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## Rush

River running  
dreams of a boy,  
swift.  
Veins of our mother  
flowing to the heart.  
Blood is thicker,  
water.  
Damp, Cold, Wet.  
Skin is hard,  
blood to ice.  
veins,  
river,  
My Mother,  
the blood of my river.

—*Sam Hartle,*  
*Eleventh grade, Oil City High School,*  
*Oil City, Pennsylvania*

Merlyn's Pen

“

Everyone has talent. What is rare is the courage to follow the  
talent to the dark place where it leads.

-Erica Jong

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