

Lynn DeCaro Contest 2007 1st place

*Hannah Colbert  
Cornwall Bridge, CT*

### **Ice Breaking on the Housatonic**

It sounds like rain on sheets of thin tin.  
Shadowy patches bloom like bruises  
in air pockets under the ice's first layer.  
A pool appears in the midst of the fierce lace, quivering.  
A leading wedge falls, shatters with crystalline noise,  
the pieces skate across smooth patches.

The flung out arctic designs  
of fine bubbles trapped in hard chunks and slices  
are shifting, show as continents.

There's an open channel of water on the far side,  
swiftly carrying narrow ice-rafts downstream.  
A triangle floats uprights like a shark's fin, purposefully.

I feel like an observer  
watching the first peck  
crack the egg's translucent shell.

Lynn DeCaro Contest 2007 2nd place

*Felicity Sheehy  
Jefferson Valley, NY*

### **Thoughts at Midnight**

I have always loved the night,  
but in summer,  
the stars seem closer,  
like old friends  
who have dropped by,  
dripping champagne on  
the black carpet of sky.

Lying on the ground,  
a sea of stars stretched before me,  
cupped by the gray hands of the trees,  
I can't help but feel  
the magic of it:  
the warm summer air,  
the past stretched before me,  
the milky moon languishing  
on the horizon,  
each night insect  
telling its story to the sky.

My father has always told me,  
we have a very limited view  
here, but looking up at this  
swath of sky,  
shaped so much like a lake,  
I understand:  
this is all we need  
to know for now  
and we will learn the rest  
when it comes.  
Lynn DeCaro Contest 2007 3rd place

*Derek Gideon  
Rhinebeck, NY*

### **Argus**

One hundred opening lines  
One hundred first pages  
One hundred curtain calls

One hundred eyes in constant motion,  
irises the colors of a beetle's wing  
scarcely time to stop and examine  
one hundred pathways, obscured by mist

One hundred innovations  
One hundred perambulations  
One hundred open jars of ink

One hundred fireflies levitating in the frosty air  
his eyes trace them as they twirl and tumble

he wishes they would guide him but they do not care  
they just continue dancing in the frosty air

One hundred imps and dragons  
One hundred covered wagons  
One hundred inhalations before speeches

One hundred routes through murky forest  
of which he knows not which to take.  
Some eyes are sentries; others rest.  
One of them fixes on a puddle in the road

One hundred stars reflected in a pool of water  
One hundred click-click-clicks of crickets in the grass  
One hundred clearings of the throat.