

Uncited – Madeline Hammond

The light rain kissed my face
as I stepped outside, arms spread wide
Dull roars of thunder echoing through
the air
Sending chills of excitement through
my body
Sprinkling turns to pour,
Pouring turns to buckets,
Washing away the tension from my shoulders
More and more
Bringing back the skip in my step
As I made my way to the office.



disintegration – Lydia Lyndsay

heat tormented every quivering muscle-
teasing to the edge of collapse
every cell in her skull throbbed and
thrashed
unable to think



finally -- release
driving home through red lights
vision blaring like highbeams at midnight
the night was too bright for her eyes

she stumbled through her house
forcing herself to not cave into the stairs
the door seemed to open itself
inviting her to sleep

she sank into her sheets
the blinding pressure seemed to ease
a lead crown lifted off of her head
a relieved sigh escaped her lungs

the cool sheets hugged her like an old friend
everything seemed to slow
descending deeper -- deeper
disintegrating into sleep

YOUR MOON – CRISTINA LOPEZ SANDS

You keep telling me to not think
of myself as the center of the world.

But do you remember when I was the
center of yours?
People orbit each other when they're in
love.

They cannot stay away from that sunshine taste.
They are the biggest, most beautiful planets.
But on you there was no oxygen.
There were pieces of your soul I couldn't inhabit.
You faced me away from the sun.
I felt so lucky to be a part of your solar system,
But for you I wasn't your moon, and
for you I wasn't the one.



AWE OF AUTUMN – MARLIE TENNISON

It is autumn, the wind turns cold and the
grass thrives,
As rain pours from the romantic gray
skies,
Down to the stoic trees and the dying
leaves,
Beauty here is never quite what it
seems.



My soul feels most alive on the brink before death,
after choking in spring and suffocating in summer,
the relief of fall gives my soul the deepest breath,
I let myself be swallowed in the arms of sweater
weather.

It's like things are only perfect when the end is around
the corner,
I know any moment I'll turn around and it'll be winter,
yet my soul will always be alive in autumn forever.

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