



**Honorable Mention
Adult Age Group**

On Helping a Caterpillar to Cross the Road

You are everywhere this time of year,
An army of autumnal turning
But each soldier's life is important,
And surely you would perish
On this battleground of asphalt
Where cars, not tanks, pose a threat,
Drivers in their haste forgetting
Miracles come in all sizes.
I use a yellow leaf to carry you to safety
And as we go you curl in self-defense,
Not understanding my intention.
I smile because I would curl too, but then,
Who would rescue me?

By Andrew Armstrong