

PLACES, FOR LOST FRIENDSHIP, DURING WINTER

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Second Place, Poetry

A row of pickling jars on the top step in a Michigan November; I wade through the sulfur of dusk-light. Within the fluid, dead eels in a vinegar canteen, each the pulp of a childhood mummy. At the door, the brass knocker, a wishbone in my Darwinian hands - if I could only tear the metal in two and follow delinquent luck. Instead, I slowly lower, turn & gather the glass, place the jars on the shelf labeled *Sole Quantity* hoping I'll never need it, but knowing how the world is prone to end.