

We are pleased to announce the winners in HHWEN's Third Annual Poet Tree Project. First Place for 2011 went to Doug Pugh of Haliburton for his poem, "Morning ballerinas". Honorable Mentions were: "Be Kind" by Wilf McOstrich of Toronto and "Loneliness" by Gailon Valleau of Haliburton. Surprisingly, we received no Youth entrants this year.

Thanks to Alex Hamilton-Brown and Ron Evans for blind-judging this contest; to Pat Brown and Peggy Kennedy for co-ordinating it; and to Sheryl Loucks (R.D. Lawrence Place) and Kay Millard for their work in organizing and presenting another excellent celebration of the contest winners. The poems are now on display and in a binder for public viewing at R.D. Lawrence Place in Minden.

Morning ballerinas

Breath twists, I saw them dancing

daring to rise, timidly pirouette
in the glare of morning sun
unsure if spring was here
but this was no equinox bow,
naught but false dawn
a faint trace of solstice smile
on water not yet captured
in the maw of winter ice

still I watched them dance,
nothing but hope shimmering

satin white gloves
almost-hand in almost-hand
sliding across each other
intertwined and coiled, no blush
nor shadows stained their play
as mist nymphs danced on a lake

the lake, aloof, cool
unrippled by the whisper
of their feat

Entrant name : Douglas Pugh
Address : Haliburton, Ontario
Poem title : Morning ballerinas
Bio :

Douglas Pugh lives in Ontario with a logical wife and an insane menagerie. He likes to believe that he fills the gap in the middle. He writes poetry, short stories and has two novels for which he's looking for an agent, 'A pocketful of feathers' and 'Downtown'. In the last two years he has had poetry published in The Smoking Poet, Leaf Garden Press, Every Day Poetry, Mnemosyne Journal, ditch, The Toronto Quarterly, Conversation magazine, Death Rattle, bewilderingstories and Short Story Library as well as had works translated into Turkish and Italian. He is also the Fiction Editor/Interviewer for Haliburton based small press, The RightEyedDeer.

JUDGES' CHOICE FOR HONORABLE MENTIONS

Be Kind

Once when gusty winds did blow,
A seedling dropped to the ground below,
And nurtured by the wholesome earth,
Did start to sprout and then give birth
To a sapling slight and slender.

And given time with sun and rain,
This little seed, this slender grain,
Put down it's roots and broadened out,
Into a maple straight and stout,
Reaching for the clear blue sky.

And so the years slipped gently past
Until the tree, full grown at last
Stood tall, well cloaked in majesty,
To grace the forest canopy.
And never dreamed what man might do.

One day there came a buzzing sound
With crashing noises all around,
Echoing from the distant hills,
As men cut trees for hungry mills.
The maple felt a sudden qualm.

The men with saws kept coming on,
A pine tree down, some balsams gone,
Cedars swayed before they fell
Accompanied by a "TIMBER" yell.
The Maple knew what was in store.

So just before the saw's first bight,
The maple shook with all its might,
And loosed a seedling very small
And watched it tumble, watched it fall
Down to the forest floor.

In time the welcome sun and rain,
Breathed life into that tiny grain,
Till once again a sapling young
From the forest floor again was sprung.
New life from old.

You see, it's part of Nature's plan,
To redress the damage done by man,
So would you, could you, if you please
Be more kind to our forest trees.
They'll love you for it.

Mr. Wilf McOstrich
Toronto, Ontario

Loneliness

Circumstances delicate
- Volatile -
A spark could ignite
and blaze !
Or create a warm, soft, smolder,
Boundaries fluctuate, ...waver...
...break down...
...and build up.
A desire for love and tenderness,
grasping at the wind and
...sometimes...

Catching Hold...

of
something ?
...There it is ! ...
It blows away again...
Strength becomes fragility .
And fragility becomes strength .
We go forward (I think ?)
... to where ?...
I hope...
I love...

I think...

Gailon Valleau
Haliburton, Ontario

Title of Poem = "Loneliness"

Bio - I have been living in Haliburton since 1985, Am a freelance artist among other career paths. My father was a poet, writer, and musician . and so creative writing and poetic expression came more or less naturally to me and my sisters. Although drawing takes more precedence as my choice of creative expression goes, I keep a journal and tend to express myself creatively in this manner on occasion, when it seems to fit better.