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## Winter's Journey

Gregory T. Rajskey  
*College of DuPage*

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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

By Corrine Dietrich

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

# Honorable Mention

## WINTER'S JOURNEY

By Gregory T. Rajsky

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.