

Studying Too Hard

Amy Brooks

Tiny, invisible spiders
Squiggle from the page,
Dart here and there
And they suddenly run up my arms
Into my ears.

They spin a thick web
Around my brain.
Nothing gets through.

A hand slams the book shut.

Sunset

Amy Brooks

The sun tempts the
Branches to
Prick the evening sky,
Causing it's blood to
Ooze over the horizon.

The gentle salve of the moon
Quells the bleeding
And covers the wound with
The gentle gauze of clouds.