Island of the Orange Poppy
By Arana Wells
This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me—
The simple News that Nature told—
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To hands I cannot see
For love of Her—sweet—countrymen
Judge tenderly—of Me

— Emily Dickinson
To a Young Poet

Time cannot break the links
Springing from the bird
Bird and wing together
Go down, one feather
No thing shall ever flow,
Not the Sunk, nor you,
Can die as others do.

Edna St. Vincent Millay
May the tide
that is not yet new
the days of your understandings
may you see
in the face of fear
May your kiss
the wind that 
wafts from
it
Certain that it will
love your back
May you
Upon your eyes to
Water which flows
forever
and may you
in your innocence
and through this
trust

Annika Clifton