

Hanna Sauvé
Leo T. Hendrick Submission

Down Stream

Water flows briskly.
I sit atop the bridge,
feet dangling.
The fast moving river
calls to me. Beckons
me. It would be so easy
to disappear, let the water
Wash me away,
baptize me
Once more.

Birds don't sing.
The forest is silent,
only the rushing water
permeates my ear.
Thunder rips
calling for the water
to come home.

Deep, murky water sings,
luring me in. No fish
or ducks dare to contest
the ravenous waves.
Dry, rotted wood
drops into the stream.
The river comes alive,
biting, growling, gnawing,
until the wood
meets its demise.

Blush Berry

I love you to the cliffs,
the spacious sea-side.
I love you more than
sweet blackberry juice
Filling my tongue.
my love for you is loud,
The voices of a thousand men.
You are a needle,
my love is the haystack.

I will not go search for you,
I will let you rest in my love.

Red Woods

Mary Sue Sheller loved to climb trees.
She'd conquer any tree, any tree that she could see!
Her mother would glance out the kitchen window and say,
"There goes Mary Sue Sheller!
My God, does that girl know how to play!"

She became somewhat of a legend,
among her friends and foes.
The kids would chortle and cry,
jealous that they could not climb quite as high!

One day she found the grandest tree she'd ever seen.
She looked up and up, gazed quite so high,
she thought to herself,
'Well, I must have a try!'

The thing about climbing trees,
Is that once you get up, you can't see
how much you have left to go.
So Mary Sue Sheller pulled herself ever so high.

She looked out at her whole town
My, I've never climbed quite this high!

But Mary Sue Sheller did not break a sweat,
she simply pulled herself higher and laughed a bit.

"How much higher?" She complained aloud.
For the first time ever, Mary Sue Sheller wanted down.

A big fat beetle crawled out of the bark,
"Hello," it said.
"Hello," Mary Sue Sheller replied.

“What are you doing all the way up here?” the beetle asked.

“I wanted to climb,” she replied.

“If you wanted to climb you would’ve picked a pine,” the beetle rolled its eyes.

“But I’ve already climbed every pine!” she cried.

“You want to reach the top?” the beetle analyzed.

“Oh yes! Very much so!” Mary Sue Sheller bat her eyes.

“Well I’m afraid you won’t be able to do so,” he sighed.

“Whatever do you mean?” she moaned.

“You can go up, or you can go down.”

“But once you get on, you can never get off,” the beetle began to retreat into his hole.

“Wait! Wait! Don’t go!” she cried. “I don’t want to climb forever!”

The beetle hesitated.

“Well, there is one way down,” he confides.

“Please! Tell me so!” Mary Sue Sheller shook and sang.

The beetle glanced out, past her “well once you go down, you can’t come back up.”

“Mr. Beetle! I wish for nothing more! Tell me, I beg!”

The beetle retreated into his hole, and right before he was out of sight,

“Just let go.”