

And once again they fall asleep with feathers gently touching,  
And dream of the day they spent together,  
A day which each will hold dearly,  
Till long after their youth and beauty have passed —  
Is it a wonder that birds are the symbol of love and happiness?

## SECOND PRIZE WINNER: TIM DONNELLY

### VIOLENCE

Blood streamed from a still body lying  
Lifeless under running feet.  
Wild animals struggled madly in uniformed arms  
Not to be caged.

Rocks fly at covered heads  
Crashing to the ground splintering into pebbles,  
Only to be ground underfoot.

Knights of blue with helmets and shields  
Slash their way through a dense forest of bodies  
With rods and sticks being jabbed into the soft  
flesh of the human body.

The snap of a bone is heard over all,  
and a cry for help is lost  
In the confusion of noise.

White cars with flashing lights  
Slowly wheel up as the crowd  
gets forced back into the narrow corridor  
of blood-stained bitumen.

Vehicles are upturned and  
Blacken in flames.  
The group turns, trapped between the knights.

They're quickly captured and tossed into  
The waiting wagons, like freshly caught  
Fish struggling for air, then locked up  
To disappear down the street.

Silence takes over.  
Nothing but a fat woman  
With a small broom, the handle broken  
Just below the top, sweeping the  
Broken glass off her front step  
Remains.

Then with a tear in her eye  
Disappears into her small hole  
In the wall of a seven storeyed cement block.