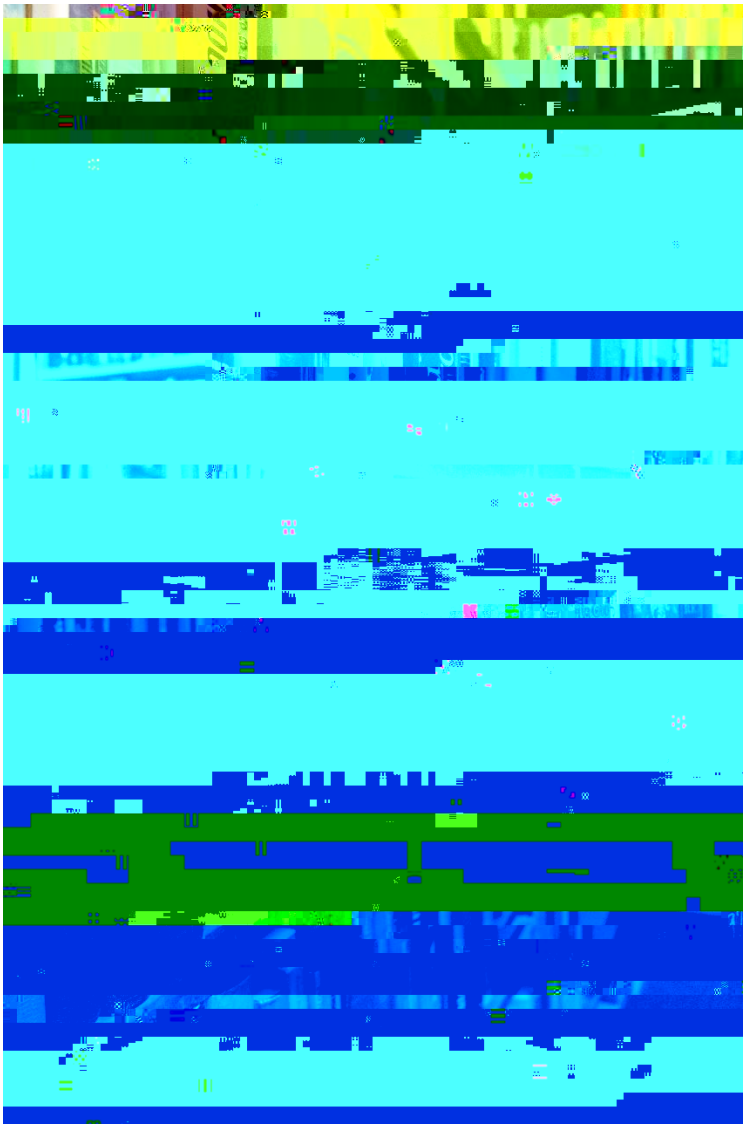
I just might mess around

and break

build up expectation

unhinge the edges of some terrible,

wild thing.



Untitled

BY HAILEY GARSKE

I dreamed I was sitting in the sand

I look to

Not What it Seems

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

The escape velocity of super

Highland Light

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE

BY CALSEY BUMP

Consider the curves of an airplane

Did you think I might say they were sexy? Enlightening?

Compare them to a woman for God's sake?

All because I said curve??

Such a hypersexualized word for such a mathematical term

-a line or outline which gradually deviates from being straight for some or all of its length

What a fool you look now

Perhaps I meant to say men have curves just to spite you reader

The definition for a man is x^3

A phallic stretch at best to keep you reading

Consider the curve of an airplane

No more jokes now it is time to learn

The curve is flight, and flight is a mathematic equation

Therefore "women and men are flight. No, they are math Q ş T Ā Ŭ

Wired

BY KAITLIN SINCLAIR

My attention is drawn to an alluring being

A true enchantress turned up here

My eyes are powerless

I gawk at your figure

So pure, so clean

Elegant

Smiling as you converse with him

ked on every word you say

Why is it the mediocre boys who attract goddesses?

At last you catch my drift and look over

Looking for my next victim to break year after year

What started as a simple rejection

Has led me to completely shatter a soul.

Rock City

BY MICHAEL MAKUTONIN

A caffeine buzz, a brain afloat
In mists of time and work and hurt.

A man in black, a thought in white,
A moment fades into the night.

As life drains love and turns to grey.

And words he sends to golden gods,
And stoically he bears the odds,

And withers slowly in his cell,
An empty life that morphed to Hell.

Holding on for Life

BY KELLY FITZGERALD

Another family gone in an instant; the same way my own family left me.

All I want is someone to play with. Someone to share my lonely nights with. To run around the creaky hallways with during the dead of night. Someone to finally see me once again since that stormy night. Is that too much to ask for from a five-year-old?

One night I ran to the storm-cellar to escape the rain from playing in the garden. My clothes were soaked, shoes squeaking, and my hair was dripping. I had never been in the cellar before. My parents said the wires in the cellar were dangerous. But what is so dangerous about wires? What could it hurt to just poke one small wire for just a second? The energy within me increased as I slowly crept closer and closer. Suddenly excitement and fright electrocuted through my body. The next thing I knew my family started ignoring my every word. They would walk by me like I was invisible, and then just left without me.

A new family has moved in. A young boy around my age plays in the garden as I used to. My determination to find a friend to play with has electrified me, he seems perfect.

One night as it begins to rain, I use all my power to flicker the lights in the cellar to get his attention. Soon he will gain. As he slowly creeps down the steps I just watch and wait for him to join me in this lonely eternity.

Changes

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE

The day, forgotten

But

I swear it was at 9

these tiredness

dawned upon

heavy eyelids

like like like like wor

Untitled

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO

A poem is a can of alphabet soup.

It can be a love letter
That remains without a stamp.
It can be a eulogy
For someone
It can be a lock-protected diary,
A best friend to confide in.

It can be messy and it can be beautiful.

Untitled BY JULIA WESCHE

A battle-cry cuts through the air,

The children rant and farmers chant
The women scream, and fear implant.

For yonder Roman soldiers march.

The shaman lifts his holy stone,
He cuts through sinew, muscle, bone.

The woods may walk, the men may talk,
And fear may hunt them like a hawk,

But still the Roman soldiers march.

A woman cries on bloodied breast,

The soldier comes, tells her to kneel;
Chops off her head with shining steel.

For through the Roman soldiers march.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

I stand in the doorway.

Hello BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTE

Phatic Salutations,

-ity can be a mistake looking for a commonality of indivi-

Spent nicotine conversations

Smoke fires mingle

Snowflakes drift into piles

Only to catch cigarettes.

I have never met anyone who is like everyone, and the day I meet this person they will be the most unique individual I have ever know or will ever know because everyone would be equally unique.

watercolors mark

Enter water cup to clean

again created

I paint pictures with water cup water,

Will you see? Will you see?

The duality of individuality painted through diversity

Untitled

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO

It is 3:24 in quarantine on a Monday
A week after it all started

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