

Winning Poems in 2020 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

1. Fixed Forms, Second Place

**Two Answers About the Road to Alamo, California** (*Sonnet*)

Sun, because this is the Valley and fog  
doesn't know it's supposed to hang around  
this middle January morning. Smog  
lurks, but skedaddles at the squelching sound  
brought by bedraggled rabbits, filthy sheep,  
and immaculate egrets as they scour  
for brunch and respite just before they sleep  
in sap-green pasture's intrinsic hour.

Cottonwood, because these were the calm trees  
that gave the town its name. The road led here  
and I followed to find the red-tails soar  
and scream in their sky-dance. Whether they see  
me, I am blessed by their assent to appear  
and show me another path than before.

Gary Thomas  
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