

Voir venir la patience

Upon paging through the lovely opening (including a refreshingly de-emphasized and unique copyright page), the judges were delighted to see that the interior of this collection fulfills the promise of the cover. It has a European contemporary feel, with echoes of earlier French books, and is free of visual editorializing, smartly leaving the imagery to the poems.

Circa Nineteen Hundred and Grief

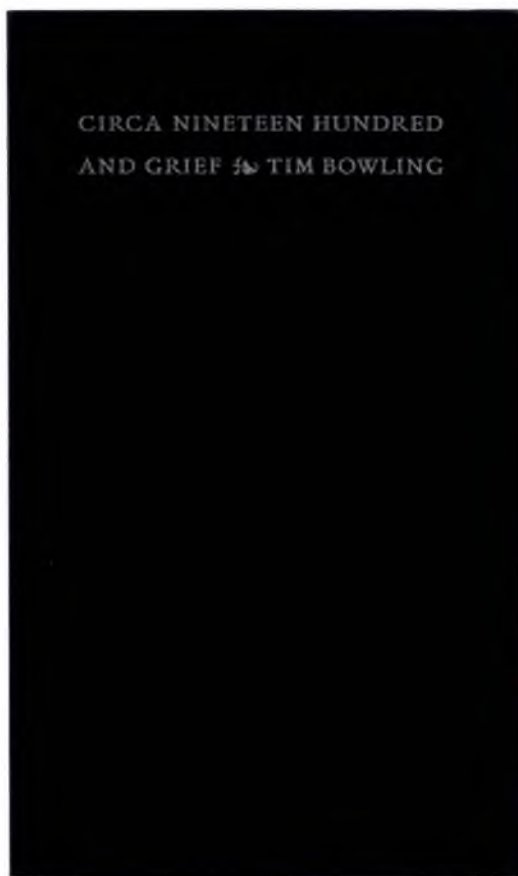
This book evokes the 1990s in the best possible way. The engraving on the cover adds to the pleasing tactile quality, and the tall proportions are a striking feature of the unified, thoughtful design.

Peeling Rambutan

The cover is the strongest element of this book—the judges appreciated its colour and simplicity, particularly with the treatment of the type.

Generations Re-merging

This collection earned a mention on the merits of its strong typographic choices: The varying sizes are very well-balanced, and the composition is accomplished throughout.



Voir venir la patience

Déjà, en feuilletant les jolies premières pages (dont celle des droits d'auteur unique et rafraîchissante parce que reléguée, en fait, à l'arrière-plan), le jury a été ravi de voir que l'intérieur de ce recueil remplit la promesse de la couverture. Son allure contemporaine européenne rappelle des livres français d'une époque antérieure. Exempt de toute interprétation visuelle, il laisse judicieusement l'imagerie aux poèmes.

Circa Nineteen Hundred and Grief

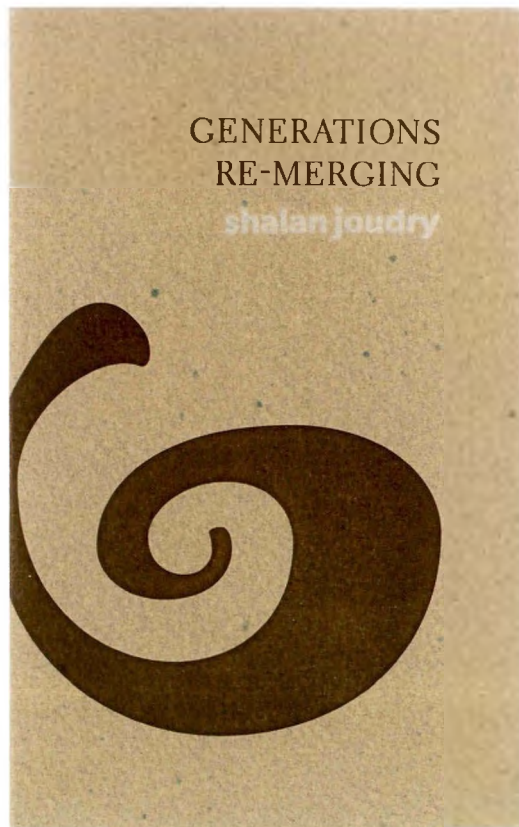
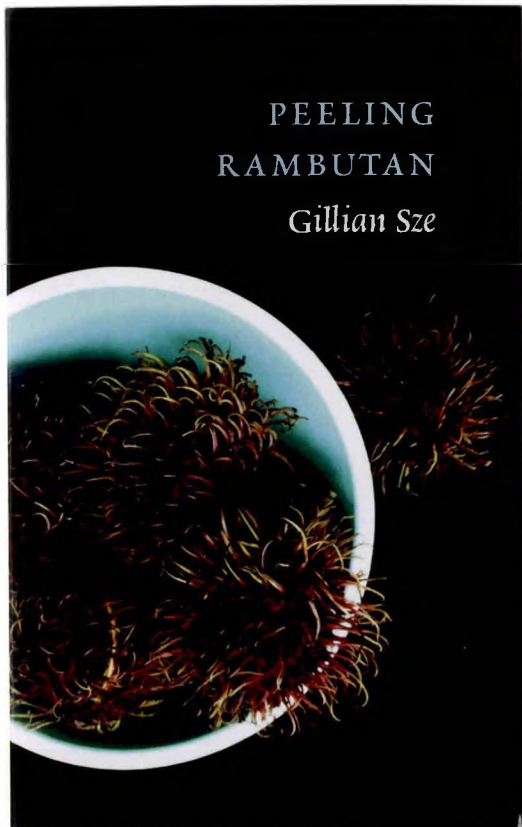
Ce livre évoque les années 90 sous ses meilleurs jours. Les gravures sur la couverture ajoutent une qualité tactile agréable, et les grandes proportions mettent en vedette la conception unifiée et réfléchie de l'œuvre.

Peeling Rambutan

La couverture est la plus grande force de ce livre; le jury en a grandement apprécié les couleurs, la simplicité et particulièrement son exécution typographique.

Generations Re-merging

La mention accordée à ce recueil est due à la force des choix typographiques : les tailles variées sont très équilibrées et l'ensemble forme un tout homogène au fil des pages.



Poetry

Poésie

First prize

Premier prix



Title | Titre

Voir venir la patience

Designer | Conception graphique

Studio FEED

Author | Auteur

Louise Warren

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Les éditions du passage

Printer | Imprimeur

Datamark

Typeface | Police de caractère

Mrs. Eaves

Trim Size | Format massicoté

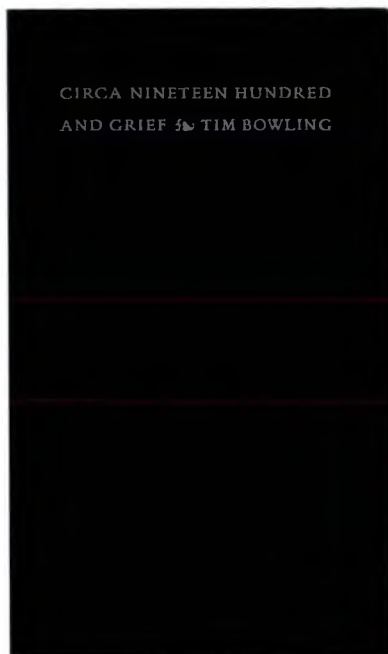
145 x 230 mm.

ISBN 978-2-92289-295-6



Second prize

Deuxième prix



Title | Titre

Circa Nineteen Hundred and Grief

Designer | Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves

Author | Auteur

Tim Bowling

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press, Printers & Publishers

Illustrator | Illustration

Wesley Bates**(Wood engravings | Gravure sur bois)**

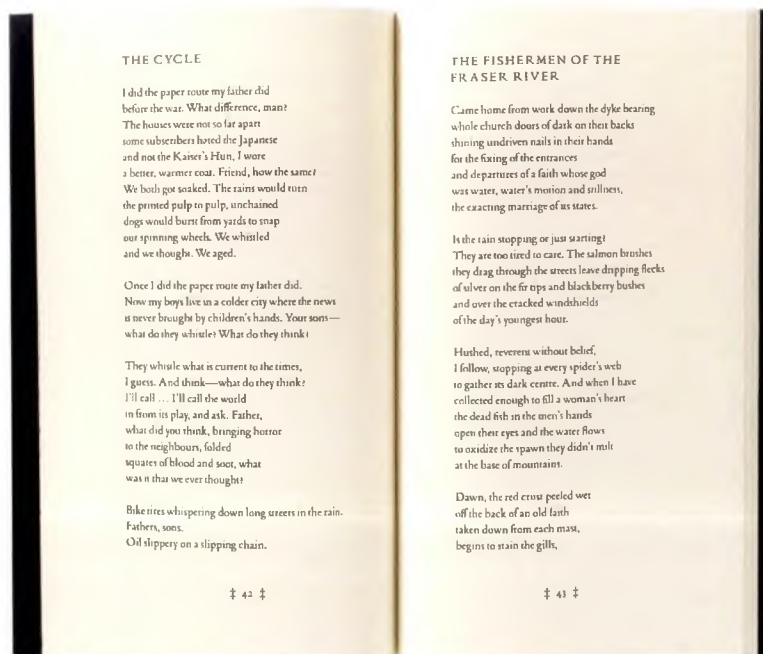
Printer | Imprimeur

Gaspereau Press

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Poliphilus**Blado**

Trim Size | Format massicoté

125 x 215 mm.**ISBN 978-1-55447-134-8**

THE CYCLE

I did the paper route my father did
before the war. What difference, man?
The houses were not so far apart
some subscribers hated the Japanese
and not the Kaiser's Hun, I wore
a better, warmer coat. Friend, how the same?
We both got soaked. The rains would turn
the printed pulp to pulp, unchained
dogs would burst from yards to snap
our spinning wheels. We whistled
and we thought. We aged.

Once I did the paper route my father did.
Now my boys live in a colder city where the news
is never brought by children's hands. Yours sons—
what do they whistle? What do they think?

They whistle what is current to the times,
I guess. And think—what do they think?
I'll call ... I'll call the world
in from its play, and ask, Father,
what did you think, bringing horror
to the neighbour, folded
squares of blood and soot, what
was it that we ever thought?

Bike tires whispering down long streets in the rain.
Fathers, sons.
Oil slippery on a slipping chain.

‡ 42 ‡

THE FISHERMEN OF THE
FRASER RIVER

Came home from work down the dyke bearing
whole church doors of dark on their backs
shining undriven nails in their hands
for the fixing of the entrances
and departures of a faith whose god
was water, water's motion and stillness,
the exacting marriage of its states.

In the rain stopping or just starting!
They are too tired to care. The salmon brushes
they dig through the streets leave dripping flecks
of silver on the fire tops and blackberry bushes
and over the cracked windshields
of the day's youngest hour.

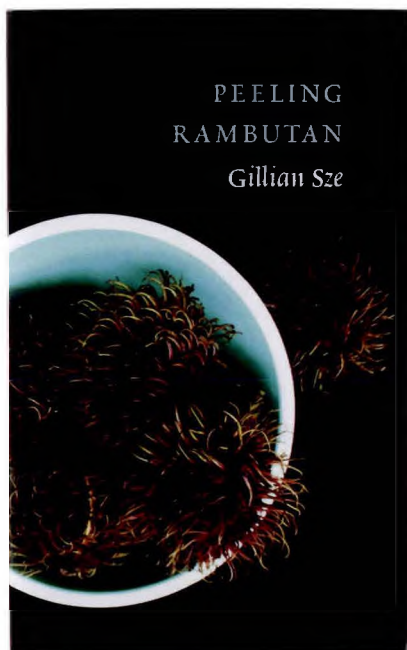
Hushed, reverent without belief,
I follow, stopping at every spider's web
to gather its dark centre. And when I have
collected enough to fill a woman's heart
the dead fish in the men's hands
open their eyes and the water flows
to oxidize the spawn they didn't molt
at the base of mountain.

Dawn, the red crust peeled wet
off the back of an old fish
taken down from each mass,
begins to stain the gills,

‡ 43 ‡

Honourable mention

Mention honorable



Title | Titre

Peeling Rambutan

Designer | Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves

Author | Auteur

Gillian Sze

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press, Printers & Publishers

Photographer | Photographie

Robert Huynh**(Jacket | Jaquette du livre)**

Printers | Imprimeurs

Gaspereau Press**(Text & Cover | Texte & couverture);****Halcraft Printing****(Jacket | Jaquette du livre)**

Typeface | Police de caractères

Rialto

Trim Size | Format massicoté

125 x 205 mm.**ISBN 978-1-55447-133-1**

BUS RIDE.

With cold sound, half a moon falls from the painted eaves,
we ride.

We fly to Amoy and catch a bus to the countryside. It rides out the sunlight, I fall asleep, wake beside my mother. We're still on the road. The moon is full, she says. Looks closer than usual. It's almost mid-November and October's harvest moon should have adjusted to the month. The moon requires regular recalibration: in January it is old, in February it is ice, in March it is milk. But tonight it is an unslept pillow, a sponge cake, a new hay bale of good quality, fresh and green.

We ride silently. Out the window, I can only make out the dark presence of houses, their age: indeterminate. It is not night enough to hide the curved eaves poking the sky, or the red banners adorning the doors. My mother says, Chinese houses will still stand even when their walls collapse. I am somewhere between stories. The far side of sea, walls crumble. The moon slips from the sky like a snapped ribbon, but the roof stays up, floats on nothing.

44

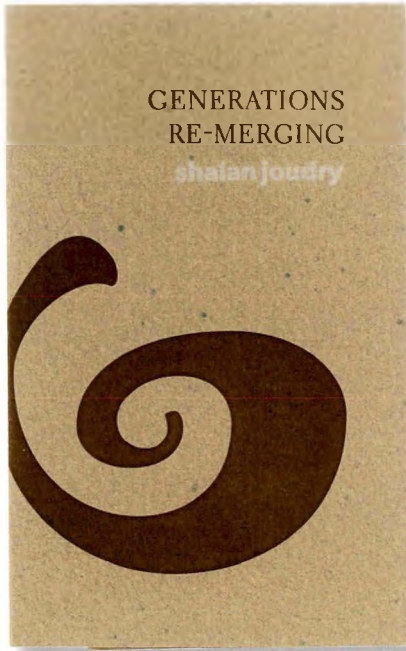
MAPPING THE VILLAGE

The morning glints like a silver dollar. You hand me the old coin tucked in a paper pocket, frail from rubbing: a tarnished relic from the Opium Wars that was given to you when you left home and which you kept in your wallet. We stand at the mouth of the village and you strike up conversations with everyone you meet: smokers, fruit vendors, a woman feeding calves. The road leading to your old home is dusty and noisy from condo construction. I watch a man at the curb squat and cut a chicken's throat while his wife holds its feet and body, the knife seducing the blood so it seeps out smoothly. The bird struggles without sound, and the wife twists its head beneath the wing, sets it down on the ground as it coils from death's smoke.

Next to your house, bordered by trees heavy with tangerines, is a temple your grandfather built. He had struck a deal with the gods: a temple in exchange for a son. Newly-renovated, it gleams with sun-white lanterns and gold words of promise. Fresh pavement was put in just a year ago, but nothing stops tree roots. They defy war, debt, electricity – even renovation – as they leak out the concrete square and, again, uproot the ground.

Honourable mention

Mention honorable



Title | Titre

Generations Re-merging

Designer | Conception graphique

Andrew Steeves

Author | Auteur

Shalan Joudry

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Gaspereau Press, Printers & Publishers

Printer | Imprimeur

Gaspereau Press

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Electra

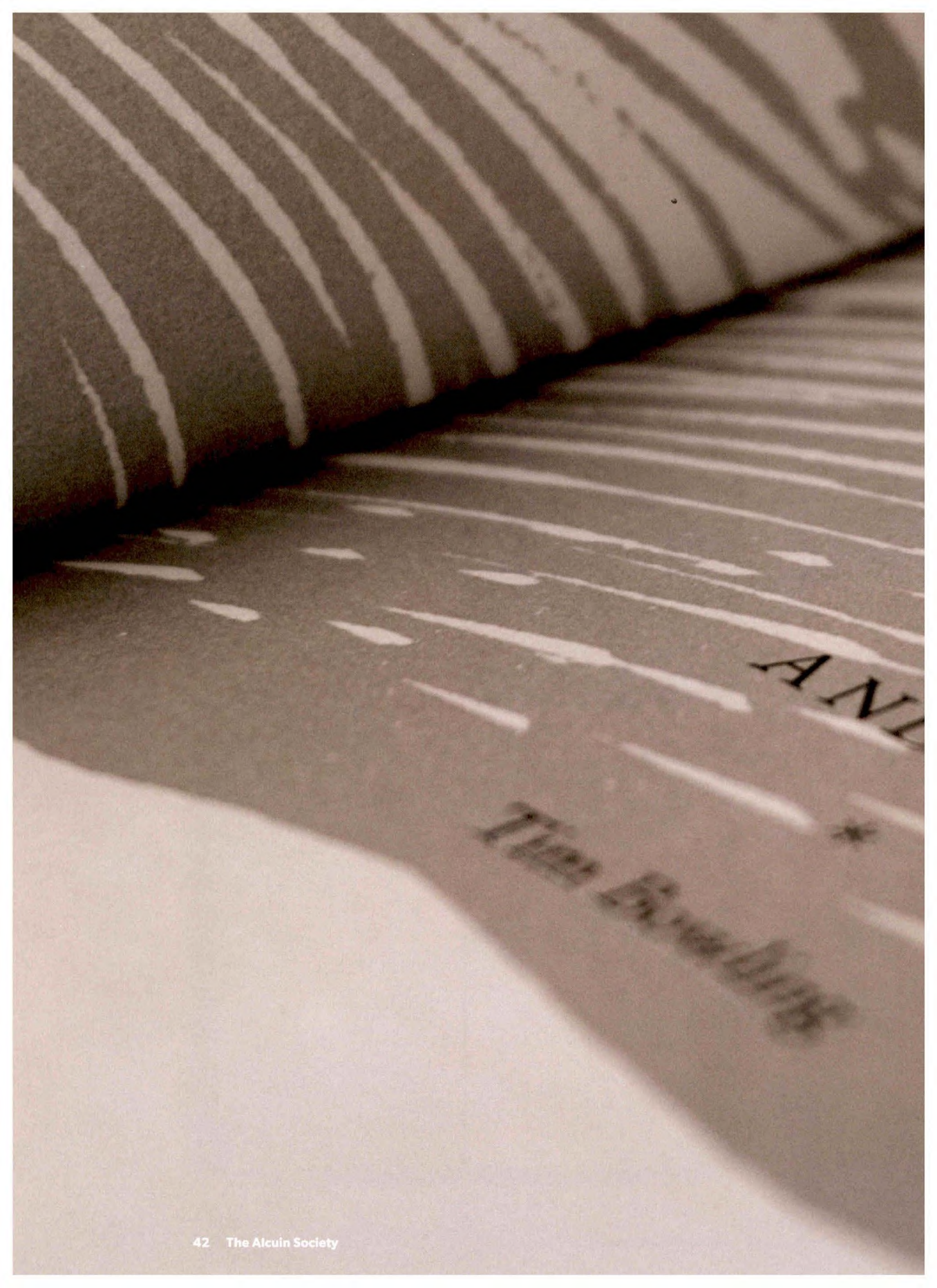
Gibson

Trim Size | Format massicoté

125 x 205 mm.

ISBN 978-1-55447-135-5





CIRCA
NINETEEN
HUNDRED
EIGHT