

Top Honorable Mention

Julia Morris Paul - *Manchester, CT*

Walk On By Sonnet

Maybe I don't see the stains on her sweater,
that her face is dirty, her hands are worse.
It's cold outside. I'm mailing a letter.
She crouches near a wall, clutches her purse.

Maybe I don't see rips in her pantyhose,
worn out shoes. The wind in her face brings tears
that run down her cheeks, snot under her nose.
It's clear that she's getting on in years.

*Sixty-six years old, she says to no one
but me. Ain 't got no where to go, no where.
Took my car, took my house. Now I'm a bum.
On the streets every day. Just ain't fair.*

Maybe I don't see the look in her eyes.
How can I walk on by her otherwise?