"March 13th" by Ellie Godsoe

Tucked away in my own little world,  
Protected by an orb of glowing beams that radiated naivety,  
The storm that was bringing the end of the world.

I felt angry and threatened by their presence,  
But most of all, I feared what they were bringing,  
And so, in a vain attempt to drive the clouds away,  
I opened a window.

I began to play my guitar for the silent street,  
Hoping to usher the clouds out  
Hoping they would pass over me and leave me in my safe little orb if I ignored them.  
But I think my fear and desperation translated more into my playing than any sort of hope did.

And I think the clouds could hear that too, because they stopped their advance  
And watched my struggle with pity.  
And in that moment, I knew there was no running,  
And, in sadness, the clouds and I looked out the window at the world as we knew it for the last time.

"The Guitar" by Ellie Godsoe

Gentle note float from  
Underneath my fingertips  
In precise rhythms, graceful patterns.  
There are no words  
Accompanying the strings;  
Rather, there is silence as the instrument Sings a song of its own.

"SAD" By Kayla Pietrkiewicz

SAD  
Sadness  
Sadness is the word  
Of the day. I sit  
And wait, and I  
Want him back next  
To me. He is who I want  
Next to me. I wonder if  
He thinks of me upstairs?  
I ponder about our good and bad times. My heart  
Aches like a wrecking ball.  
I will never get him back.  
I still feel you hugging me  
Like it was yesterday. You were  
My sunshine and my only sunshine. But now you are  
My sunshine in my heart.  
That sunshine you gave me is there.  
It is tucked away for when I see you again.  
Sadness is still the word of the day.  
SAD