

e Isaac, whom many believe  
h office, have repeatedly  
seen these humans kill each  
calculation, in heat became  
protection and mourning.

r, and I will give the  
identally - a cold  
ank and not come  
centric in his old  
ould like to tel

s for Syrian  
He painted  
dn't want

## Winter of Discontent

AMANDA HURLEY

It's a flurry of snow  
That dances in the soft, golden morning light  
My garden is pillowed with drifts  
Where just yesterday, asters bloomed purple  
And I trained a weeping wisteria to climb the neighbor  
Was that yesterday? It could have been months ago;  
It's been Tuesday all week  
And I have an eternal