

## Erica Ray

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### A Poem Written For Rob

Fog winds through  
Mountains wooded with  
Tall, reaching trees.

The setting sun  
Colors everlasting  
Sinks below a  
Tie-dyed ocean,  
Glimmering and sleek.

Air crisp but  
Not too chilly  
Free of most  
Noise, unlike other  
Places that are  
Full of noises.

Flower petals on  
A gravel path.  
Tree branches reaching  
Down down down.  
Calm.

**Erica Ray** grew up in and lives in the Salinas Valley. For as long as she can remember, she has enjoyed writing stories about the world around her and fantasy creatures that will never exist but are still totally awesome. She attends York School and spends her free time writing fiction and poetry, riding her horses, and reading every single book she can get her hands on.