Emily Spanos Lucid Blues

Unsullied veins of billow trail the gales that exceed the petals that float amidst the verdure. The

fingers of the canopies succumb to the sun's relentless chortle of torpor. Deftly swaying, being

ridden of all tumult. Capons scan the vista with lappets of credence. Amity and hope draw near.

Acreage

Emeralds and olives align the stems of the sward. Russet rims of twigs tighten the aura

of pine that surrounds the underbrush. Concave silts of scattered reveries succumb

to the mind of all farces. The root is yawning and callused with endeavored barb that harass

the neighboring miser that scurries on by. Lavish squalls beckon upon its fringed bulk of awe.

A Stork's Bill

Trifling stature amended by the stems in which lifts its body up above the lea. Heads

of seven mauve blossoms penetrate the tip of the beak.

Speckled bits of indigo ash are due for a further inquiry and mention. Florescent lime and

char in hue that comprises the stalks, subdue the adjacent florae.

Scarlet Tanager

Vibrant rubicund frame attached with dull leaden annexes that match its outlying extremity. With its ogles

as dim as the sky is night, which stares delicately amidst the branches of the tree. Coupled twigs for legs

and pointed thorns on the ends. Alas, topped with a suave bill of pearl, ginger and beige that lattice with ample dexterity.

Dogwood

Flowered fingered boughs wave ably in the wafts of imagined lifts that are carried

throughout an aura of oddity. The buds that flourish and thrive in the balminess of the

sun's gleams emit tranquil vales of desolation and absence. The itinerant will gaze with

great wonder pending the blooms to ignite the leers that are hidden within us all, waiting to escape.