

**Wallace W. Winchell 1<sup>st</sup> place**

Jeanne Wagner

**Homeliness –**

I always came to the houses  
from behind,  
through a gap in the box hedge,  
or an awkward gate,  
hanging awry,

past the half-empty garages,  
with their secretive caches  
of paint  
and gluey brushes,  
the spic-and-span scent  
of toxic fluids,  
perfumey rushes of gasoline.

In the yard, a skeletal bike,  
next to its sagging  
inner-tube gut.

But the wallflowers were always there,  
off to the side,  
framing the yards with their blooms.

*Marginalized* is the word  
that comes to mind.

Trees bent over their deadfall:  
woody litter of English walnuts,  
late persimmons  
like the lights  
from some port-of-call.

Why did I pick up the story  
in reverse,  
read the ending before  
the beginning?

Those entrances I saw  
only as an exit:  
the porch gaping on its haunches,  
a battered screen  
and then the door.

## Wallace W. Winchell Contest 2nd

Jean Tupper

### The Quarrel

the storm  
shakes my Japanese maple  
until it surrenders  
little pieces of itself:  
red leaves  
in the shape of hands  
on snow

in the white chill  
a sudden blast  
of wing-beating:  
purple finch  
fight for a perch  
on the dowel-steps  
of my feeder

hovering  
battling the air  
and each other  
for sunflowers:  
their squawk and flap  
comes through glass  
thin as the separation  
between us

## Wallace Winchell 3<sup>rd</sup> place

Margaret Iacobellis,

### Broken Dreams

There is a bird under my bed  
I can hear her scratching  
she wants to scratch my toes.

I call for my mother  
and she comes in her long white nightgown

Go to sleep, there is no bird, you are safe.

There is a bird under my bed  
she wants me to come with her  
and live in her nest far away.

I call for my mother  
and she comes in her long white nightgown  
You are five, much too big to live in a nest.

There is a bird under my bed  
I know she has a large nest and it is full of wasps  
and long wiggly worms.

I call for my mother  
and she comes in her long white nightgown  
she bends over my bed and her arms look like wings.

I call for my father  
but he flew away long ago.