

2025 BC GATOR SR GAMES & SILVERARTS LITERARY ARTS

Sub-Category			Title	Place
Poem				
	Domini	Boling	Hope in the Rain	
	Domini	Boling	Train Back to Hong Kong	3 rd
	Paul	Buckley	The Wait	
	Ken	Formalarie	Transition	
	Ken	Greenman	A New Sport For Me	
	Ken	Greenman	Birds On A Wire	
	Eric	Mens	To a Dear Friend	2 nd
	Calvin	Peterson	Living for today	
	David	Rogers	Lucky Me...	
	Alisa	Sofield	Seasons of Love	
	Alisa	Sofield	Sweet Memories	
	Janet	Stiegler	A Day in Fiordland National Park	1 st

Hope in the Rain

Poem

By

Domini Boling

Hope in the Rain

It rained a little today.
Someone close to me used to say God baptizes the earth with rain.
Indeed, rain cleans surfaces, seeps into soil,
And nurtures growth.

Today rain cleared the pollen off the glass table top.
Bright sun illumined it.
I can see through the glass to the floor of the deck.
A deck nailed together
With many stories hidden in its planks.

Yet, Cluttered with a tree's unwanted remnants
From another life,
Yearning to be swept away,
That a vision of a tiny stem may emerge.

Rain washes that old life away,
Blossoms rise up to bloom.
My worn-out hurting places sense new life.
Hope is found!

A new beginning is coming, soon!

Train Back to Hong Kong

Poem

By

Domini Boling

Train Back to Hong Kong

In the gap between towns of lives unseen
The train picks up speed,
Until the buildings dissolve into grassy hills.
I view from afar,

Glimpses of a shabby existence
In a foreign world unreal to me.
Faces of humanity suspended in time
Between pain, hurt, need, and love.

Inside the train, bodies of quiet people with solemn expressions
Rock to the movement of the train.
Faces stare back at me.
Some with indifference,

Others with a smile, but most with curiosity.
I am aware of the distance between us,
Just as they are... language, dress, color, hair...
I share with them this moment between our lives.

For a brief time, their existence becomes a realization
Of the humanness of humans.
Grandparents hold little ones, parents feed children.
A carefree adolescent watches me from the top bunk across.

With the rise of night,
My body lies against the wall that separates me from other bunks.
The sideward motion of the train infuses to my body.
The hard surface comfortable, a surprise to me,

As I cock my head to see between shaded windows.
Pockets of light fight to get through as China speeds by.
If only I could stop within this suspended journey in time,
And see and feel another part of China.

I slide out of bed to savor a look.
As if I could catch a glimpse of the lives passing by.
The darkness arouses meandering thoughts
Of places only found in books and movies, sought by me.

The train slows down as I balance in the narrow aisle,
Watching as we approach a station.
Across the tracks,
Another train...more people...steam.

A cold lonely platform with one identifying sign,
Of an unreadable name,
Another unseen place.
While on the train...back to Hong Kong.

The Wait
Poem
By
Paul R Buckley

The Wait

As I stand in firm embrace, the cold wood tingling my fingers,

I wait.

My eyes search, my heart beats, exploding in my chest, my body hot despite the chill on the air,

still I wait.

By his smile, I know the pitch is coming, fast and strong, looming before me as in slow motion. I must be patient, the timing just right,

so I wait.

Adrenaline burst within my veins, my brain shouts, Don't miss! Don't miss! The bat heavier, the ball blurs as it grows near,

And I wait no more.

My body's motion is fluid, like water flowing,

I swing, the ball soars higher and higher, lost in the darkness for a moment, and then it appears, spinning beyond all boundaries, all worth,

the wait.

Transition

Poem

Ken Formalarie

Steady rain today.
Muffled thunder from a distance.
Birds barely visible.

Light flashes over a tree, more thunder, more rain, more drip...
Hummingbirds, oblivious, jousting over drenched nectar.
More longing for one heart to lighten the load and smile away the pain.

So many thoughts slip away in anxiety, leaving me slightly unhinged.
Always something left undone, someone not tended to, everything a race!
The joys of being alone in sweet rain, crushed under the weight of living.

Steady peace in watching the rain. Thoughts quieted.
Threads of light pierce through dreary gray, threatening to exist.
Exhausted Hummers stop racing and fighting to dine in tranquility.

This time spent procrastinating, now refreshed, no longer melancholy.
A new spirit delineates the difference between success and failure...
These moments, spent childlike, lost to the presence of Hummingbirds.

This time with an audience of self, self-indulgent, but not selfish!
Spending time in new reflection, self-healing.
The bell has tolled; this time is no longer mine.

A New Sport For Me

POEM

By Ken Greenman

A NEW SPORT FOR ME

As I've grown olderly, I've found a new sport.
Sitting still!

But though my wife encourages me
to play it enthusiastically, (given my age)
sitting still is a contact sport
and compared to all the other sports
I've managed to beat-up-my-body playing,
it's a tough one.

Your ass connects to the rocker
but meanwhile your wrestling against decades
of habits in the head just to stay put.
You have to strain against a lifetime-to-the-contrary
just to sit there.

Stillness is a difficult skill to master.
Harder than hitting a low, inside curve
or ankle tackling a shifty half-back.
It requires emotional will, concentration.

You have to train, easy at first,
like prepping for a marathon.
Struggling through, say, fifteen minutes of doing nothing
while your heart rate rises, 115...120...

Angst, you see?

Fighting inclinations toward all those essential activities
you should be accomplishing:

Mowing the lawn...

Saving the world...

Spray painting the heron statue out by the berry bush.

Tell yourself,

"Easy there, Buddy! Give yourself some time!
After a while, once everyone has shed a few tears
and walked back down the hill to their cars,
hopefully not in a pouring rain,
you'll be an expert!
All that training will kick in.
Sitting still will be easy.
Just like it was
to breathe."

Birds On A Wire

POEM

By Ken Greenman

BIRDS ON A WIRE

Whenever I see a row of sparrows ,
perching,
an aviary congregation on a power line,

I think to go to church.

To kneel, wings folded,
feathers to feathers with fellow believers,
feeling the sacred current humming within us,
hearing the harmonies of holy hymns
filling the sanctuary around us,
the sermon sung by a cardinal.

Then,
after we've warbled the final doxology,

I'd flutter off into Sabbath sunset
to nest with the rest of the flock,

as visiting angels
fly away Home.

TO A DEAR FRIEND

LITERARY ARTS – POEM

by Eric Mens

To a Dear Friend

Don't be swayed my friend
By what you think you see
Our eyes are not our friends
When through their looking glass
We covet what appears to be.

Don't be so swayed my friend
By what you think you hear
For listen closer now
And you will surely hear
The gasps, the cries of others' fears.

Behind the silvered curtain
Of what appears to be
It's never quite the same
For what you think you hear and see
Is not what is, in fact, reality.

You see the happiness
That justly should be yours
The smiles, the laughs of others
Bring only pangs of emptiness and fear
To dwell so close, held near and dear.

Take heart my friend
Look closer now at their eyes
And you will surely see
Reflections of the pain
That's also deep inside of you.

So don't be swayed my friend
By what appears to be -
It only brings you pain.
Don't look at what appears to be
It's never quite the same.

It only seems that way
Through eyes that yearn for love
And what I wish for you my friend
Is there already--strong and deep
Inside for only you to see.

Your light shines through so others see
And for the moment you should live
For life is ever short my friend
And what appears to be
Is now, in fact, reality.

Live For Today

Calvin Peterson

Live For Today

**Live for today
Yesterday is dead and done
You can't rewrite history
And tomorrow May
Never come**

**Live for Today
For the present is at hand
Let's put our best forward
For we know not
The Master's plan**

**Take a chance, step out of
That comfort zone
And don't be afraid, But be kind to your neighbor
He may have to come To your aid**

**Don't burn down bridges
You may have to back track your steps
And find a cupboard empty
Where once plenty was kept.**

**God gives us breath
But no one knows for how long
We all walk our walk
Sometimes right, sometimes wrong.**

**Life so precious and sweet maybe taken in the blink of an eye
And there's no guarantee you'll get the chance to say
I love you, bye bye**

**So live for today with hope in your heart
For you and tomorrow maybe so, so far apart**

Calvin Peterson

Lucky me...
Poem
By Dave Rogers

Lucky me... I planted a tree –
not far from my door and beyond, mid-way to the forest floor.

It's not every day I bring life into the fray; A twig really - without leaves,
rescued from a highway crevice.

It stands limply alone, cradled in ample space amongst towering brethren
that will adjust to help it along its way.

I observe it from my window, struggling forlornly against the wind and cold -
dried leaves gather round its base... survival hangs in the balance.

Sun and rain re-energize the spring awakening.

Pollen is everywhere, and all stretch to fill their buds.

Soon, the gift of puberty will manifest a magnificent display of colorful
blossoms, and all manner of animated life will busily rejoice in the plentiful
succulence of sustenance.

Now, in maturity, it stands tall, beautiful, and proud; independent yet
blending with the wonderful mosaic of the forest.

There is excitement in the stormy gales that test their anchors and the frantic
flailing of clashing branches for cleansing.

There is order here, and one wonders about the mystery of communication!

I look at my tree often and sometimes visit – admiring the colors, feeling its
strength, breathing its aroma, tasting its fruit and even tracing intricate leaf-
designs.

It securely supports my swing and on summer days it offers a cool, quiet, and
peaceful retreat.

I love my tree.

Seasons of Love
Poetry
Alisa Sofield

Seasons of Love

Love is a delicate flower
That sways to and fro
In the gentle breeze
of Spring.

Love is a colorful butterfly
Which lifts the spirit
Like the warm sunshine
of Summer.

Love is a brisk walk
Among the colorful leaves
In the chilly winds
of Autumn.

Love is a comforting warmth
On a snowy day
That keeps away the cold
of Winter.

Sweet Memories
Poetry
Alisa Sofield

Sweet Memories

Sweet memories often take me back
To simpler times from days gone by
When life seemed young
And so did I.

I recall the carefree times
Spent with friends and family
I yearn to be with them again
And reminisce of our sweet memories.

These thoughts always bring me peace
Just like a songbird in the breeze
In times of sadness and of grief
I remember these sweet memories.

Still, I look forward to days ahead
With loved ones, young and old
To share our affection and happiness
And cherish our sweet memories forevermore.

A Day in Fiordland National Park, New Zealand

(Poem)

by Janet Stiegler

A Day in Fiordland National Park, New Zealand

At early sunrise we set outbound
Northwards toward the Milford Sound.
Morning mists a blanket formed
Upon the mountains and icy gorge.

The forests bursting, lush and green
Filled with wildlife rarely seen.
Around each curve a different scene
A kea* on our bus did preen!

And then on Milford we did sail,
Whose beauty against which all else pales.
Dolphins, seals, and majestic falls
Cascading down the mountain walls.

Fringed with fiords, fourteen in all,
This untamed coast makes one feel small
For though man oft such glory seeks,
Few have scaled its alpine peaks.

Returning home 'fore a setting sun
A rainforest hike around Lake Gunn
Paths of fern carpets and ancient red beech
Trunks and gnarled branches to heaven they reach.

Glacial valleys, crystal lakes
Mountains formed from ancient quakes
The Fiordland! The Fiordland! Oh, what a day!
Your unmatched beauty takes our breaths away!

*The kea is a large parrot only found in the forested and alpine regions of New Zealand's South Island.