

## Highland Dancer

by Isla Hope

Shoes sanded fine  
as I dance along the line  
My arms held high  
As I spring to the side  
I am a dancer of Scotland

Hear my singing feet  
As I bounce to the beat  
My kilt swings to the side  
With my knees turned out wide  
I am a dancer of Scotland

My heart thumps stronger  
As the music plays longer  
My lifted legs held stiff  
Then I'm gone in a jif  
I am a dancer of Scotland



## Lost Childhood

by Kayley Thompson

Free as autumn leaves  
drifting in the wind  
Limitless energy  
They can laugh for weeks  
Always accepting adventure  
Ambitious and carefree  
Innocence  
Children



Trapped like fish  
in an overcrowded fish bowl.  
Lacking vigour.  
Stress punches them down.  
Recognizing reality's risks.  
Determined and mature.  
Responsible.  
Adults.



## **The Storm-Maker**

by Ian Gordon

**Sticks like a minefield,  
snapped like dry bones  
from the last storm through,  
sharp oak shards left.**

**Perched on the black throne  
behind clear skies,  
grey chrome rings surround  
worn heads, show clouds.**

**Smooth mahogany  
sticks in my hand.  
Calm before the storm,  
the music rolls.**

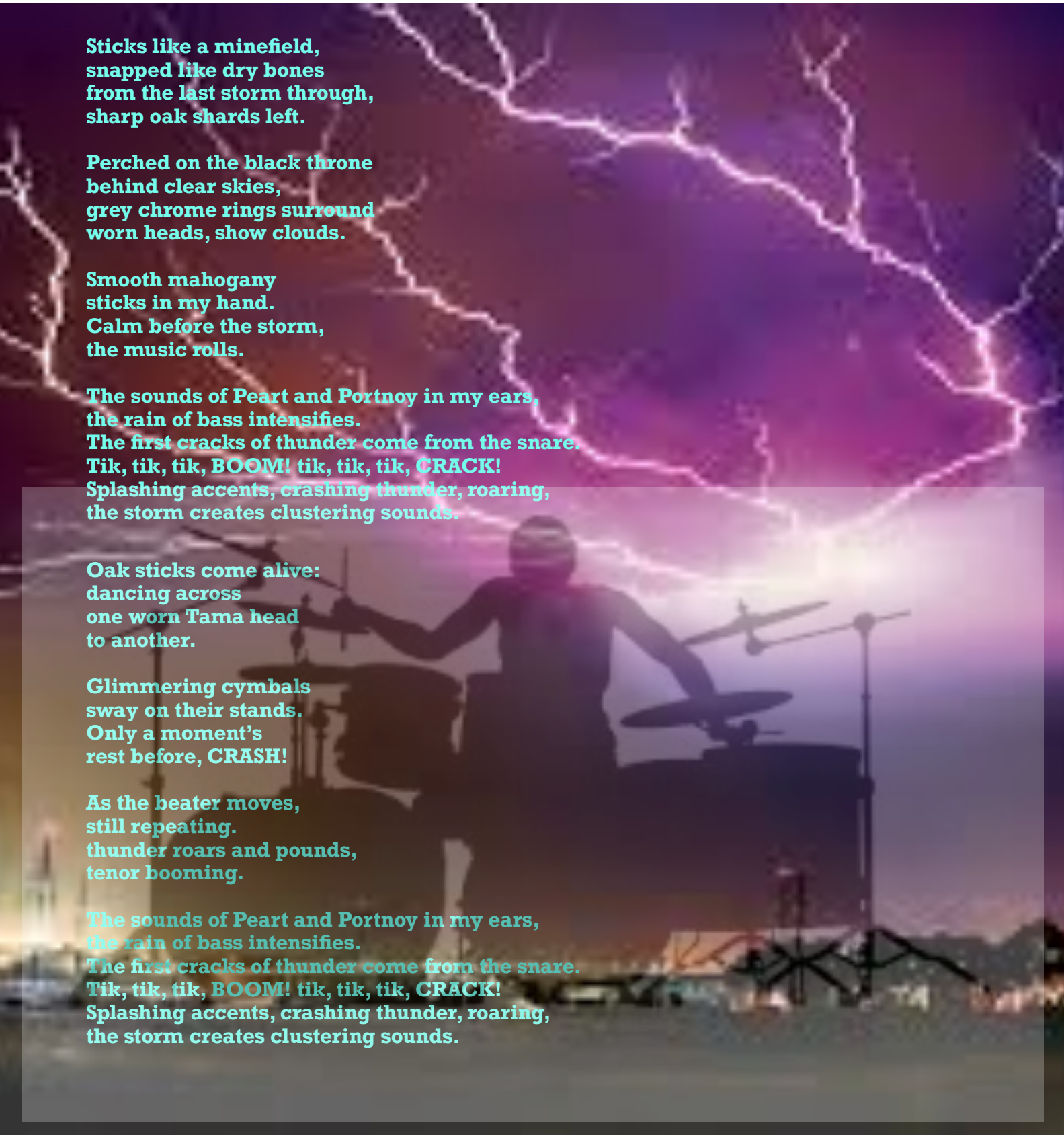
**The sounds of Peart and Portnoy in my ears,  
the rain of bass intensifies.  
The first cracks of thunder come from the snare.  
Tik, tik, tik, BOOM! tik, tik, tik, CRACK!  
Splashing accents, crashing thunder, roaring,  
the storm creates clustering sounds.**

**Oak sticks come alive:  
dancing across  
one worn Tama head  
to another.**

**Glimmering cymbals  
sway on their stands.  
Only a moment's  
rest before, CRASH!**

**As the beater moves,  
still repeating.  
thunder roars and pounds,  
tenor booming.**

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the storm creates clustering sounds.**



## *Fresh Start*

*by Debasri Jena*

*morning takes you  
into her welcoming arms  
and privately proclaims her pining for peace  
fresh starts  
newness*

*murmuring words of comfort  
she points at how the sun burst  
above the horizon  
makes your eyes sparkle like diamonds*

*with dawn comes a fresh start  
a small blessing for your heart  
perhaps yesterday never existed  
store it away in your memories, distant*

*sunrise promises buttered bread  
once blue skies now stretching red  
songbirds chirping on the juniper trees  
oh, the possibilities*







*Isla Hope*



*Ian Gordon*