Juror Selections Season 16 - Poetry Moves
September 2026

To Hold Me

Kate Eagar
Vancouver, WA

He treasures my hair as if it were gold
Charts the constellations in my freckles
He says I am his sun
Beautiful from afar
A devouring heat if you come too close
Like a rose, I bloom tenderly in his hands
Yet I prick the boy that holds me so gently

Dance of Late Autumn

Liz Edwards
Vancouver, WA

With a practiced move, he faces her and reaches out
their hands grasp firmly and they turn.
She grips her cane and they move forward
each adjusting to the other's step.
Slowly, she takes her seat and he bends to her
lips faded as the final. fallen leaves
seek the comfort of familiar kiss..

Repair

Paulann Peterson
Portland, OR

A hummingbird needle-stitches
our world together, bloom by bloom----
fine overcast sutures taken
deep within each flower's heart.

A Long Way To Go Til Dreamland

Alexsander Havens
Battleground, WA

The bird call of the turning bus sings me to dream
Metal screeches and moans of an old living thing
Nesting generations of infants on migration routes
I see people more connected than different
Sharing stories and life like barbecue tales
The overhead speaker calls out home
Short lived I wake, still such a long way to go

Cosmic

Sossity Chiricuzio
Portland, OR

kiss me like a sky full of stars shooting
down my spine, spreading roots
deep seeking tendrils winding around
nerve endings, blooming into nebulas
sky blue, mammal red, fern green
microcosm of your lips warm
and gloriously familiar against mine

Homeward

Jennifer Pratt-Walter
Vancouver, WA

I am learning how to give thanks
for unexpected things—
we are all finding the way home
to ourselves, where we learn to see with eyes
we didn't know we had.

La Brisa (The Breeze)

Jacqueline Lemus-Govea
Gresham, Oregon

Fantasma oriental
Duermes ciego
entre olas de sal
Manos clavadas
A una nuca
De madera y seda
Manchadas de sangre seca.

Ogdenashiness

Bob Passera
Battleground, Washington

When it comes to the Blue Heron
There's just no comparin'
Their wings to a Pterodactyl
Just wouldn't be practical

Moon Off Mississippi Ave

Hailey Duggirala
Tigard, OR

Yes: I met the moon. Right off Mississippi Ave,
yellow light winding like ribbon through her hair—
sweet midnight dripping like water from her chin.
I would have stopped to offer her a ride, but
the wind changed, the world breathed, and
when I blinked she was gone, leaving nothing but
a pale sidewalk outline against rain-soaked sky.

BATTERY RUSSELL

Marc Janssen- Juror Season 16

Keizer, Oregon

Frivolous patina-ed concrete imposed on natural curves
Empty and echoing above the nature trail

The hunting slit of the control tower is blind
Wind scarred pines have advanced to shield the sea.

-Published in Cirque Journal