Sun warms the world as usual. I try to follow the traces that remain, but I get lost. The days pass by, the seasons change, trees sing when the wind passes by, minutes uncoil like ferns, growing into invisible green hearts.

But life moves on, one step at a time. Hands stretch into noon, night, life—Death. There are rocks in my mind. People join the colorful picture of nature. Maybe at some point in their lives, their minds also lean back and smile, having nothing to do.

Rivers flow. Pebbles weep. Slivers of silver slip through this wide wide land, singing nature to sleep.

— Vy ’23, Sutra ’24, Craye ’24, Ruby ’25, Aurora ’26, & Ms. R 3/31/23
Written in response to "Taken by Each Thing", by Linda Gregg, The Paris Review, issue no. 93, Fall 1984.
Aurora ’26 quote: "Life is Bequeathed by nature; therefore, give nature life."