

POETRY: THIRD PLACE

AshleyAllen, poet

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Dark Cedar Eyes

As if by the divine hand of the angels have crafted your face to be held perfectly within
my fingertips,

The gods must have infused your features with an ethereal glow as if ambrosia had been
poured into the very essence of your being.

The gentle hum of honey locust bark has been carefully woven into the tapestry of your
complexion.

Interlinking it with a deep, rich brown that I have always admired.

Beneath your brow, I hold a gaze that is at once earthly and still.

A cedar-coated shine that transforms my entire perspective.

Dedicated to B.H.