



СЕРБИЯ
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by Tina Pai



by Ashley Koh

The little carousel goes round and round,
A cow flies o'er the moon and back,
Their laughter fills the air, a tinkling sound,
As horses spin forever in one pack.

From mother's kitchen cookies will be baked,
She ties her hair and kisses me sweetly;
A warm aroma fills and I awake,
For thoughts of sugar fill me completely.

Oh how I wish that I could return to
A time of joy and simple, sweet pleasures,
I used to play without a care or two,
Those times that passed, forever I treasure.

So now I see exists not time machine
Yet o'er there shines a light that burns so keen.



by Ashley Lentz



Spring Gametophytes
by Karen Chow