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Untitled

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THE VISIT

YOU bring my fear too near, rocking there in that chair. you are old and i blame you. i blame you for your hands, blue-veined and cold, for your halting walk AND talk and talk and talk. i blame you, yes, for being old and for bringing your fear here, - too close now to ME.

- Viola M. Bush



- Mark Pfefferman

Honorable Mention

Twisted Cherries

Reasons and lies smoky spirits on hot breath dancing new ideas; pleasing to the palate. Teasing: lingering aftertaste on the tongues of applecheeked cherubs with passion-broiled souls.

Seasons and skies swirls of cloudy birth and death turning with the breeze; squeezing underneath the mallet. Greasing: stinging what is chaste. bottom rungs of lonely harems with passion-soiled clothes.

Treasons and cries opaque images in mourning wreath swinging under trees; losing on the carpet. Creasing: lining time-worn face. songs were sung of fields so barren with passion-oiled holes.

- Margaret C. Hren