

Poetry / Poésie

First prize / Premier prix

Title / Titre

The House That Stands

Designer / Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves

Author / Auteur

Stefan A. Rose

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Anchorage Press

Printer / Imprimeur

Gary Dunfield at Gaspereau Press

Font / Police de caractères

Lanston Garamont

Trim Size / Format massicoté

28 x 14 cm



Second prize / Deuxième prix

Title / Titre

The Muskwa Assemblage

Designer / Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves At Gaspereau Press

Author / Auteur

Don McKay

Publisher / Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press

Printer / Imprimeur

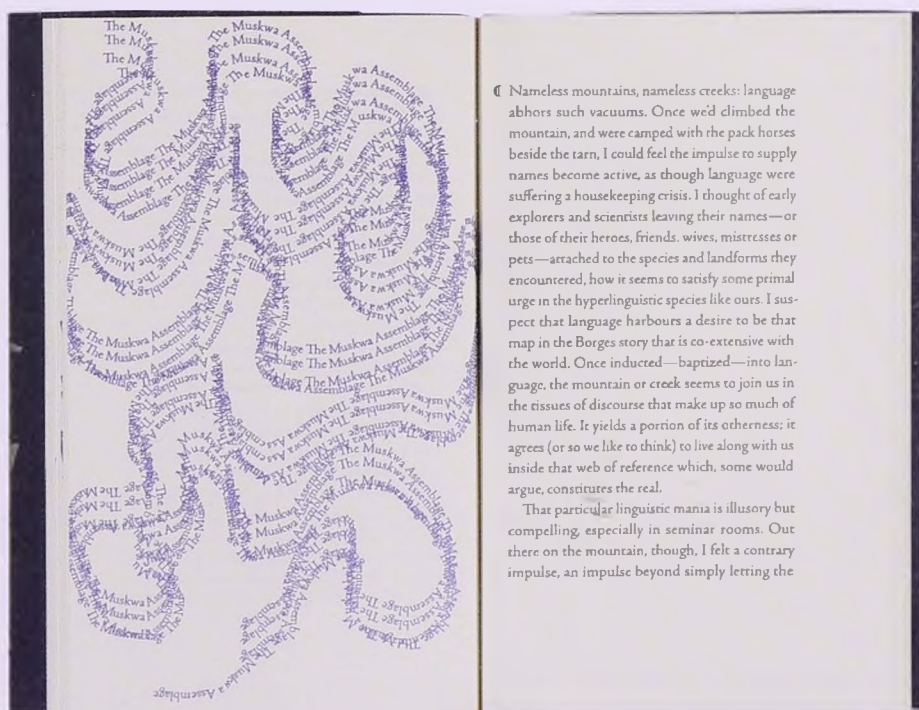
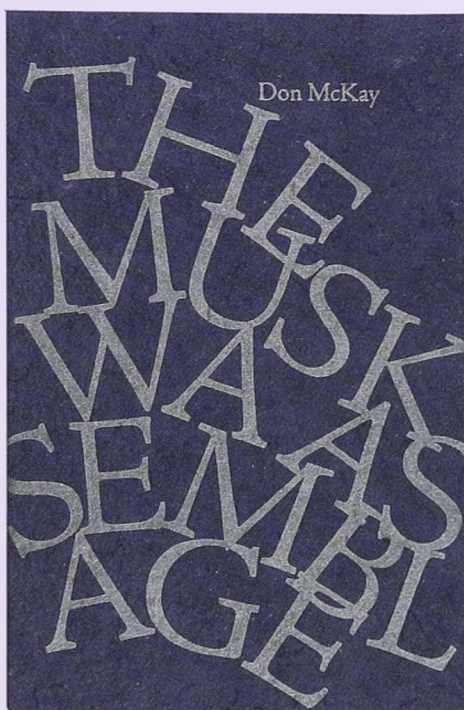
Gaspereau Press

Font / Police de caractères

Robert Slimbach's Jenson

Trim Size / Format massicoté

18 x 12 cm



□ Nameless mountains, nameless creeks: language abhors such vacuums. Once we'd climbed the mountain, and were camped with the pack horses beside the tarn, I could feel the impulse to supply names become active, as though language were suffering a housekeeping crisis. I thought of early explorers and scientists leaving their names—or those of their heroes, friends, wives, mistresses or pets—attached to the species and landforms they encountered, how it seems to satisfy some primal urge in the hyperlinguistic species like ours. I suspect that language harbours a desire to be that map in the Borges story that is co-extensive with the world. Once inducted—baptized—into language, the mountain or creek seems to join us in the tissues of discourse that make up so much of human life. It yields a portion of its otherness; it agrees (or so we like to think) to live along with us inside that web of reference which, some would argue, constitutes the real.

That particular linguistic mania is illusory but compelling, especially in seminar rooms. Out there on the mountain, though, I felt a contrary impulse, an impulse beyond simply letting the

Third prize / Troisième prix

Title / Titre

Tender Buttons: Objects – Food – Rooms

Designer / Conception graphique

Mark Goldstein

Author / Auteure

Gertrude Stein

Publisher / Maison d'édition

BookThug

Printer / Imprimeur

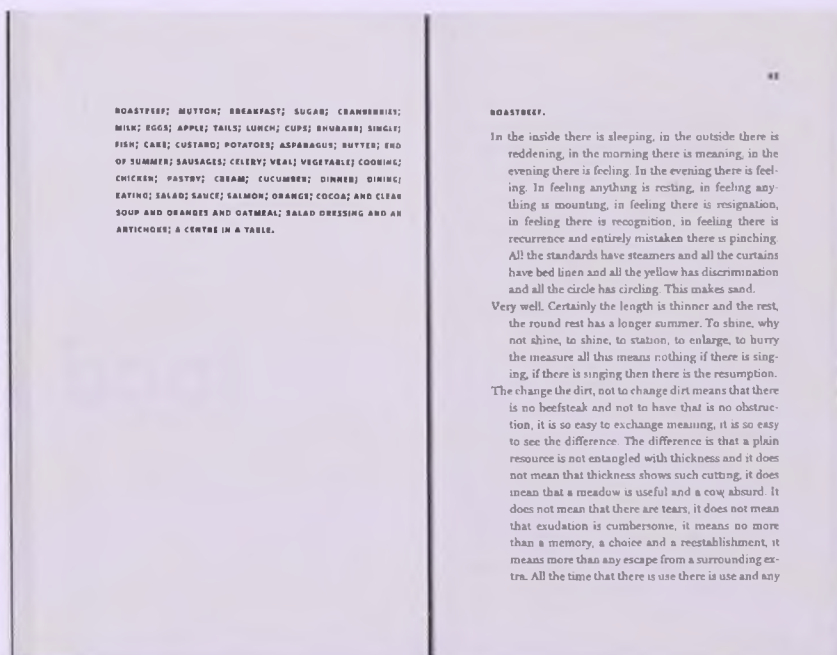
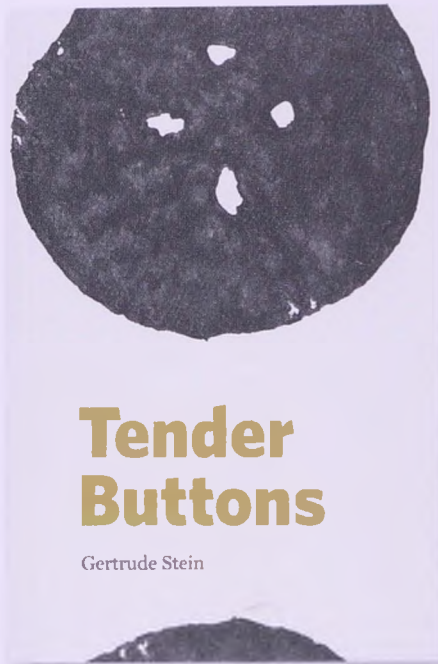
Transcontinental

Font / Police de caractères

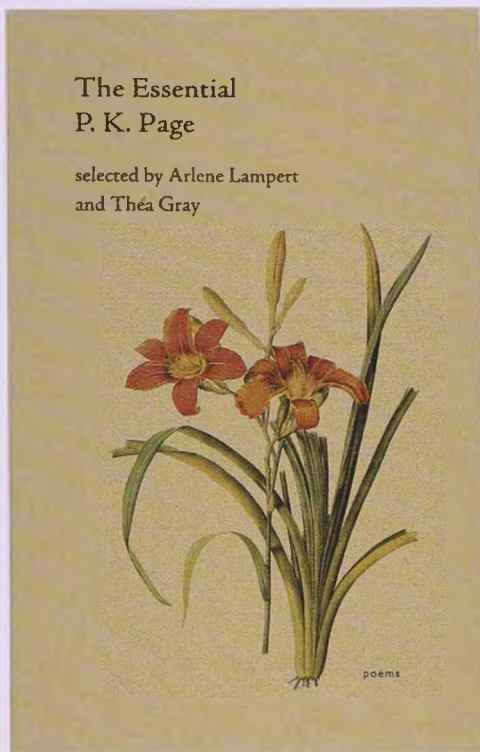
Whitney Sans, Miller

Trim Size / Format massicoté

19 x 13 cm



Honourable mention / Mention honorable



Title / Titre

The Essential P.K. Page; poems selected by Arlene Lampert and Théa Gray

Designer / Conception graphique

Tim Inkster

Author / Auteur

P.K. Page

Publisher / Maison d'édition

The Porcupine's Quill

Illustration / Illustration

Pierre Joseph Redouté (cover / couverture)

Printer / Imprimeur

Porcupine's Quill Inc.

Font / Police de caractères

Adobe Jenson

Trim Size / Format massicoté

22 x 14 cm

Man with One Small Hand

One hand is smaller than the other. It must always be loved a little like a child; requires attention constantly, implies it needs his frequent glance to nurture it.

If he holds it sometimes with the larger one as adults lead a child across a street. Finding it his and suddenly alien rallies his interest and his sympathy.

Sometimes you come upon him unawares just quietly staring at it where it lies as mute and somehow perfect as a flower.

But no. It is not perfect. He admits it has its faults: it is not strong or quick. At night it vanishes to reappear in dreams full-size, lost or surrealist.

Yet has its place like memory or a dog – is never completely out of mind – a rod to measure all uncertainties against.

Perhaps he loves it too much, sets too much stock simply in its existence. Ah, but look! It has its magic. See how it will fit so sweetly, sweetly in the infant's glove.

The Mole

The mole goes down the slow dark personal passage – a haberdasher's sample of wet velvet moving on fine feet through an earth that only the gardener and the excavator know.

The mole is a specialist and truly opens his own doors, digs as he needs them his tubular alleyways; and all his hills are mountains left behind him.

Motel Pool

The plump good-natured children play in the blue pool: roll and plop, plop and roll;

slide and rumble, oiled, in the slippery sun silent as otters, turning over and in.

churning the water: or – seamstresses – cut and sew with jackknives its satin invisibly.

Not beautiful, but suddenly limned with light their elliptical wet flesh in a flash reflects it

and it greens the green grass, greens the hanging leaf greens Adam and Eden, greens little Eve.