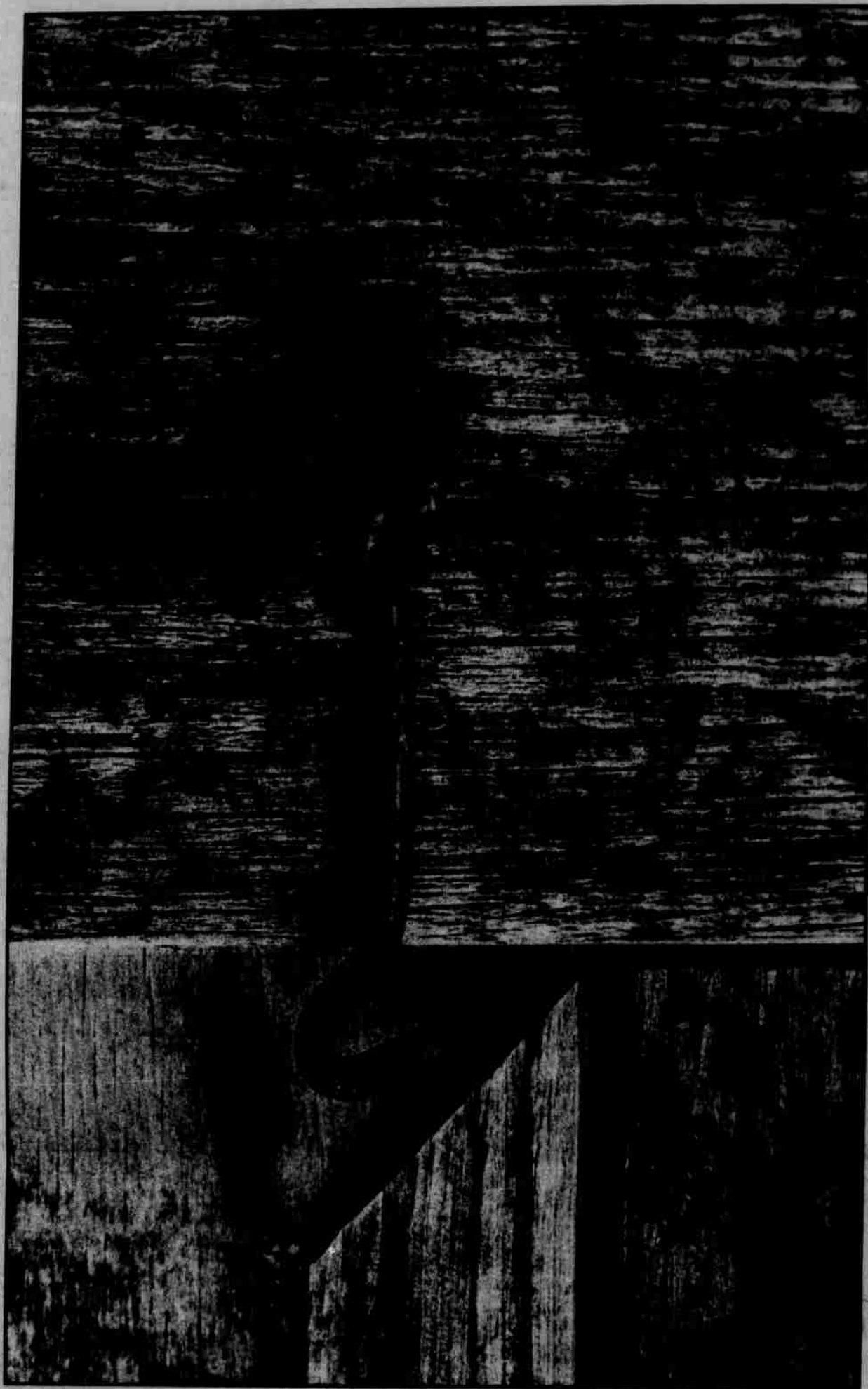


Gary Bauer
honorable mention photography

Cruel men

I know there are two feet of fawn-colored formica
Separating me from destruction.
In a word,
You have come too close.
Why am I so inexplicably drawn to cruel men
Like a suicide to a bridge?
Stepping to the brink of your eyes
I drive for coins and applause
And I do not return.
The gap between us
Shifts.
And so do I wade in.
Training wheels clattering? Do I
Fall all to death on my cliches
Like some disconsolate Brutus?
Oh I know the time has come
To back off from the cross-currents of your smile,
Stop short of muddying your seaweed-colored eyes,
Sylvia Plath myself
Out of the picture.

B.L. Eike
honorable mention
poetry



Ditty

The days since I have held you close,
Been held by dragon-eyes:
Darkness carved from violets,
More crippled than whens of whys;
Woven and worn in hows of forgets,
I deserts more deep than a rose.

The times I have wished you near;
All moments without time.
Lyric poet, sorceress —
Reduced to spellless rhyme.
Fears? They are hewn from force of confess,
From courage too soon for a we're.

O the songs that I would sing for you!
New silence in their deeps.
Discord drawn from heat of sweet
Lingers until the why weeps.
Songless and wordless you I will greet,
Regret having blurred into rue.

Therese Kennedy
honorable mention
poetry