

KEEPING WATCH AT THE END OF THE WORLD

While the design is consistently beautiful and shows not a single wrong decision, it still manages to be secondary to the poetry, which appears all the more enticing. The jacket and endpapers are particularly exquisite elements, every one of which works together to compel you to read this book.

THE BRIEF REINCARNATION OF A GIRL

This boasts a beautiful cover, a fantastic illustration, and a very sensitive design invigorated by the audacious use of colour and a wrap-around jacket.

MY BANJO & TINY DRAWINGS

One judge said the open design “just makes me happy.” The engaging visuals (such as punctuation at the top of each page), a perfectly chosen typeface, and an impressive interaction between the designer and the author distinguish this coverable book.

THE YEAR OF OUR BEAUTIFUL EXILE

The way the visuals are incorporated into the design is very pleasing to the eye, and shows the hand of an experienced designer.

CLEAN SAILS

A “very cheeky” book with a “buzzy,” low-tech feel that complements the complex typewriter-based poetry.

A REVISION OF FORWARD

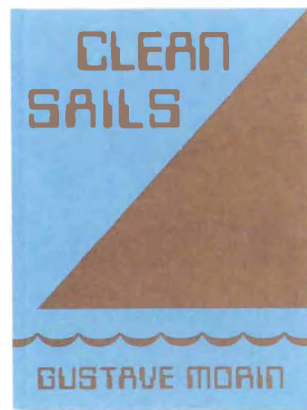
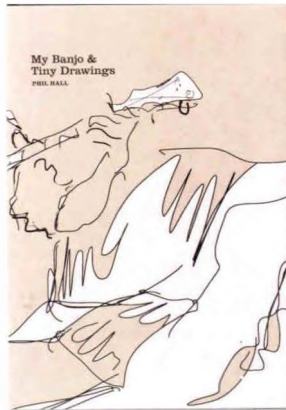
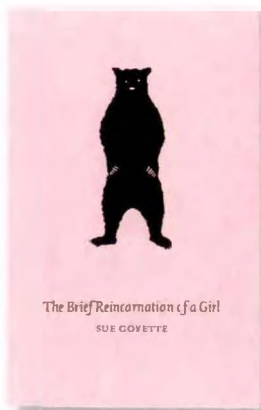
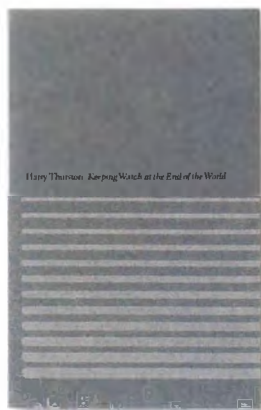
A fine example of a trade poetry book that took some risks, no doubt inspired by the poems within, and succeeded. The use of black and white throughout is striking.

ROM COM

A very accessible volume, kitschy but not precious, with a cute cover and brilliant paper dolls of the authors.

WE CAN'T EVER DO THIS AGAIN

The cover offers a fresh and clever perspective on a mundane object, while the interior shows skill and good judgement.



KEEPING WATCH AT THE END OF THE WORLD

Même si elle révèle sa beauté tout au long du livre, et qu'elle ne présente aucune mauvaise décision, la conception graphique réussit toujours à être secondaire à la poésie, ce qui est d'autant plus attrayant. La jaquette et les pages de garde sont des éléments particulièrement raffinés qui vont de pair pour nous inciter à lire ce livre.

THE BRIEF REINCARNATION OF A GIRL

Avec fierté, ce livre arbore sa jolie couverture, ses illustrations fantastiques et sa conception graphique très délicate dynamisée par son utilisation audacieuse de la couleur et d'une jaquette de style enveloppant.

MY BANJO & TINY DRAWINGS

Un des juges a dit du design ouvert de ce livre qu'il le « rendait tout simplement heureux ». Les éléments visuels stimulants (comme la ponctuation en haut de chaque page), le choix parfait de la typographie, et l'interaction impressionnante entre la conceptrice et l'auteur amènent ce livre convoité à se démarquer.

THE YEAR OF OUR BEAUTIFUL EXILE

L'habileté de ce concepteur chevronné se reflète dans la façon dont les éléments visuels sont incorporés dans le design qui est tout à fait réjouissant pour l'œil.

CLEAN SAILS

Un livre plutôt insolent avec un côté vibrant et à l'aspect rudimentaire qui vient compléter la complexité de sa poésie de style « machine à écrire ».

A REVISION OF FORWARD

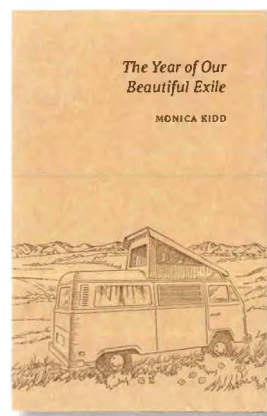
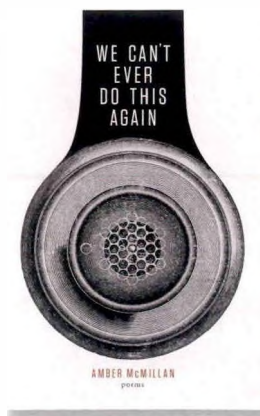
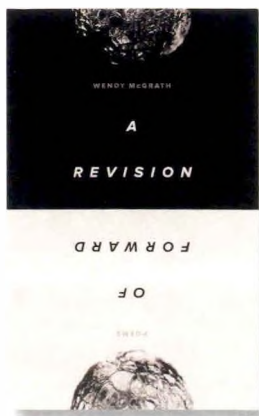
Un bel exemple de recueil de poèmes commercial qui prend des risques avec succès, sans doute inspiré par certains de ses propres poèmes. L'utilisation du noir et du blanc tout au long du livre est saisissante.

ROM COM

Un ouvrage très accessible, « kitsch », mais pas vulgaire, avec une mignonne couverture et d'adorables auteurs.

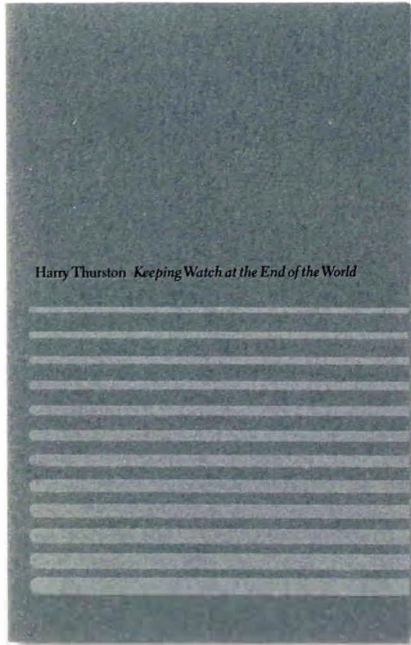
WE CAN'T EVER DO THIS AGAIN

La couverture propose un objet banal sous un angle rafraîchissant et ingénieux, pendant que l'intérieur fait preuve d'habileté et de bon jugement.



FIRST PRIZE

PREMIER PRIX



TITLE | TITRE

Keeping Watch at the End of the World

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Andrew Steeves

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Harry Thurston

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Gaspereau Press

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Gaspereau Press

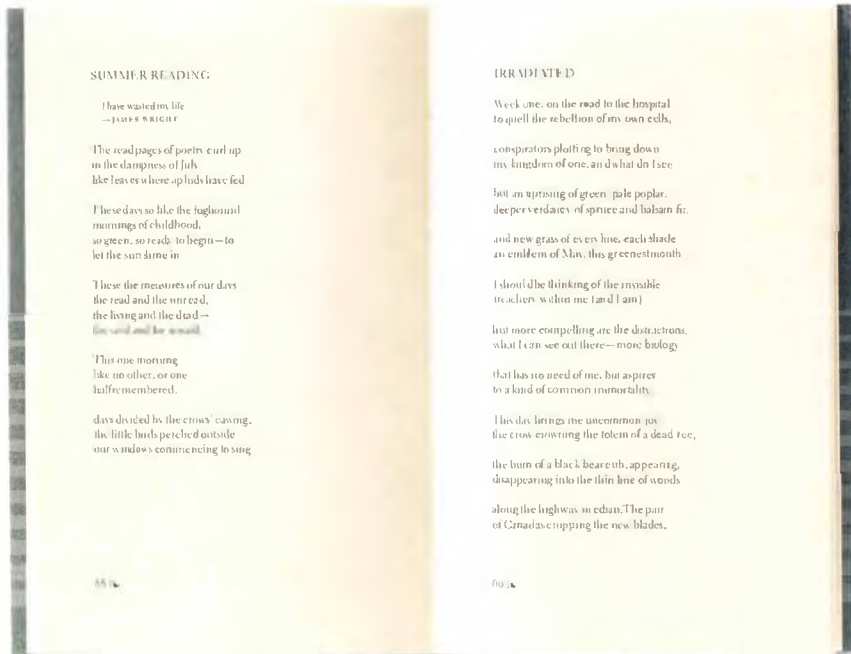
TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Electra

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

130 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781554471447



SUMMER READING.

I have wasted my life
—JAMES WRIGHT

The read pages of poetry curl up
in the dampness of July
like leaves where aphids have fed

These days so like the fugional
mornings of childhood,
so green, so ready to begin—to
let the sun burn in

These are the measures of our days
the read and the unread,
the living and the dead—
the read and the unread

This one morning
like no other, or one
half-remembered.

days divided by the crows' casing,
the little birds perched outside
our windows commencing to sing

55

IRRADIATED

Week one, on the road to the hospital
to quell the rebellion of my own cells,

conspirators plotting to bring down
my kingdom of one, and what do I see

but an uprising of green: pale poplar,
deeper verdancies of spruce and balsam fir,

and new grass of every hue, each shade
an emblem of May, this greenest month

I should be thinking of the invisible
teachers within me (and I am)

but more compelling are the distractions,
what I can see out there—more biology

that has no need of me, but aspires
to a kind of common immortality.

This day brings the uncommon: not
the crow crowning the totem of a dead tree,

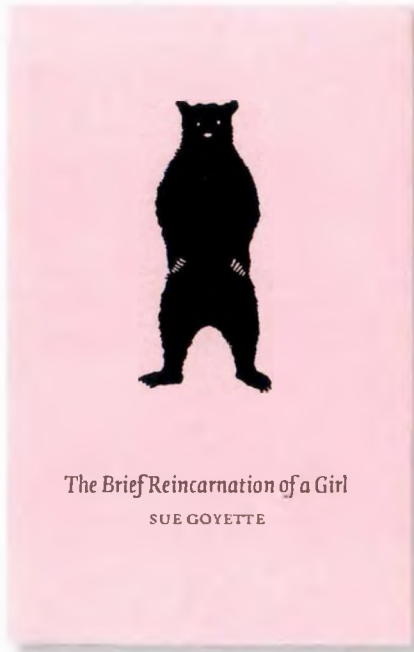
the burn of a black bear cub, appearing,
disappearing into the thin line of words

along the highway in edam. The pair
of Grackles cropping the new blades.

60

SECOND PRIZE

DEUXIÈME PRIX



TITLE | TITRE

The Brief Reincarnation of a Girl

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Andrew Steeves

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Sue Goyette

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Gaspereau Press

ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION

George Walker

(Wood engraving | Gravure sur bois)

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Gaspereau Press

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Quadrat

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

130 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781554471461



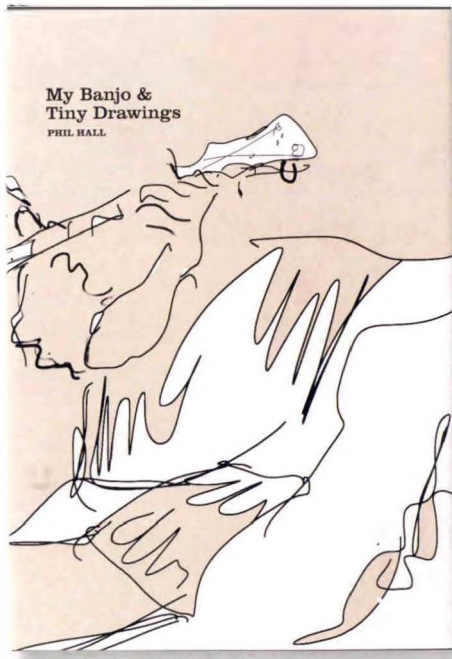
Poverty was taunting the girl's father's fire. Did he warn
 a train in bits, poverty asked and the father fizzled
 in his seat. Order, the judge yelled. Did he want
 some pants? The father slumped and the fire
 in his crotch flared. Order, the judge yelled and the father
 sat up, trying to hide the fire from the judge who had already
 warned him about open flames in his courtroom. Poverty
 gobbled up the father's shame for its salt. The lawyer
 asked the doctor if the girl had exhibited other behaviour
 that warranted increasing her dosage from a single pill
 to an entire orchestra complete with the several trumpets
 she had been given to drown out her own loudness.
 She suffered anxiety, the doctor told the jury, as well as rage
 and low self-esteem. Objection, the courtroom yelled,
 to which the lawyers objected and the judge pounded
 on the doctor's prescription pad for order and then called
 a recess so he could take a piss and look out of the parking
 lot from his office. Often, he'd been described as being
 a little Zen.

27

The jury went to their room to stretch their legs.
 One of the jurors wanted to know if anyone else
 had seen the doctor clear her throat of her siblings
 and their trophies, but the rest of them had been watching
 the father tend his fire. They agreed that he was a guy
 who needed professional help. No wonder the girl couldn't sleep.
 One of the jurors said, her father was literally on fire. That
 had to bother her, they agreed. And the fire is in his crotch,
 another juror exclaimed, and he's feeding it with young girls
 dressed to play tennis. And those short shorts, a juror
 whistled, that guy needs a hobby. One of the jurors cleared
 her throat of her grandmother's crochet hook and offered
 that she once thought she was a turtle. They all looked at her.
 A turtle? That's nothing, another juror added, he used to think
 he was a backhoe. A backhoe? Because the door was closed,
 poverty couldn't come in and turn off the faucet. One of them
 thought that they were reincarnated and used to be a saint.
 One of them wished he could have been blue, he thought blue
 was the best colour when he was a kid. Another thought the donkey
 on his father's farm could understand him when he talked.
 The juror recounted how the donkey's eyes were a cross
 between Jesus and Santa and the donkey forgave him
 for everything including stealing his sister's money the time
 she lost her tooth.

THIRD PRIZE

TROISIÈME PRIX



TITLE | TITRE
My Banjo & Tiny Drawings

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE
Tatjana Petkovic

AUTHOR | AUTEUR
Phil Hall

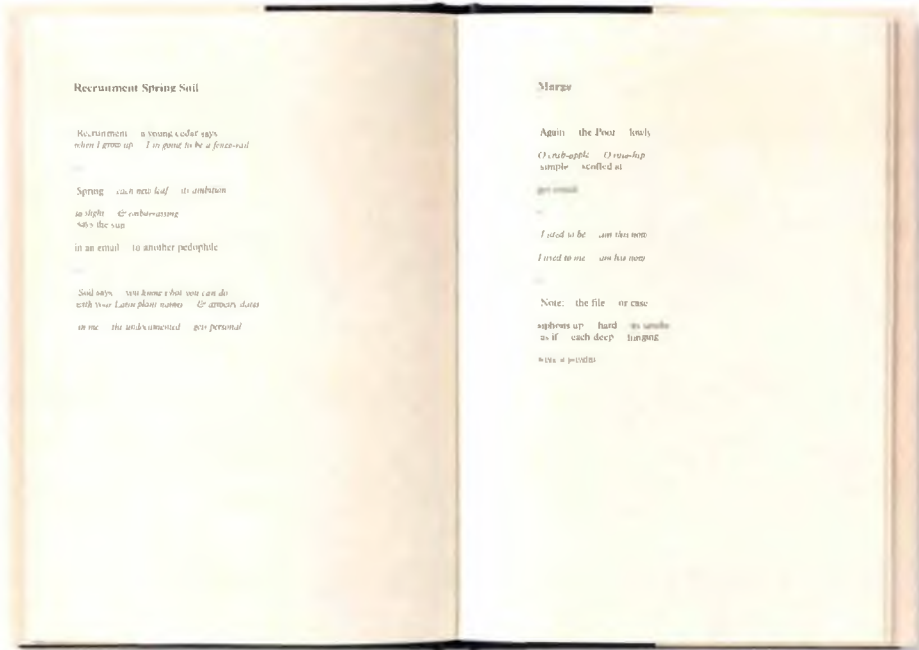
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION
Flat Singles Press

ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION
Stuart Kinmond

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR
Coach House Printing

TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES
Claredon Lt Std
Plantin Std

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ
155 x 223 mm.



Recruitment Spring Sail

Recruitment is young's codar says
when I grow up I in posse to be a fence-sid

Spring is a new leaf its ambition
is slight & embarrassing
'85's the sun
in an email to another pedophile

Said says you know's hot you can do
with your Latin phos number & arroyo, dates
in me the undisciplined get personal

Mergu

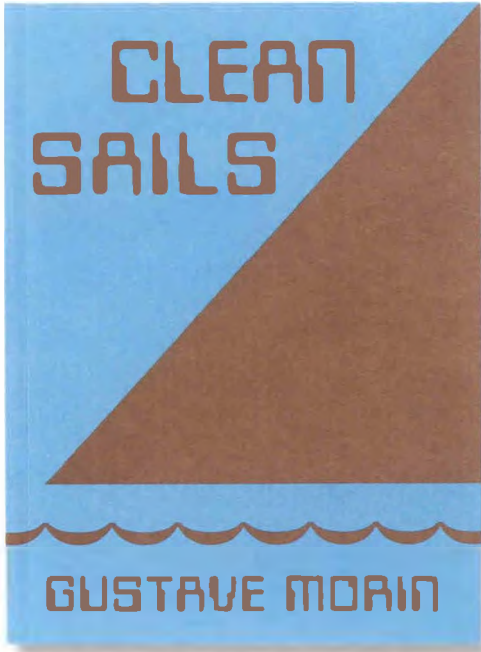
Again the Pooz leals
O, crab-apple O, rose-fop
simple scuffed at
get small

I tried to be am this now
I tried to me um hu now

Note: the file or case
syphons up hard its simile
as if each deep hanging
with a jivitas

HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE

Clean Sails: Typewriter Poems from the Sun Parlour of Canada

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Mark Laliberte (Obscure Design)
Gustave Morin

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Gustave Morin

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

New Star Books

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Imprimerie Gauvin

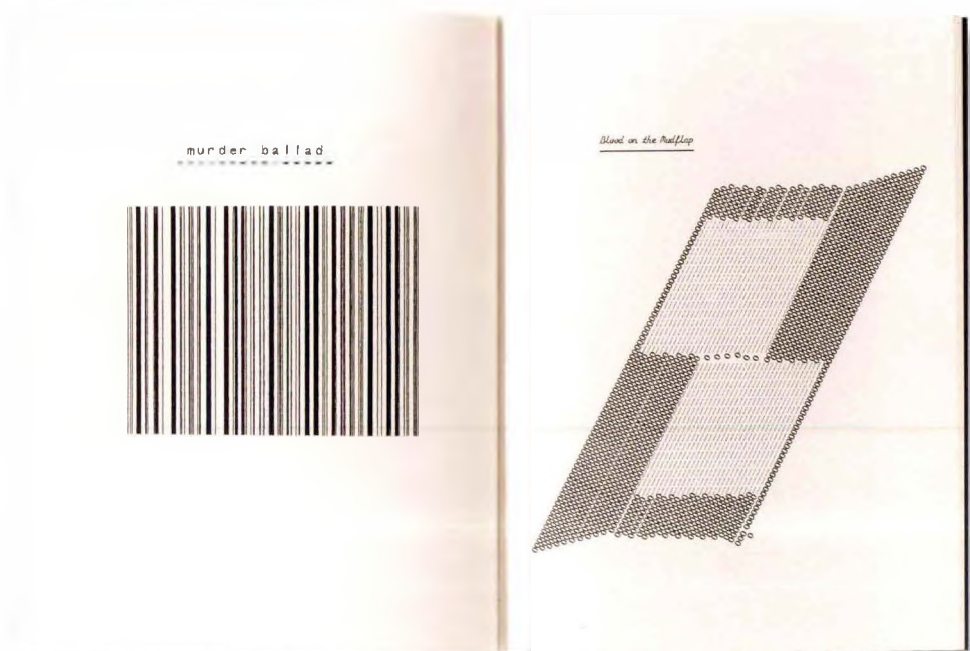
TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES

Baskerville
Data 70

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

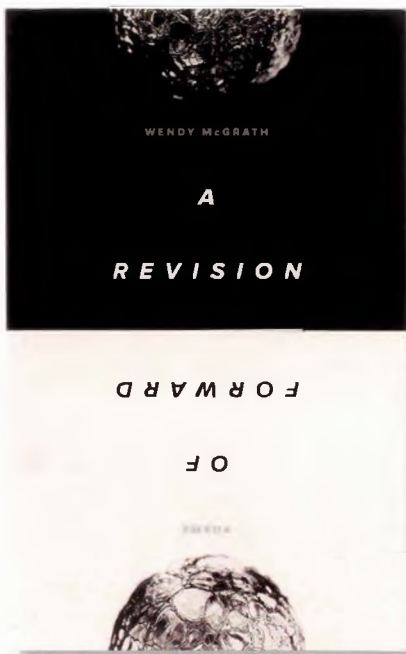
160 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781554201082



HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE
A Revision of Forward

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE
Natalie Olsen (Kisscut Design)

AUTHOR | AUTEUR
Wendy McGrath

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION
NeWest Press

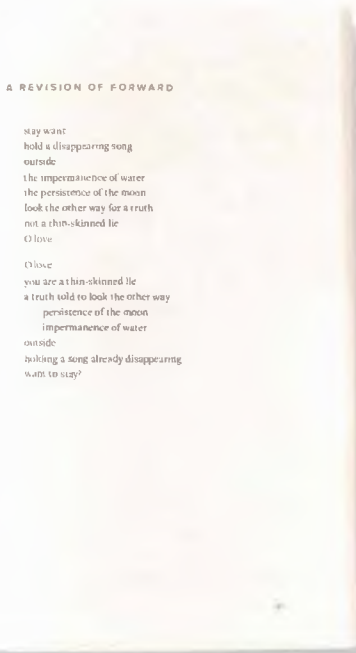
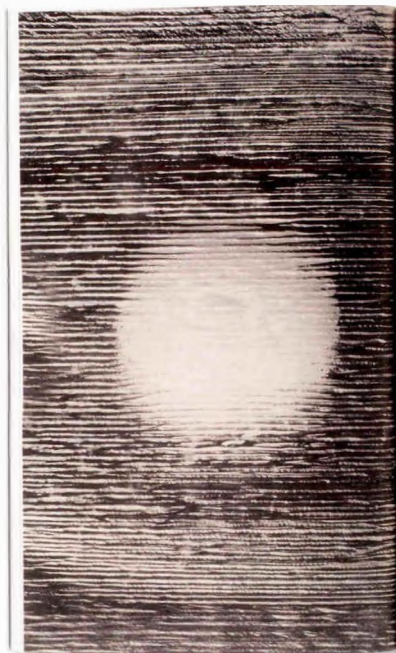
ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION
Walter Jule

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR
Houghton Boston Printers

TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES
Freight Text
Proxima Nova

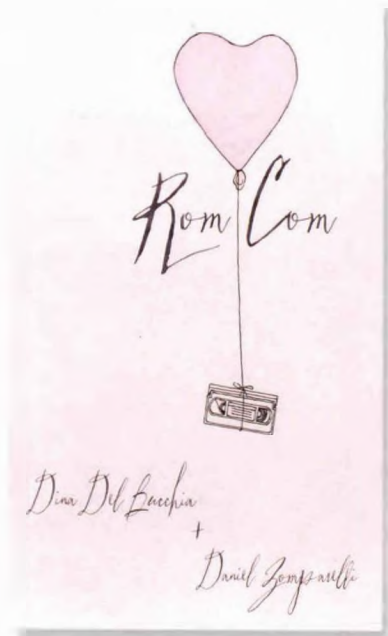
TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ
140 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781926455372



HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE
Rom Com

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE
Typesmith
Chloé Filson

AUTHORS | AUTEURS
Dina Del Bucchia
Daniel Zamparelli

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION
Talon Books

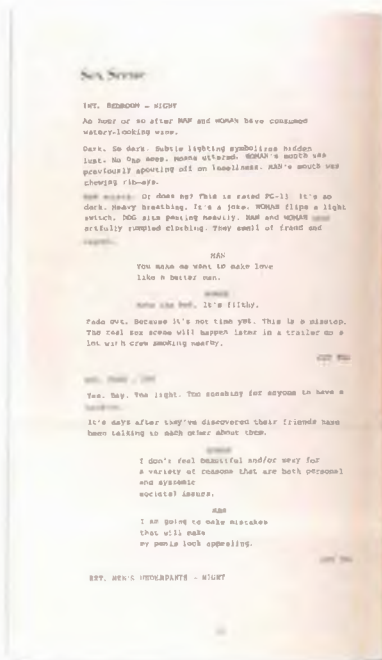
ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION
Alan Hindle (Cover | Couverture)
Alana Green (Paper dolls | Poupées en papier)

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR
Houghton Boston

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES
Bembo

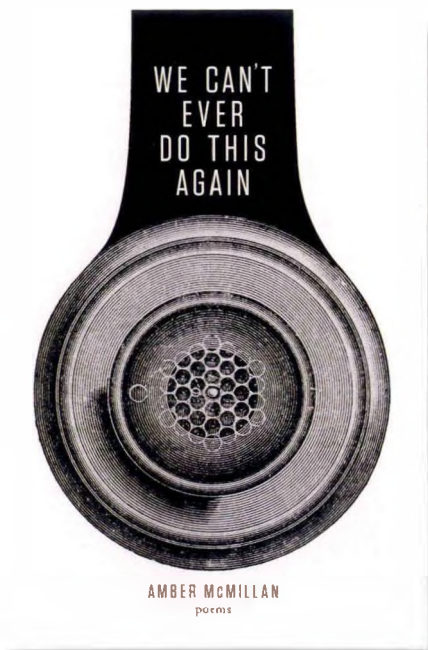
TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ
130 x 220 mm.

ISBN 978-88922960-0



HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE

We Can't Ever Do This Again: Poems

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Natalie Olsen (Kisscut Design)

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Amber McMillan

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Wolsak and Wynn

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Coach House Printing

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Mercury Text (Hoefler & Co.)

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTE

140 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781894987998

SONNET XVI

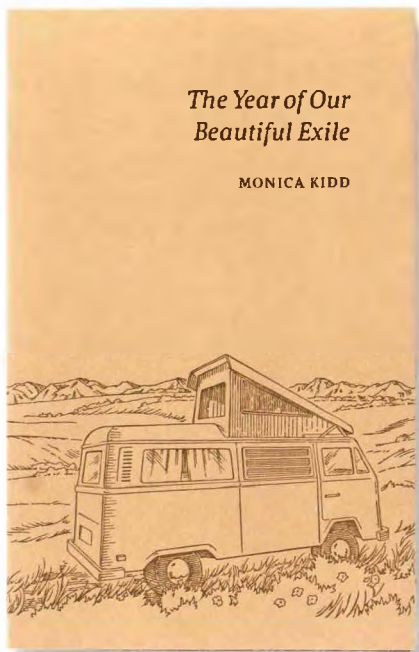
Open your eyes and face me: Draw
your free hands from your pockets
and turn your pirate jaw down more.
Sink every penny on the long shot
and quit stalling, it's a psycopathic.
Unfasten these high horses and give
up the paper route. Of that I'm sure.
Rake up those newsprint, science-fair
remodels and build them higher.
Think about the kids and stop bitching
so frouille so longly into half-hung
closet doors between adjoining rooms.
Talk better. Sav more things, and be
easier on people. I'm not mad.

THE ADULTERER

On particularly busy days I leave the washing up
until the end of the day, into the evening, because
by then the air is cool and the soap-water in the sink
remains warm to the touch. The house is quiet save for
the low, hand-held radio heard from the neighbour's yard,
and with the window open and the sink position red
where it is, a breeze will wind in and wrap itself around
my feet and up my legs, along my back. I line the drying
rack with the rinsed plates first, then cups, then my pots
or big pans on top. Alongside everything goes the cutlery.
Not a looys, but often I have used the broken blue mug
in the morning and have left it all day in the sink to be
washed last of all. The truth is it can't really be used –
whatever poison just falls back out through the crack.

HONOURABLE MENTION

MENTION HONORABLE



TITLE | TITRE

The Year of Our Beautiful Exile

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Andrew Steeves

AUTHOR | AUTEUR

Monica Kidd

PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION

Gaspereau Press

ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION

Jack McMaster (Drawing | Dessin)

PRINTER | IMPRIMEUR

Gaspereau Press

TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES

Leo

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ

130 x 220 mm.

ISBN 9781554471430

how we die without appetite
and the way we live with hunger
that consumes our hearts like another kind of dying

© ILLUSTRATION

BUFFALO JUMP

Here, in the land of rocks and empty sand,
the river tugs lazily at its long johns.
Turkey vultures skulk in their ominous capes,
bones lie belly up to the sun.

She presided here as a girl
chasing horses and little feet,
Sixty years later, a husband
gone and a daughter, and still
the plaintive smile of the sky.

She became weightless with time.
Her bird's legs gobbled the cliffs
and her mind grew ravenous for Latin.
We went to her as children would, hoping,
as if walking were a prayer.

Until a little bomb dropped
in the vault of her skull,
left her in a chair
in a room, in a house

The wind paces
just outside the window.