

2015MCC Creative Writing Contest

Poetry

My window pane, an icy torrent strikes the glass.
Small drops inscribe ornate designs; a strange,
Obscure tongue speaking to this soul of mine.
This quiet voice, it has to be seen as well as heard.
My eyes cannot translate those words, but these
Truths inscribed, my soul cannot refute, nor fail
To hear. So, here I sit as these drops fall
And here, my healing heart will find relief.

JUDGE'S COMMENTS

I'm drawn in by the power of the rain image for the speaker, but then when I try to figure out the