To my Brother:

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her hand closed.

"What do you have there sweetheart?"
I try asking her again. This time her tiny fingers slowly unwrap to reveal the most magnificent color blue I've ever seen. Azure like ocean or sky but softened by its life in the lake. We both stare, admiring the small piece that rests in Missy's palm.

"Mama says they come from perfume bottles. Mama says they are the lake's sapphires."

We share one long moment staring at the gem the water has produced. I kiss Missy's forehead and she proceeds to drop her sapphire into my front pocket.

--Erin Hopkins

To my Brother:

I felt your apprehension
The tears that willed to fall,
Hanging restlessly on the edge
Of your soft eyelids,
Sweeping lashes
Kept them hidden in the cave of
Secrets
The heart of unopened treasures.

The drive home that day
Through the emerald
   rolling
   remnants

Of time
Weaving along the calm,
   quiet
Whispering waters
I remembered when
   I
   had
   been
   you.
Senses reeling in five directions.

The blue abyss above
Smiled
Warm, moist, drops
Shed in compassion
   understanding
   connection
Crystallized,
   magically,
Momentarily
   a smooth arch
waltzed on the wind

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each step
a hue
Guarding the foothills.

My mother giggled.
"Rainbows are good luck."

The colors sang
With ease
and I made a wish
for peace and harmony
to befriend your shadow.

--Jennifer Jonaitis

All I know About Nobody

Nobody is somebody who could’ve
taken the blame for everybody
Nobody makes sense whenever this
question is asked, who are you?
Nobody is the name of everybody
Who might not be liked by anybody
Nobody is disrespected by everybody,
and not knowing that somebody still cares for nobody
My name and your name was
nobody, but everybody picked
a real name and put nobody to shame

--Ben Frimpong