



Blazing Stare  
Jage Broener



Disappointment  
ali B.

## A delicate tear

Marguerite Holes

A droplet —packing a bit  
Of a salty punch— rolls  
Down a  
Smooth, tan hill  
Eager to reach

The valley below,  
But once it's at the edge  
It cannot hold  
On much longer.  
It clings on to the peach  
Fuzz covered surface,  
Knowing that it's fate  
Lies on the floor below  
In a sad, shallow

Puddle.  
The droplet begins to slip  
Away from the warmth  
And comfort provided by  
The smooth hill, coming to  
Terms that its life  
Has been cut short.  
An earthquake, releasing a loud,  
Sorrowful grown, begins to

Test the drip of the  
Droplet, practically begging it  
To fall to its  
Doom.  
Finally, letting gravity  
Take control,  
It lets go, not  
Just of its grip, but  
Its life.