

Goddess Sighting on the Corner of Sunnyside Road and the I-205 North
Jone MacCulloch - 1st Place Winner

Ancestors sheltered under you, protected by the east wind's bitterness.
You are the landmark, guiding commuters home—*exit at the white oak*.
In the madness of traffic, I stop at the red light, a moment with *quercus garryana*.
Inhaling your wood-spice scent, I breathe deep—pause.

You are the landmark, guiding commuters home—*exit at the white oak*.
Once you served as a passageway for time travelers.
Inhaling your wood-spice scent, I breathe deep—pause.
Tracing your deep furrows, I wonder how many you healed?

Once you served as a passageway for time travelers,
Offering shade from the blistering sun, acorns for sustenance.
Tracing your deep furrows, I wonder how many you healed?
Towering with wisdom-gnarled limbs, you are the lone survivor of your grove,

Offering shade from the blistering sun, acorns for sustenance.
On full moons, I dream of celestial *ceilidhs*, dancing through the night.
Towering with wisdom-gnarled limbs, you are the lone survivor of your grove,
With seven crows roosting on your limbs each night.

On full moons, I dream of celestial *ceilidhs*, dancing through the night.
In the madness of traffic, I stop at the red light, a moment with *quercus garryana*.
With seven crows roosting on your limbs each night,
Ancestors sheltered under you, protected by the east wind's bitterness.