

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

3. Any Subject, Any Style, Third Place

Cove

Warmed by the sun,
the cat stretches itself,
lounging on the gazebo bench.
It eyes a large jay gorging seeds
we lifted onto the pole feeder this morning.
The cat's gaze moves to an osprey
gliding toward the opposite cliff.
It purrs. Yellow eyes follow the raptor's arc.
It wants what it sees.

My wife, deep in an afternoon nap,
sleeps wrapped in a fringed throw.
The ocean breeze reaches in
through the open windows.
The fringes blow slightly.
She seems almost feathered.

Waves bull into the cove, break,
Hiss over the sand like dissolving glass.
The waves have a way in and a way out,
a road home.

The osprey launches from the far cliff.
It curves out of the cove into
its unknowable number of days. My wife
wraps the throw around her shoulders.
She cradles the cat.
We watch the osprey disappear.

We both stand in the doorway
thinking of wings and feathers.

Greg Gregory
Antelope, CA