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Five Weeping Willows

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Third Place Winner

FIVE WEEPING WILLOWS

In the dark of the room
She lay alone
Unable to sleep
She lay dreaming

As the wind through the willows
Whistled outside
As outside the
Wind was screaming

She dreamed of a time
of a yesterday
When in love
Through the night they rode

In his open car they laughed
And sped
Sped

Sped madly
Down the road

The moonlight in the whistling wind
She felt
Like she was dreaming

The sudden curve
Too sharp to take
And heard her own voice screaming

From a home for two
To a house
For one
She had to look to buy

Her painful search lead to a
Yard
Of willows
That brushed the sky
Gazing up into the trees
Made her
Forget
The pain

The drooping limbs swayed in
The breeze
Saying
Come live again

A source of comfort through the day
When she
Moved in
The place

The willows taunt her
Every night
When
Darkness she must face

By Corrine Dietrich

Honorable Mention

WINTER'S JOURNEY

By Gregory T. Rajskey

In lands of Winter's shrouded scenes
Are hills with snow cascading there;
White hills there rise to darkling greens
Of pine-woods gently quivering.
A frost there hangs upon the air,
While on his staff a traveller leans;
He trudges up a snowy stair,
Around him, pine boughs shivering.

Through crystal air, a golden light
Pervades the hazy atmosphere
Illuminating, bluish white
The snow-drifts lightly shimmering.
The screaming crows instil no fear!
In those who eye their winter flight;
Their feathers shine with sunlight clear
That dances on them glimmering.

If snow should swirl on gentle breeze
And drift into a powdered wall,
Then pathways, too, may fade with ease
And leave one out of reckoning.
If crystal flakes of snow should fall
And mask the land of sleeping trees,
Still none could stay that hear the call
Of Winter's Journey beckoning.