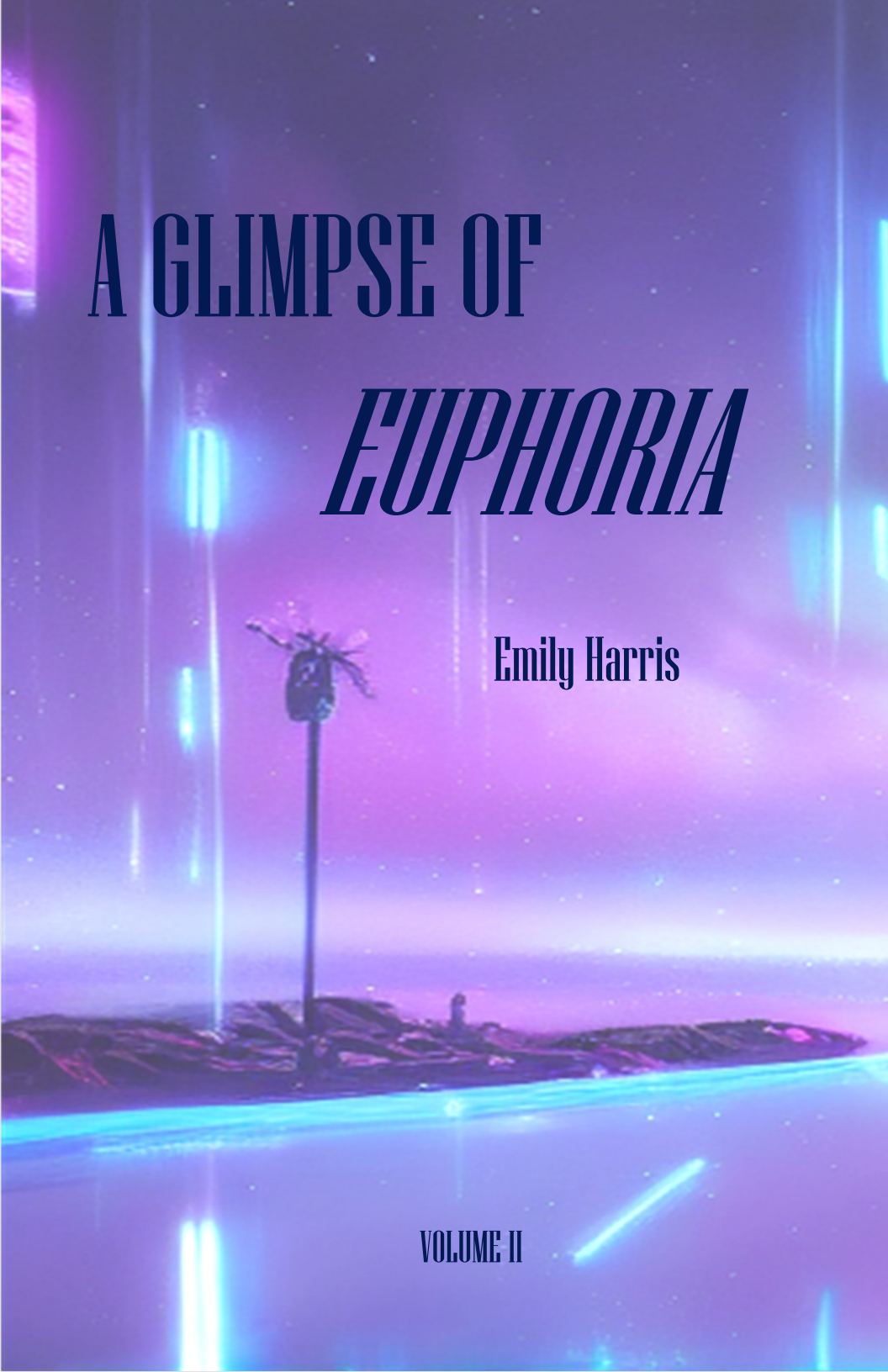
A GLIMPSE OF *EUPHORIA*

Emily Harris



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DEDICATION

This is dedicated to my mom and dad, who have always supported me and my passions, however fleeting they may be.

A GLIMPSE OF *EUPHORIA*

Emily Harris

YOUTH BEATS
Publication

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A TALE OF ANTITHESIS

"In a war between water and fire, water will extinguish every last flame."

That's what you told me one night as we sat upon the wall, your cerulean sweater looking ethereal in the moonlight. The stars above us danced to an unknown waltz as time passed in a dreamlike state.

The city was nothing but a collage of neon lights below us. We swung our feet simultaneously to an unknown rhythm, as if the same music were blessing our ears. So high in the sky that we felt like the only two people in the world. So high in the sky that nothing could touch us; not ever.

I looked upon your delicate features in awe. The way your porcelain skin had shone in the light, how your eyes were glazed with tranquility; it amazed me.

I gazed back across the city, reflecting upon my own shortcomings. My dull orange sweater could never glow in the light quite like yours, and my eyes could not glitter with the same serenity.

Instead, my hair was unruly and forever untamable, and my eyes were filled with burning anger. Where it came from, I cannot say. Looking back, I believe it has always been there, simmering, beneath the surface.

Apart, we were the exact definition of antithesis. Your exterior was calm and unmoving, like that of a moonlit pond. My appearance moreover resembled that of a raging wildfire.

I knew I could never even compare myself to you. Your beauty, grace, and elegance are unmatched. Yet here I am, comparing myself, a mere mortal, to a goddess like you.

It was then that I realized. That you were not a moonlit pond, and I was not a raging wildfire. I realized that just beneath your cool exterior, the same anger inside of me rippled beneath your surface. I wondered how long until that ripple became an uncontrollable wave, destroying anything in its path.

My second realization came soon after. I, the mere mortal, was using a façade as well. The anger I displayed so willingly, that of which presented itself through my undisciplined features, was nothing but a method of keeping others at arm's length. Not unlike your serene exterior, I suppose.

And then you said it again:

"In a war between water and fire, water will extinguish every last flame."

But alas, you are the fire, and I am the water.

THE GIRL WHO LOVED ALL

She loved the feel of wind on her skin, whether it be day or night, she loved the smell of the air, whether it be the peak of summer or the midst of winter. This girl loved every color known to humankind, thus enhancing her love for nature. She was mystified whenever she saw the sun wish the land a flamboyant "goodbye," and when the sun came back again, her heart would leap with joy.

She had never met a single thing she hated, as she thought "hate" was too harsh a word for this world. She enjoyed spreading her view of the world to other, less fortunate, people. She was often mistaken for an optimist, an innocent girl, but these people could never be more wrong.

She knew of the world's atrocities and ruthless past. Various wars and unnecessary bloodshed, whose horrors still tainted the world she so dearly adored. Despite this, she found herself falling in love with it anyway.

Her compassion became so strong that she was consumed by it. She wished for violence to be replaced by peace, for hate to become kindness. Most of all, she wished for someone to see her in the same way that she saw the world.

One night, she sat upon her bed and looked at the moon in wistful adoration. She wished to meet someone just like her, a lost soul longing for returned love. She shook her head in dismay as she knew the moon could never hear her plea. As the night grew dimmer, she began to feel drowsy and fell into a deep slumber.

Early the next morning, the girl decided to paint the sunrise. The wind played gently with her hair as she stroked the canvas with shades of orange and pink. Birds had begun to sing their morning melodies, and she watched butterflies soar around the rose bushes in her garden.

Suddenly, a rustling noise came from behind her. The girl turned around to see the most beautiful person she had ever seen. The stranger looked just as startled to see her as she was to see them.

Their eyes were the color of the sea, and their hair was spun like golden thread. Her heart fluttered as she saw her own adoration mirrored in those beautiful blue eyes. She smiled at the stranger and said,

"So, the moon *does* listen."

FLY AWAY, LITTLE MAGPIE

The way your little wings
Shimmer with hints of blue,
Picking up your little things,
Oh Magpie, what will you do?

Fly away, little Magpie
Until the leaves become small,
Find a tree in which to lie,
And pray that you won't fall.

Fly away, little bird
Far into the open sky,
Where no hardships have occurred,
And the river won't run dry.

Take in the morning light
With its gaze upon the leaves,
Launch back into your flight,
And continue with the breeze.

Fly home, my little Magpie,
For your time is now due,
The sparkle back in your eye,
You're far from being through.

DANCING WITH A DREAM

We danced the night away
Never speaking a word,
I felt myself start to sway
And my vision became blurred.

You disappeared in plain sight
And I had to shield my eyes,
Blinded by your dying light
As the sun began to rise.

I woke up in my bed
A soft smile on my face,
Our song still stuck in my head
And memories of your embrace.

We met out on the terrace
As the sun began to fade,
Wishing time would spare us
Every minute we'd delayed.

I didn't feel the need to stutter
Or nervously twirl my hair,
My mind wasn't filled with clutter
As long as you were there.

The lights began to gleam
And our feet started to ache,
It felt just like a dream
From which I'd never want to wake

OUT WHERE THE CICADAS SING

There's a place I've never been
That lets my thoughts melt away
When my patience has run thin,
And my world turns to grey.

An old dock looks over a lake
Lit by the moon's gentle gaze
While fireflies begin to wake,
Setting the air ablaze.

A distant melody starts to ring
Harmony floating through the trees
Out where the cicadas sing,
Their song carried by the breeze.

I fall back into the grass
To admire the starlit sky
My thoughts shatter like glass
And I bid them a gentle goodbye.

WHO IS SHE?

She laughs and sways her hips,
Her body swinging to the beat.
A smile plays upon her lips,
One so subtle, yet sweet.

Who is she?

Her eyes sparkle in the sunlight,
A soft blend of green and brown.
Her voice is bubbly and bright,
And nothing can knock her down.

Who is she?

She dances to her favorite song,
Her hair bouncing wild and free.
It makes me want to sing along,
And then I realize she is me.

WORDS LEFT UNSAID

There's nothing quite as harsh
As the words left unsaid
By two lost lovers,
Or just a friend instead.

Truth will emerge
When she's ready to arrive
As the two are getting tired
Of the lies they have contrived.

She approaches carefully
Like a gentle breeze
Embracing their pain, their sorrow,
And putting their minds at ease.

Just as swiftly as she came
Truth leaves them be
To reflect upon her words
Now that they can see.

ENCHANTED

I was enchanted to meet you
Neon lights flashing in our eyes,
You smiled at me like lovers do,
And I prayed the sun would never rise.

My world began to melt away
I closed my eyes and danced along,
Wishing, wishing you would stay,
Maybe just for one last song.

I was enchanted to meet you
If only we could be once more
Two lost lovers starting anew,
Talking like we did before.

I hope I'll see you again
Even just for one last time,
I think I may have loved you then,
If only I knew you'd never be mine.

LOVE'S VICE

Love,

As frigid as a river of ice,

Yet made from everything nice

So, therefore, it shall suffice.

Love,

As vivacious as a raging fire,

Sometimes proving itself a liar,

Yet the need for it seems to be dire.

Love,

Humanity's favorite vice,

Often coming at a hefty price

Far too expensive for the buyer.

Love,

Oh, what a thing to admire,

The key to making hate retire,

While adding a sprinkle of spice.

A HEART UNTAINTED

You'd pull me close to you,
I'd silently beg you to stop.
But there was nothing I could do,
Feeling my heart begin to drop.

Whispering "I love you" in my ear,
When I just want to leave.
I couldn't help but feel the fear,
Of the words I didn't believe.

The anxiety you'd instilled in me,
Left my heart beating like a drum.
You said we were "meant to be",
But I didn't like what you'd become.

Now that I'm finally free,
I've regained what once was lost.
My heart churning like the sea,
The final line had been crossed.

My heart beats for a different reason,
No longer wishing to be let go.
As I enter yet another season,
It can beat with an effortless flow.

I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SWIM

Waves crash against my face
Over my head, and I'm gone;
Lost forever, without a trace.

I never learned how to swim.

Now I'm thrown into a pool,
Sinking, sinking six feet under;
How could they be so cruel?

They know I never learned how to swim.

I'm walking across the sand,
Into the water, 'till it reaches my knees,
Only to be swept away from land.

I should've learned how to swim.

The wind pounds against my ears,
As I watch my friends swimming away,
And my eyes begin to fill with tears.

I wish I'd learned how to swim.

I take a deep breath in, then out,
And step into the water alone;
Sinking into the abyss before I can shout.

I'll never learn how to swim.

Suddenly I'm lifted up, up towards the sky,
By a stranger, who smiles and says,
"Why don't I help you try?"

Maybe I can learn how to swim.

SUMMER STORMS

When the summer storms come racing through,
I make my way over to find you.
Peeking at me from beneath a quilt,
Your coffee-colored eyes swarm with guilt.

Combating your fears with a warm embrace,
I watch the worry leave your face.
"Come on, little buddy," I say
"Let's save the worry for another day."

A CHILD'S DREAM

I close my eyes
And drift into a dream.
I see a house
With a tire swing
And crimson roses that gleam.
Curtains the color of thistle
Blow carelessly with the breeze.
A dandelion door greets me,
Beckoning with ease.
And I wonder how long
Until the crimson fades to black
And thistle curtains stand still,
And that dandelion door
Beckons me no more.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MANY FACES

Amidst a vast meadow stood a single, lonely, Mountain. It towered over the multitude of Flowers and Trees below, watching them with a look of serenity upon its rocky face. As the Sun's position changed, so did the Mountain's expression. With each stage of the day, its face changed from glee to serenity, from serenity to anger, and so on. By the time the Sun wished it a sleepy goodbye, the Mountain had expressed every emotion known to man, yet experienced none.

The Mountain, unlike its colorful peers below, could not feel the emotions it expressed. Its only purpose was to watch over the meadow and the beautiful life within it. It would gaze upon joyful Dandelions and raging red Poppies, silently wishing to feel emotions as freely as they did.

Time went on endlessly as old Flowers passed on and fresh ones sprouted up in their place. The Mountain still stood tall above the rest, its expression changing as the Sun travelled across the sky. Each night, the Sun would say goodbye to the Mountain and promise to greet it the following morning.

One summer night, long after the Sun had said its goodbyes, a raging storm swept through the meadow. Thunder reverberated through the air and gusts of wind caused the Trees to sway

violently. The Mountain, with its enormous size, managed to protect most of the meadow by blocking the Flowers from the wind that would surely destroy them.

The Flowers looked up at the Mountain gratefully, praying that the tempest would soon end. Suddenly, Lightning struck the Mountain with a demanding boom. The Mountain shuddered as cracks raced across the surface, rocks falling from the gaping hole in showers. The Flowers watched fearfully as part of the Mountain crumbled and fell to the ground with a resounding crash.

The Storm's anger lessened as the night went on, eventually dying out as the Sun's golden tendrils began to stretch across the heavens. The clouds fled across the sky and the meadow was bathed in ethereal light.

The Mountain had been partially destroyed, yet still stood as sturdy as it had before. It gazed down at the pile of rocks that had once been a part of it and finally accepted what had happened. As the Mountain began to weep, it finally felt its first emotion: Sorrow.

It then shifted its regard to the life it had sworn to protect. Not a single Flower had been damaged. The Dandelions bounced gleefully to a soft breeze, thankful for the Mountain's courageous sacrifice.

The Mountain began to weep once more at the sight of its lively friends. It had felt its second emotion: Happiness.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emily Harris is a 16-year old student at JWMHS. She began writing stories when she was ten, and has never stopped since. She discovered her love for poetry at fourteen, and it has inspired her to someday publish her own book of poems.

REVIEWS

"Em should publish a book of her poetry one day."

- Donna Wagner

"I always look forward to reading her poems."

- Carol Intveld