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Helen

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Laura
Masonite
Mary Yezek

Gonzalez: Helen

To the morning star
and the haunted woods
To the gates ahead
and through fields of thorns
In fire I have traveled
from a bleeding wound
Through a French child's eyes
and a gentle hand

From the darkest ends of hatred
I forgave the reeds by the river
though their kind touch was never present
Their arms did nothing but push me into deep water
But it is you my morning star
in whom I've found hope
Knowing that light is living
and happiness can be found in darkness
Though my brush cannot capture you
all I am able is a shadow of your true beauty
If you could but be here now my dear friend
how you would smile and laugh

Although time has passed
I expect you would most love the spring
So like you in so many ways
After a long winter you were my revival
like fresh rain
You brought out my leaves
You put pigment in my flowers
You unfroze the glacier of my heart
You who fearlessly faced the end
no regrets and yet so little
so young with so much ahead
Only to be taken too soon
your light may have faded from this world
but you are shining elsewhere
even brighter than ever before.

Helen
Estefania Gonzalez