

Ellen Murphy

Nocturne

Here is the silence I've been waiting for. My breath is creeping out and the wind is creeping in so they meet half way and relax. It is dark up here but the city lights light the air and the air passes it on so I can watch and be alone. I can see where the light plague stops and the black begins. If I didn't listen to what they tell me, I would know the world is flat. There is where it ends, and here is nothing. It hides in shadows and only comes out when it thinks our eyes are closed at night. Here it is, though. I can point to it, I can get a closer look. One by one the lights go in and the nothing crawls out. I click off the flashlight and enjoy the view.

Ellen Murphy

### Neighborhood Kids

I want to remember that wall, concrete and rough against our scraped and tanned legs that wriggled like worms in the dust. That day at the zoo that smelled like elephants and peanut butter from lunch at my house. Jessie's mom said *smile kids* and we did because we already were and had been for years. Years defined by summer and fireflies and ice cream and lazy days on Billy's hammock before his mom lost her hair and her color and then her life. Years spent in the yard, on the grass, under the tree that always gave shade when we needed it most after kick ball or bike rides. At night the moms opened their front doors and called us away from firefly hunts. We scattered-me and my brother, Jessie and Jeremy, Billy and Rachel, to our lives in our houses that tore us apart. I want to sit on that wall in that day at the zoo before they called us away, when all we knew was each other and we thought we could never forget.

Rachael

Morrison

grade: 12

(student)

At night my body knows that it is snowing outside. It knows that snow is falling from the dark gray clouds and landing white and frosty on the naked trees. At night lying under flannel and cotton, I dream and in the dream I know. I feel the chill of the snow as I go through the dream without it ever even snowing in the dream. Then I awake. I walk across the cold tiles of my bathroom floor and without even opening the blinds yet, I know. I know that there is snow covering the road and the grass and the trees and the rooftops. I know, like the way I knew that she was getting into trouble after I had left. We had not spoken for days, but I knew. I knew without ever really knowing, that she was never going to go home again.

Rachael  
Morrison  
grade: 12

Ever since I read that book I've looked at the trees and seen the branches like grotesque arms extended and reaching to the sky. The trees are no longer trees, but the hands of some desperate figure, breaking through the earth. They are like his arms, long and slender fingers, gestures of tree limbs wavering in the warmth of the wind. When I could not find him, the trees were nowhere to be found. When I did find him I thought I lost the trees. I went to the forest by myself and sat under the white birch. I pulled off some paper bark. It was like I was ripping his skin. And I did not feel ashamed. I see the trees everywhere, branching and breaking infinitely towards the sky. I see them in hair when the wind blows. I see them crawling up arms, blue and purple blood in the veins. And I see them in her eyes, the red branches cracking against the white around the core.

(Untitled)

Missing is a force. Like the magnets attract each other. Even across in a distance. Attract, then come closer. Missing is a line. Going straight, never hides away feelings, honest and true, to the dearest one. Missing is royal. It always takes the best. Like the two negative ends will never cooperate. It only desires the best. Missing is only one direction. Take a 45 degree or 87 degree angle, it is always one direction, pointing, and transmitting to the dearest one. Trains can go opposite directions, but missing is always one way. Missing will not return to yourself. Missing is always one direction.