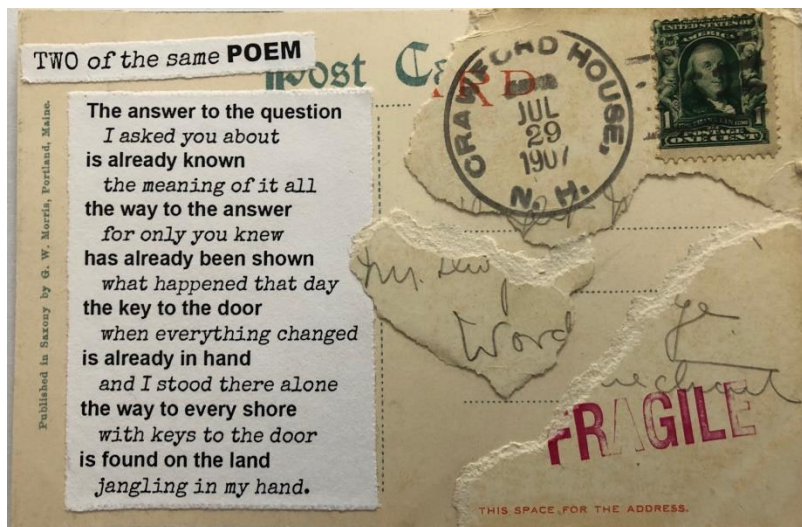


Award Winning Poems from *Post Script, an anthology of postcard poetry*:

1st Place:

Gregory Firlotte

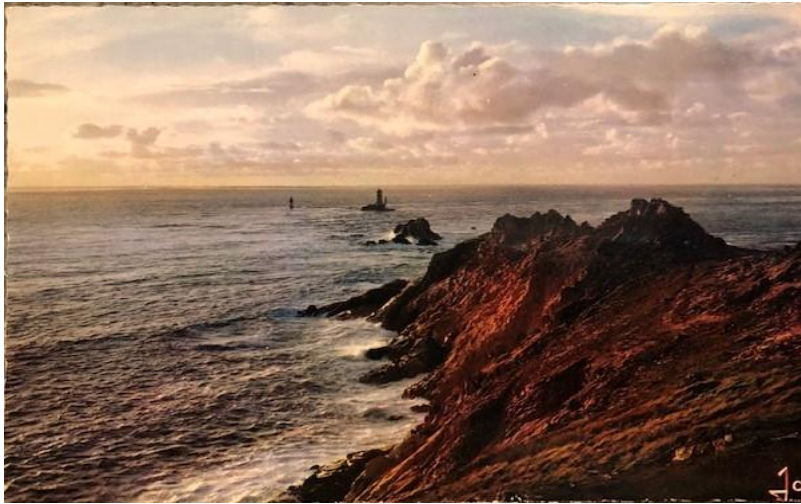
“Two of the Same Poem”



2nd Place:

Susan Donnelly

“At Finistere”



LA BRETAGNE EN COULEURS
MX 684 - Soir d'été sur la Pointe du Raz
(Finistère)

At Finistere

You and I perch
alone together
at the end of the earth,
isolated on this jagged promontory,
tasting wind-whipped air
and our own salty tears.
Tides rise and breakers crash;
we have made this pilgrimage
knowing it is our last
together.

IRIS
JOS

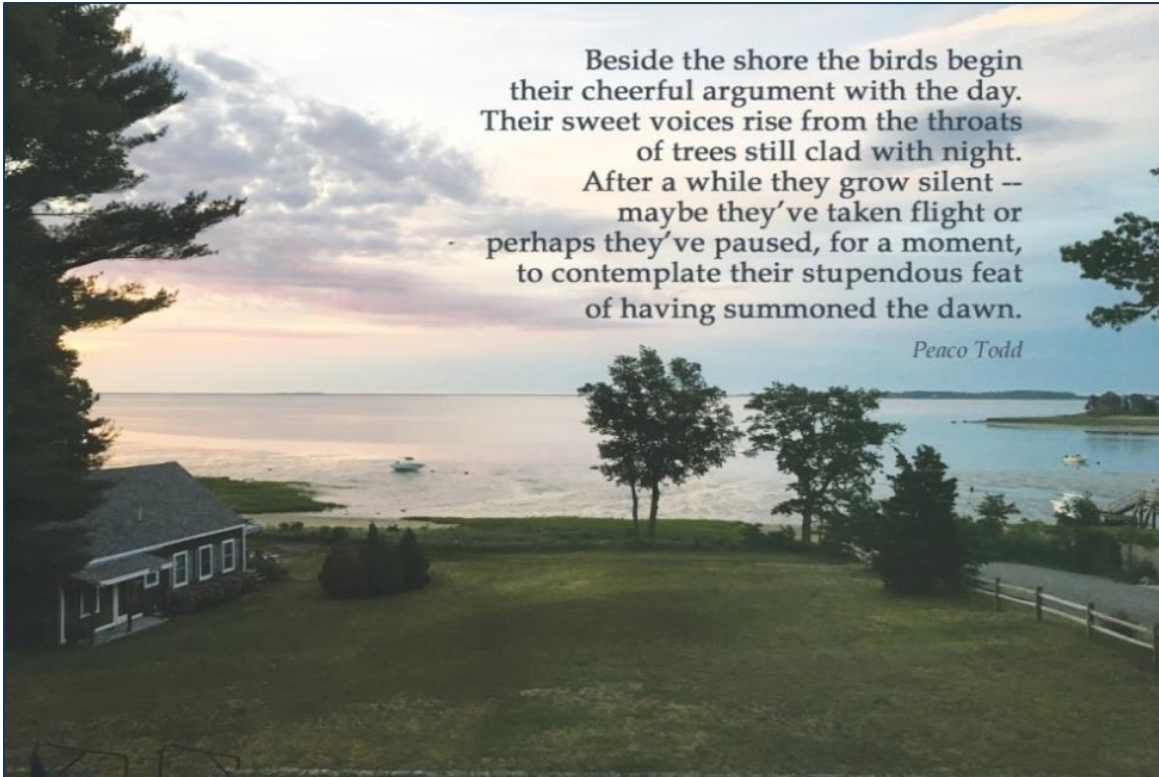
Editions d'Art JOS, Le Doaré, Châteaulin

DIPLOME
PRESTIGE
DE LA
FRANCE

3rd Place:

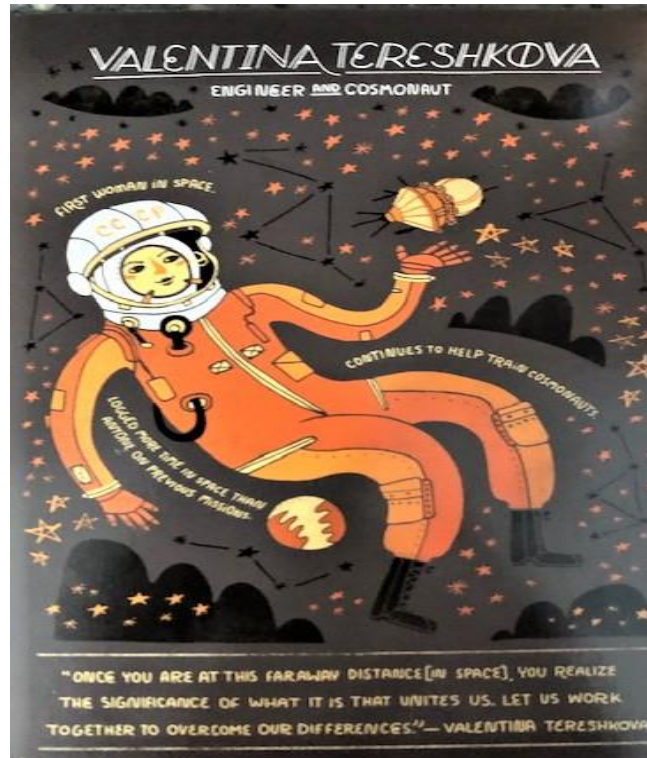
Peaco Todd

“Dawn”



Honorable Mention:

Stephen Seraichick **“Valentina Tershkova”**



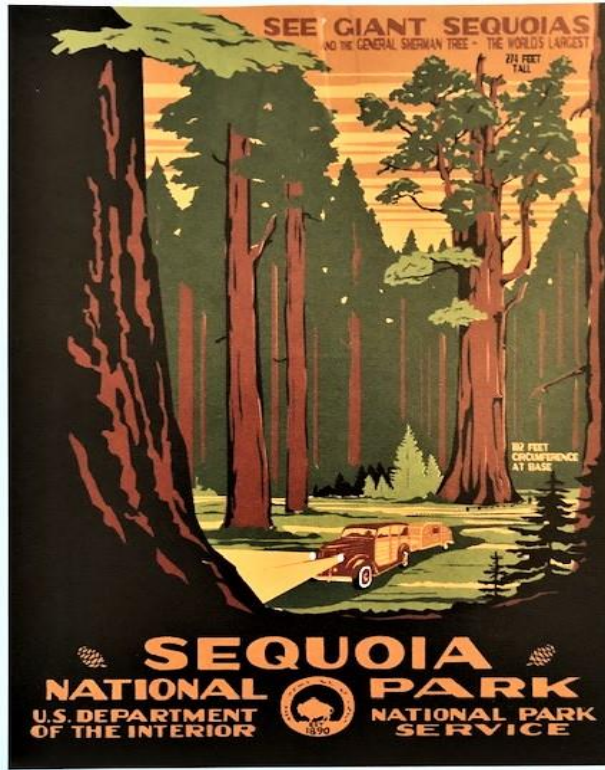
Valentina Tereshkova
(First Woman in Space)

Our memories are short
Time eats away at a world we once knew
Or thought we knew
And as the Earth spins us into the unknown
We lose things
People, places, events and even our youthful hair
Valentina gave us
What most of us could not fathom
But we've all but forgotten her
Or perhaps never knew her at all
And from her vantage point
Well beyond the blue
She wished us well in our short time here
To someday find what binds us all together

Honorable Mention:

Donna Pucciani

“Sequoia, Smoke”



Sequoia, Smoke

Today, leftover smoke filters through the cathedral of towering redwoods, praying through toxic incense. Scorched by the heat of neglect, they cannot fathom why they can no longer breathe.

Pollution echoes among the trees struggling skyward out of the gray haze of disbelief. Un-huggable, they are just too old, too big to be of value to millionaires. Once, their hugeness promised eternity, but now they succumb to the screaming flames of fog and fire, while ash rains down from a heaven that has all but disappeared.

Honorable Mention:

Karinne T. Heise

“Cadillac Ranch”



CADILLAC RANCH

If a place could be a postcard,
this is it, just west of Amarillo,
where eight old Cadillacs line up
like synchronized swimmers and dive,
one after another, into mud, kicking
their tailfins up to the sky.
I laugh with other visitors, rattling
spray paint cans hissing graffiti,
“I was here! I was here!”

END

But see more poems in our book “Post Script”

Available at toadbooks.com or via peterboroughpoetryprojec.org/books