

First Place

a poet's thoughts on emigration

*As I prepare to leave this nation
For Jamaica, my destination,
And look ahead with consternation,
Oh how I fear,
That I may fall to Nick's temptation
As overseer.*

*What will be my compensation,
To wield the whip in that profession
And bring about capitulation
Of others will?
I see ahead but God's damnation
Shall leave me ill.*

*My mind, in conflict and confusion,
As here I am no man's possession,
Yet I don't rage in condemnation
Of that hell on earth.
Pray God will hear my true confession,
For what it's worth.*

*I now reflect in consideration,
Ayrshire's fields or some plantation,
And search my soul for confirmation
Why I should part.
To such an evil destination,
With heavy heart.*

*Oh Scotia, how I love thee so,
A sign I ask so I shall know
If I should stay or I should go.
While, in contemplation,
If here at home
Should be my station.*

*Our heroes stand in bright reflection,
Bruce and Wallace at attention.
They rose with hope and inspiration
In freedoms cause.
But knew they'd need to seek redemption
Should they have paused.*

*I reaffirm my dedication,
To mankind and reformation,
Upright in stout anticipation
All will be free.
And rise amid the acclimation
Of equality.*

*No, departure it is not for me,
Nor foreign lands across the sea,
I pledge myself to liberty
And state with exclamation!
Release the chains of slavery,
Pronounce, EMANCIPATION!*

Jim Hutchens, Calgary, Alberta

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Second Place

STERLING CURRENCY

Tha confidence o' sillars hold,
is in its wirth, sae we aire told
a boddle is a boddle bold,
tho I'm scarce wirth a plack,
an' weighed agin it's dod o' gold,
it's samthin I mae lack.

Noo in this werld o' measures short,
sure barter weighs, fer whit is boucht,
a groat nae owns whit we hae soucht;
it cannae buy a name;
sae in tha daein, wisdom's toucht,
true value's in yer fame.

An poond fer poond an' wirth on wirth,
tha werld's a place o' muckle girth,
sae tak a freenship fer its mirth,
an didnae coont its coin;
an whaen acountin fer yer birth,
sure ithers mae purloin.

Ken geld an' sillar hae a weight,
wirth mer tae thaem in kingly state,
fer thaem it haes important bait,
but we hae herd mettle;
sam sae it's grace, I sae it's fate,
advices honest fettle.

A fig tae thaem wi bundled cash,
who think themselves a wee bit dash,
fer wirk an' effort maks mer splash,
in oor 'splay o' heaven;
an' whaen tha merkit's apt tae crash,
we'll hae breed tae leaven.

Bawbies mae graw a unicorn,
tho sam mae laff an mony scorn,
there's nane caun graw a seed o' corn,
on ony merk o' day;
sae thank tha day that yoo wir born,
an' earn yer daily pay.

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Third Place

Scotland

The misty Isle of Scotland
Calls out across the deep:
"Come home to me , my children.
There are promises to keep.

Promises of leafy glens,
Promises of streams,
Promises of sparkling Lochs,
Promises of dreams.

Promises of kith and kin,
Heritage to claim;
Promises of castles,
Promises of hame.

Promises of cozy chats
'Round the inglenooks,
Promises of Robert Burns,
Poetry and books.

Promises of music sweet,
Fiddlers fine and fair.
Promises of dancing feet,
Songs that fill the air.

Promises of sunset hues
Reflected in the sea.
Promises of heather blooms
Dancing on the lea.

Promises of loving folk
Welcoming you there.
Promises of choirs and spires
Enfolding you in prayer.

Come back to me , my children.
Come to the misty Isle.
Come, the white rose is blooming.
Come and stay awhile.”

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