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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 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