



For a Friend

Ava Daughtery, The Woodlands High School

Unjaded youth long gone
We mourn with clear tears
Our sight now obstructed
We look upon the same color –
Green dreams undead

Emperor October demands wind currents
Mother Maple forsakes her verdant children
Crucified on her branches

His laws travel far,
his harmonies well-known
We ascend separate silver scales
And still our notes are one

We will dance in tune to our shimmering secrets
East and West do meet again

For my beacon of green girlhood
Who cups red leaves in her hands
To a foregone king's spry poet
Sparkling is her tongue

For the one who does not forsake me
For my dear friend