

## COMMENDED: BARBARA HENSON

### NORTH

It was one of those days spent  
wishing I lived further north.

Away from this city  
of works and business,  
automobile yards and regional committees  
and extroverted festivals;

and orderly buildings where  
knowledge is laid out,  
inspected, dissected  
and filed away; where  
words words words  
announce, pronounce  
the names and meanings  
of this vast, disorderly, changing  
place I call my world.

Remembering suddenly  
a glitter of ocean,  
the downward curving  
of palm trees  
on an esplanade,  
and deep green trees  
on a hill.

Where a man explained  
that people came  
not for a job  
but a way of life . . .  
hippies who would not eat the seeds  
because of the power,  
a millionaire in faded jeans,  
silk shirt, and casual emeralds  
on skin too brown to tan . . .

people tired of outlines, actions, categories,  
seeking invisible quiet  
dissolving divisions, separations,  
finding knowing, unknowing immersion  
in bright green leaves  
growing in sunlight  
on a tropical hillside.

Just one of those days,  
I said.

Then, walking  
out into hot sunlight  
to change a hose,  
remembering  
here also are green leaves.

### COMMENDED: FIONA PERRY

#### LIVE BAND

If we'd not wanted him, he'd have died yesterday  
when the earth signed  
for him to lace its tiers like rum.

In our full bodies, at the hospital yesterday  
we became oblique  
diverting death  
with "you'll be all right".

We should have known the huddle  
of bone was claimed.  
Only our voices, those thin children  
filtering through like ghosts  
called him alive  
his heart, his heart.



REASON

Located  
phone KE  
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CINZAN

LUMI

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