

"Guilt" by Alyssa Lush, 12th grade, Lucas High School

Of gristle and copper taste.

Its cold, long hands;

Palms of regret and sweat

Spilled onto finger tips of snow, Hands that are blue at dusk:

Tilt the moon on her back and brush her craters, Filling them with water reflecting split stars;

They don't greet with that blooming light, But blind her sore eyes, red.

Red as guilt's hands at dawn:

The net that consumes the sun

Bursting with oranges and yellows

Who leaves the grass warm and shun the frost,

Resembling only night.

Dusk, who comes to hide dawn's storm and Dawn, who ripens the flesh of an all-consuming fire.