

(1) **Honorable Mention**

Julia Morris Paul - *Manchester, CT*

Writing Home

Ten bucks
between him and broke.
Eviction Notice
taped to the door.
He notices. The door's solid
truth between him
and consequence.
He'd sing for his supper if he could,
but even the chains aren't hiring.
Would phone
for a Moneygram
but that line's worn thin,
thin as the carpet underfoot,
thin as his resume.
Conversation he doesn't own
wafts in from the hallway
like tendrils of smoke
through cracked walls.
He writes the words down
in an act of larceny.
The poem will testify
against him one day.
He drinks verbs that spill
when he reaches for thoughts
he pawned last week.
He thinks
thinking will save him,
but answers cost more
than the change in his pocket
and a notebook of blank verse.
He needs re-definition,
he wants to thesaurus *home*.
He leans like a virgule
between options that don't exist.
Sheets of rain
hang on every line he Writes.