**Third Place: Obsidian**

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Cold embrace

Of slumber’s hands

Allows dreams

To sweep my mind,

Recreating every detail,

Every feature

From your eyes.

Like new moons in the darkest night

To your midnight colored hair,

Like a sea of comfort midst all;

Yet you shine

As moon of my night.

Warm envelop

Of consciousness’ fingers

Enables my eyes

To realize

That no dream,

No matter how meticulously vivid,

Matches the way

Your laugh resonates

Deep within me,

Like a waterfall of euphoria

Upon my deserted heart