

Winning Poems in 2022 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

2. Short Poem, Third Place

Tendrils

A taste of memory
lingers on my lips
the kiss of a sweet pomegranate.
Open eyes search
the fields of youth
where a great horned owl
perched on a gray fence post
near the farmhouse
where I did not live.
Its tendrils reaching out,
a thread crackling electric,
a tremor in my bones.

Tom Myers
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