



**Honorable Mention
Adult Age Group**

Green

Inspired by Taylor Swift's "Red"

Loving him is decaying green, revived to pastoral green.
Nature washes over our bodies and life is unblurred.

He is sunrise and every piece of heat in between.
Sol wraps around our bodies,
drawn in by lips and limbs.

Loving him is losing my sense of stasis
when I glimpse a spec of *John Deere* in autumn fields.

He is meeting a part of myself that I'd never freed.
I revel in caw of old birds
who have known each other their entire lives.

Loving him is freshly cut grass
that I want to pour over my shoulders,
feeling all on earth that is made of him.

He is an old farmhouse hymn.
I knew the words before I knew his bones.

Taking over my vision,
searing green.

By Kelli Lage