

2nd Prize

Nikki Davis draws the reader into a swirl of Holiday emotions. She accelerates the reader from a lazy nostalgic tempo of a "time to be remembered so easily" to the bustling festivities of unwrapping gifts and the element of surprise; then back again to yesteryear...

She demonstrates for us that the Holiday period is a complex whirlwind of emotions, but reminds us that Beautiful energy (the Life Force) never dies.

—R Espier

Untitled

by Nikki Davis

A time to be remembered
so easily disregarded
as days go by.

Festivities. Kindness, delicious pastries,
well thought gatherings,
forget-me-nots all in all.
Why again, as days go by
The emotion seems to digress and
pessimism is the usual jest.
What's said, come one, come all
let's all become one.

But where does the memory reside
if not here or at home, after this time.
Yes magic, the unwrapping, the element
of surprise.

Appreciation, gentleness expressed.
Behavior of all deemed appropriate
exceptional at best.

Well, Beautiful energy never dies,
rekindled for the hearts sake.
Now, moments turn into another year
before one knows it.
And the time remembered
festivities, pastries, forget-me-nots
all in all

It will be the same as yesteryears
making up for the lack of sentiment
fleeting after times of awe.

1st Prize

Rene is a poet of enormous talent who writes prodigiously. In these two poems we experience his preoccupation with the place of Man in the Cosmos. In "Poesia dirigida" he wonders about life in other galaxies, whether there is a greater intelligence pondering the infinite, while Man inhabits Earth, validated by his Word and his Science.

In "My early steps" he refers to the Sun star, the greatness of the sea, the infinite water (as if the sea, again, is another world), and where he took his early steps on the Boca Chica Beach. Again, Man/child taking small steps toward the universe; trying to find his place in the Universe. He asks, is The Infinite Intelligence aware of our small steps, our existence.

Rene carries on a dialogue with God through his poems, and seeks to secure his place in the Universe.

—R Espier

Poesia dirigida

by Rene Ramirez

En otros universos

¿Seres lejanos?
¿Otros mundos?
Tal vez allá lejos,
en los universos,
bajo otras estrellas,
piensa otra vida
en lo que está solitario en lo infinito;
y aquí cuenta solitario el hombre
su palabra y su ciencia: planeta Tierra.

My early steps

by Rene Ramirez

The sun at the sunset hour
was a great sun
over a sea that was a great sea
a big yellow ball sun
over an infinite blue of water
and something stayed far
far and away
and far away under the big yellow ball sun
akin to the big mother blue
Boca Chica Beach
my early steps
without nothing
wondering in this universe.