

POETRY: THIRD PLACE

Ashley Allen, poet

Cave City High School

Amanda Kazzee, teacher

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.