

Winning Poems in 2022 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

7. California, First Place

Solstice

On a foggy summer's day
Near the Golden Gate, far
From valley sunshine, she
Stands, statue on the lawn,
Vast with marble markers,
Awaits the sheen from sun
Struggling in vain to break
Through cold and gloom.

Grey encases her, floods her,
Weighed down with a marker
Of her own, one deep inside
Where no surgeon dare slice
Nor sculptor chisel it away.
Heavy, here on green slopes
Overlooking the Pacific, she
Stays in thick mist as she has
For five years on the first day
Of each season, stands ever
In black, today but an outline
Of herself back on June 21st
Though five years have passed
Since she joined friends and
Family for his farewell in fog.

Alone, yet she stands, carved
As before: a dark, silent statue
Ringed by wrought iron, flag
Drooping damp at the entrance.
Faithful, she waits, knowing
Mother Nature has provided
Apt weather and white blooms
To adorn her soldier's grave.

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