Twisted Cherries

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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

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