1. Edgar Allan Poe Memorial, Gregory Donovan, Judge

**Letting Go –Donna Isaac**

**First Place**

When wind in pied trees sighs

they have not long

their hold on gold.

A nun said "Lost time is never found."

Autumn is here. I must escape to the mountains.

I am masked and gloved and flying.

I have a nephew in prison,

let's call him Lee. His mother

will be 80 the day he's out.

Lee plays the drums like Lars Ulrich

but with covid he lost music room

privileges. He eats baloney sandwiches in his cell.

The staff refused a hardback book

about Metallica I sent him.

Soft covers only.

They sent back a letter

with an address sticker

also several birthday cards.

Lee's had an infected toe-nail

over three months.

Once I couldn't enter the prison

because of my open-back shoes.

When there's fog, prisoners are locked down.

Two rivers flow nearby.

An abattoir of shrikes, a bouquet of warblers,

shrouds over a southern battlefield.

A little boy collects rust and reddish leaves.

He pastes them in a book where the glue

will harden, the leaves, crack.

I sip red wine ringed by the Big House range.

A blue moon is rising soon.