

Romantic Demise

Niles Flath // sophomore
free-verse poem

The earth's bathed in honey
At dusk in late July
We saunter by the river
Hand in hand, we're side by side

We part ways at the crossroads
A sorrowful goodbye
I get home as the sun falls
And taste your lips on mine

When I feel it ending
A light shining so bright
I'll replay all our memories
The last thoughts on my mind

Without Lips

Cooper Jones // sophomore
painting

