

SECOND PLACE

Ben Reich

THE GREENEST BLADE OF GRASS

The greenest blade of grass
Witness to eternal darkness, sorrow, stench of death
Standing by, slowly withering while
Man's great advance
Becomes a memory, longing to be forgotten.

The sun never rising . . .
Tries in vain to give its light, warmth, its tender love
While skin grows more pale in the eyes of
gaunt, expressionless faces.

The shriveling men become the equal
Of what was once the greenest blade of grass.
And the affairs of grass and men are alike.
Yet dying men weep; for there is peace in the world,
While the blade of grass, grey and parched,
Cries, because it will never again see a sunrise.

THIRD PLACE

Tanya Becker

PEACE

I can sense your presence in the night when I am resting
And I feel your kiss on my face in the morning.

I've seen you holding hands with a preacher,
Keeping watch over a new-born child,
And embracing a simple carpenter.

There are some people who may never see you because
others have tried to banish you.
But you come, still, and reside where you are wanted.