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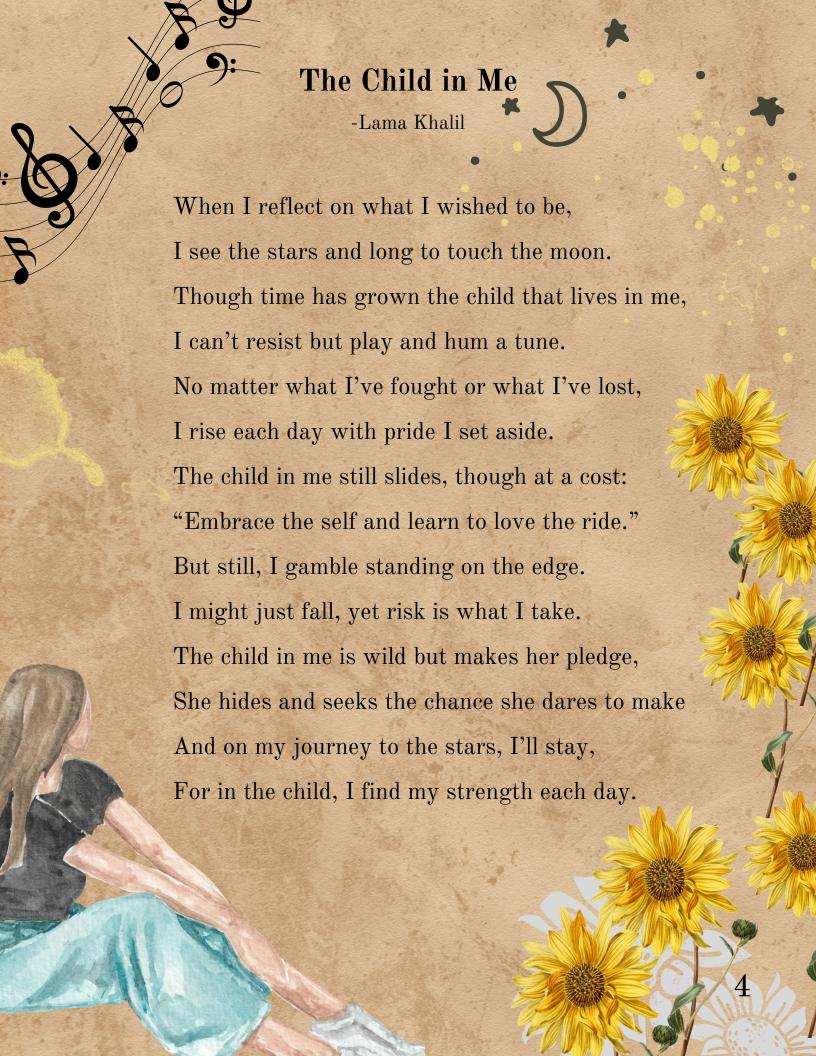


I Love

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Again is Autumn

-Anna Karapetyan

Again is Autumn, the forest dressed in red,
And gold and green as sky above has shed,
And leaves are dancing from a breeze of wind,
To rustle softly, and sing a beauty about that girl,
The girl with golden hair, she's always so light,
Her charm has won the brave boy's heart in night.

Oh Autumn, tender with your gentle grace, You have captured me with your colorful embrace!

Your beauty fills the air with colors of bloom,

A masterpiece within the reining gloom

Cannot depict your beauty dressed up,

In red and yellow, colors beautified...

Oh, Autumn how can you be glorified!

As day turns short beneath the autumn sun,
Stay with me this unbind fleeting time,
For in your amazing arms, fresh peace I want to find,
Oh Autumn, tender with your gentle stare...
As that boy who fell in love with the girl with golden hair!





Become Stranger

-Gemma Lee Ulep

We were once full of kindness and sweetness.
Chasing the sunset, golden as we go
And now our heart ache, full of bitterness.
Set our mind, choosing dream to become pro.

We don't speak, but still side by side we walk.

The silence grows and sorrow starts to cling.

Setting your border as strong as Hulk's talk

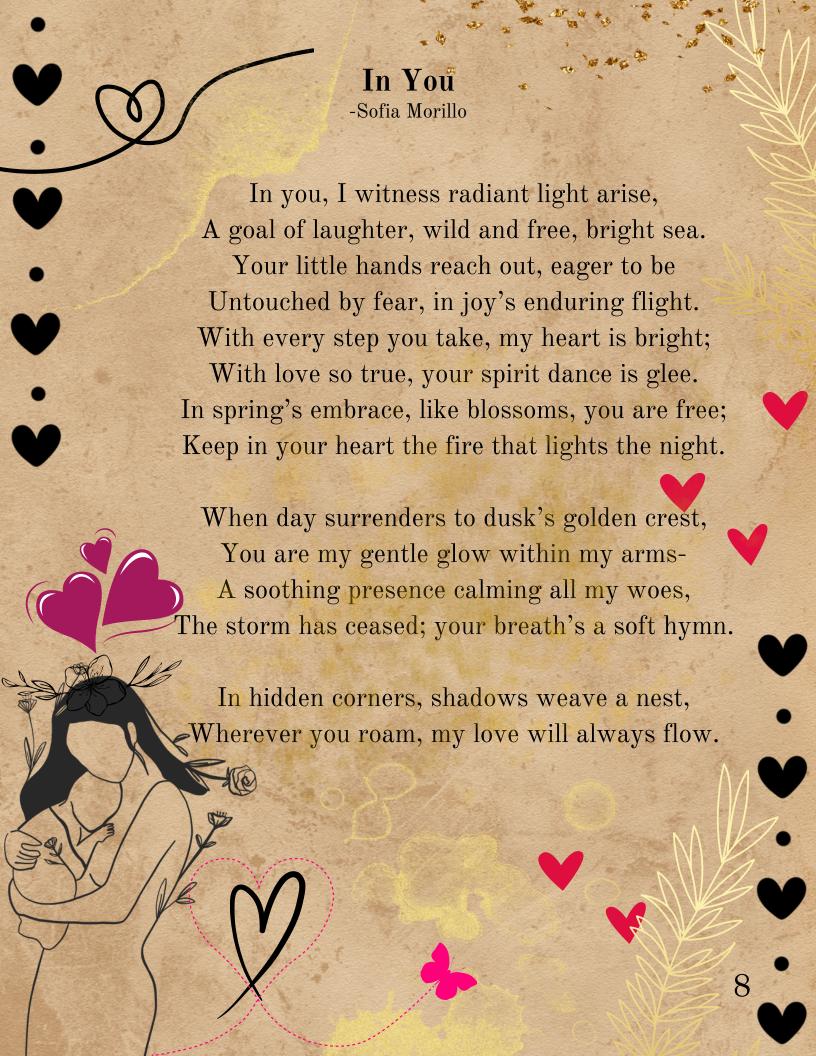
You mark my soul using sharpies that sting.

A verdict cast before the facts are known
That gossip spread, and caused you to depart.
You know that I am fealty, truly known.
You listened close, but never heard my heart.

My dearest friend, become a cold stranger By ending it with a lot of anger.

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The Sound of Silence

-Sarah Darvish



The night descends, and shadows thickly creep,

A breeze whispers the end in gentle grace,

Beneath the stars, the earth begins to sleep.

In every breath, a silent pulse we chase,

The hour draws near when hearts must still their beat,

Yet none can halt the closing of their race.

In final dusk, all souls will calmly meet,

No cry to sound, nor plea to stay the hand,

For death, it treads with sure and steady feet.



Waiting for fall moon to see my reflections freed On yielding waters



-Lama Khalil

Behind the blocks of broken land,
Where once a boy had home,
Before he knew, he grew to fear,
Was forced to leave and roam.

He turned to sea, but sea rebelled,

Swelled waves that pushed him down.

No hand was raised to pull him up

As he began to drown.

The seashore held his body tight,

Wrapped arms around his frame.

His childhood dreams lay shattered, torn,

But who's the one to blame?

His photos streamed around the world,

And people shook their heads.

The pictures found a place to rest,

While lives were cut to shreds.

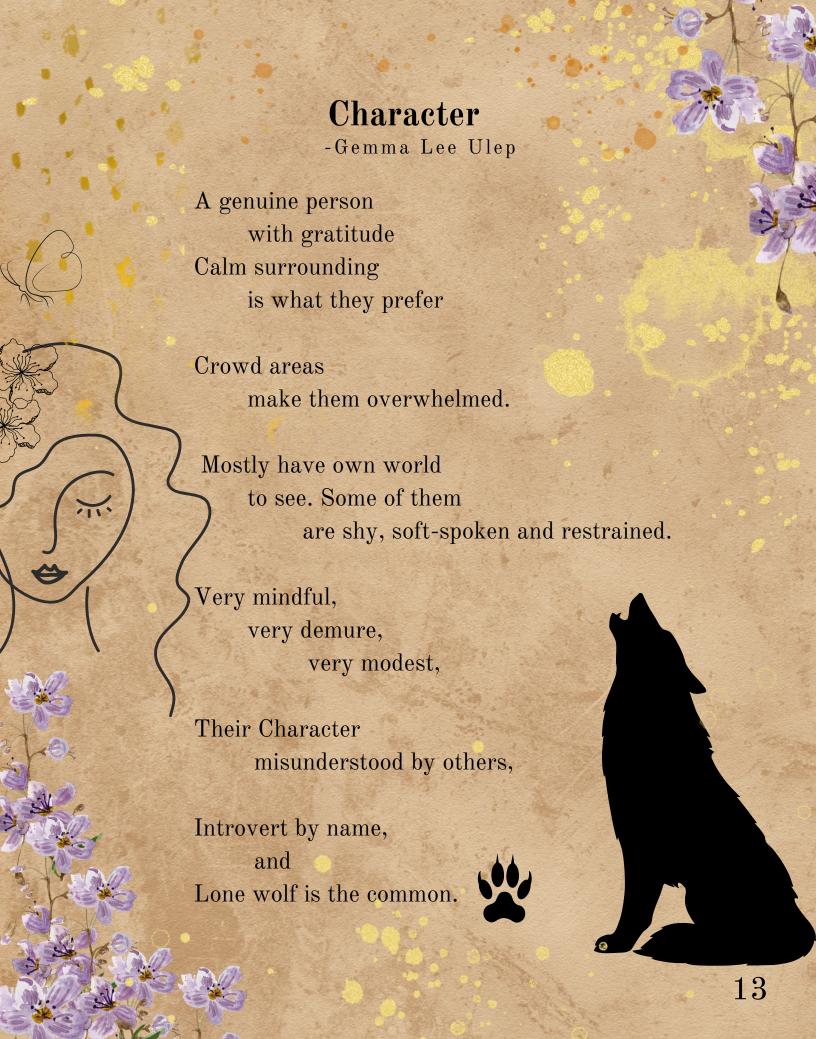
A small, still, boy without a soul,

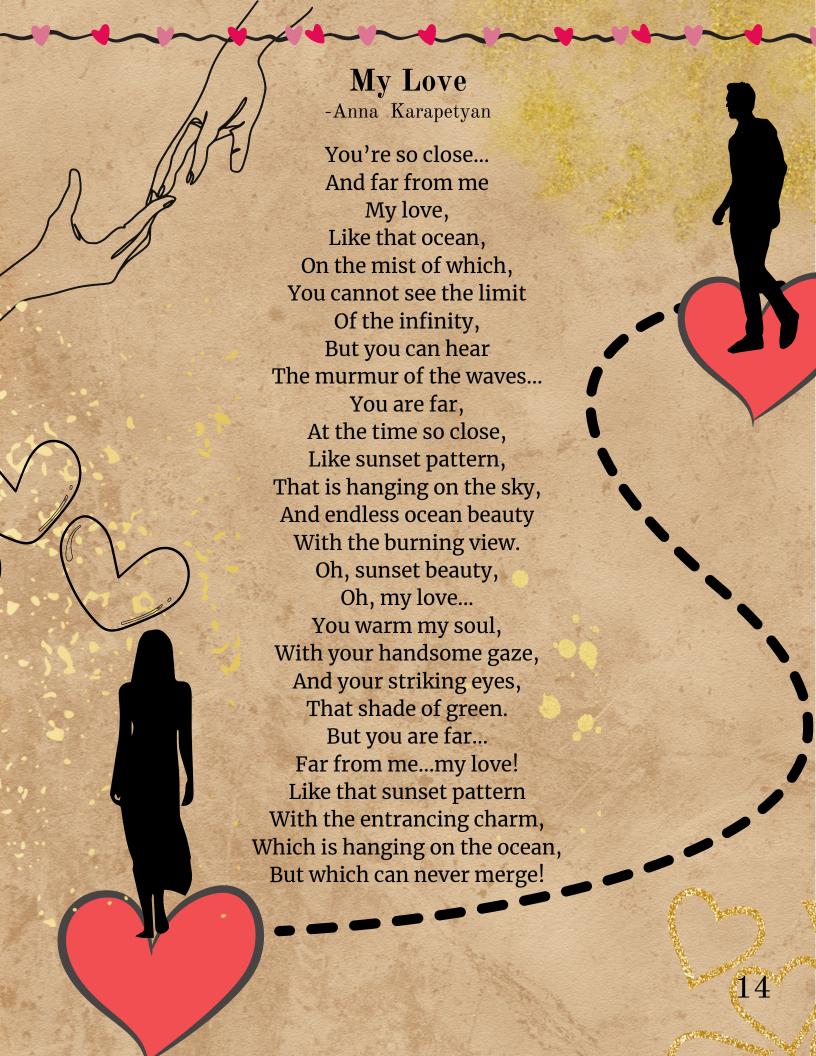
His silence shakes the shore.

No chance to grow, or love, but now

He sleeps with fear no more.











-Sofia Morillo

I fly
across the seas
with hope that's in my heart.
outside is loud,
my mind finds peace
inside. I seek
the right words, yet drift
in all the noise. In every face

in all the noise. In every face,
I glimpse a life scene. The soil
I knew now echoes
distant joys.

I dream

my feet might find

new ground to tread. The roots

I've carried whisper

of distant joys. Each day

past and present spreads,

a blended life,

where the shadow stands. In the darkness
under this enchanting
foreign sky, a place
where the stars still dance
is my first sight.

The Sound of Silence -Sarah Darvish

I trace the skyline; No corner is found, Nowhere to hold. Clouds are passing,

Those that are tied in my palm lines.

The breeze moves my hair—

Not strong enough to shake me

But enough to remind me

That I'm still alive, still breathing,

Still walking, living, and thinking

Between to be or not to be.

I am laughing at the sun;

It always shines.

It shows off its power,

Like the shine is forever.

I feel like I could stand here endlessly,

No burning.

But then,

The shadow faints,

Not heavily—

Soft, like a dream.

And I pause,

Like shrilling silence,

It weaves its way into the trees.

