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1984 Poetry Contest

First Place Winner

PERCEPTION

By Cele Bona

I rest my fingers on the dusty screen, look out. Grandma chased by a bear, she told me that

story. She was little, running under pine trees in the North Woods. She tore

her yellow pinafore on thorns and was punished for the tear, sent

to the hay mow for supper. My old grandmother who smelled like a rusty pump

pinned that story into the hem of my green skirt one October night.

I saw her frightened face, her small feet flying over brown pine needles to her aunt

who shook her, told her not to make up stories. Always before, seeing the

pins marching between her lips, steely hairs growing on her chin, I thought she was always old.



A SHIFT IN TENSE

Someday a man on a mission to collect stardust and rainbows shall gaze from beyond the sky at a brilliant blue orb set in the velvet of space, at a country majestic from sea to shining yet see how easily crushed beneath the close-fisted clouds and think of a small house in a small town poised on the Great Lakes' very fingertip and know the buttons have been pushed and the atoms have screamed their primordial scream and only the hiss of the radio active remains and realize:

There was no place like home.

By David D. Richard