

Winning Poems in 2022 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

1. Fixed Forms, Third Place

(Concrete Poem)

Roadside Crosses

stopping along the
roadside to read the
inscriptions on the
sad bouquet of stiff
white crosses, there
are no words, only

losses, and faded plastic roses, and dusty earth-worn teddy bears, and deflated balloons. Why, I wonder, are they always white, these crosses? Are they ordered wholesale from some online catalog, packed in brown boxes, sealed with printed tape and delivered on silent porches? And why in the five thousand miles which I have traveled, have I not seen a single soul kneeling at one of these crosses? Perhaps someone will see me standing here and wonder at my solitude... if I am

paying homage to
my son or daughter,
loved ones, dear
friends who left
their broken bodies
in dried grass beside
the empty ditch?
Strangers they are,
they who traveled
this road, ending
their lives here, a
desperate final breath.

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