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## Twisted Cherries

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Wren Twisted Cherries

# 3rd Place

## 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 Pfeifferman

## 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.*

*Treasures 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