

Winning Poems of the

2009 Write a Poem for This Photo Contest

Wear Something Red

"Wear something red—"
His last hotmail had said,
"So I will know it's you.
I've booked a room for two,
I'm sure it's safe—but just the same,
I made it in another name.
And just in case my train is late,
(It gets in at half past eight),
You should just sit and wait."

I never did believe in fate,
A "likely" story I can easily create,
And so I lied about my weight—
About my age as well—I have to say,
(He'll never know my true birthday).
A few more pounds I need to lose,
But proper foods are hard to choose.
This suit—it does look somewhat tight,
But all the same it looks all right.

I like to show a flash of thigh,
But just enough to catch his eye!
Of course a lot depends on how I sit,
How much to open that inviting slit.
I'm glad it shows my cleavage too,
Although for him it may be nothing new.
I like my hat (not recently designed).
It took a lengthy search to find,
Dear Mother's hatbox—for ages out of
mind.

Her skilful milliner—long dead!
I'm sure she would have said,
"Wear something mod instead."
Too late now! He said he wanted red.

Speaking of time: did I misread?
I'm almost certain he agreed,
To keep in touch at any rate,
("I'll call you if I'm running late.")
But ... why would I expect a call?
(Sigh) I don't have a "cell" at all!

Now it's almost half past ten.
I've learnt my lesson once again,
Where is this "Renaissance Man" of mine?
("Likes music, food and wine—
Seeks lady friend to share fine things
of life—and any thrills life brings.")
Too bad! I should have known then,
I've been a pawn for men again.

Carl Abbott, MD

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These poems are the winners of the 2009 Write a Poem for This Photo Contest. Congratulations to contest winners Carl Abbott, Christine Hudak, Bhagirath Majmudar, Newton Scherl, and Ali Valdrighi.

The Woman with Everything

There she sat in another lobby
Checking into a fancy hotel
But from the downcast turn of her red lips
It may as well have been a cheap motel

Suites plucked straight from Hollywood
films
Littered with thousand dollar wine
Private jets at her disposal
Everything was perfectly divine

Yet our privileged heroine
Felt a million miles from grand
Even with so much finery
At the drop of a hand

She couldn't help remember
All the times before
The empty lonely nights
As another marriage hit the floor

Her family torn to shreds
Children in stony, silent tears
No one left to ease the burden
Of the long stretched out years

The woman with everything
Sat alone with all her bags
Wondering why if she had everything
She felt like all she had were rags.

Ali Valdrighi

Ms. Valdrighi's e-mail address is: alivaldrighi@netscape.net.

A One Bag, One Leg Lady

Ready for a solitary journey
All longings and belongings
compressed in a single bag
filled with dying sighs and tamed tears.
Stretched out handle held by
invisible, resolute hands
ready to carry the cargo.

A discovering head covered with a hat
uncovering a thousand loose threads
finally untangled, free of knots.

A window showing a blind future
and a past swarming with emotions
that came to a standstill
like a spinning top.

Guts, glia, gonads joining
in harmony with her heart.
Life—a tragedy to one who feels
and a comedy to one who thinks.

Her feet fatigued from dragging
will now take steady steps
on a leg that lags no more
to reach an unknown address.

May the winds blow on her back!

Bhagirath Majmudar, MD

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Undaunted

“Vamp,” they whispered,
Not softly enough, as she
Strode from the soir e.

“Kept woman,” others hissed,
Citing her wardrobe,
Jewels and seductive currency.

Look below the hat and
Above the d colletage
And see the truth.

Somber resolve.
Courage to embark on
The next journey.

Determination to leave
Luxurious, meaningless trappings,
For the wealth of today.

Christine D. Hudak, MD

Dr. Hudak was elected to AQA in 1991 at the Ohio State University College of Medicine. Her address is: 444 North Main Street, Akron, OH 44309. E-mail: hudakch@summa-health.org.

Reflections on a Photograph

This woman in red
Appears very well fed
A stylish hat sits upon her head
I approached her with fear and dread
She turned to me and then she said
“I’m on my way to again be wed
My late husband is now officially dead
I am heading to my new love, Ned
I hope he will be as gentle in bed
This bag I carry appears weighted with lead
It contains the ashes of my deceased Fred
I’m looking for somewhere they can be spread”
We glanced, we parted, no tears were shed
I hope she is happy—this woman in red

Newton D. Scherl, MD

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