

Title | Titre

I Become a Delight to My Enemies

Designer | Conception

Jennifer Griffiths

Author | Atrice

Sara Peters

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Strange Light

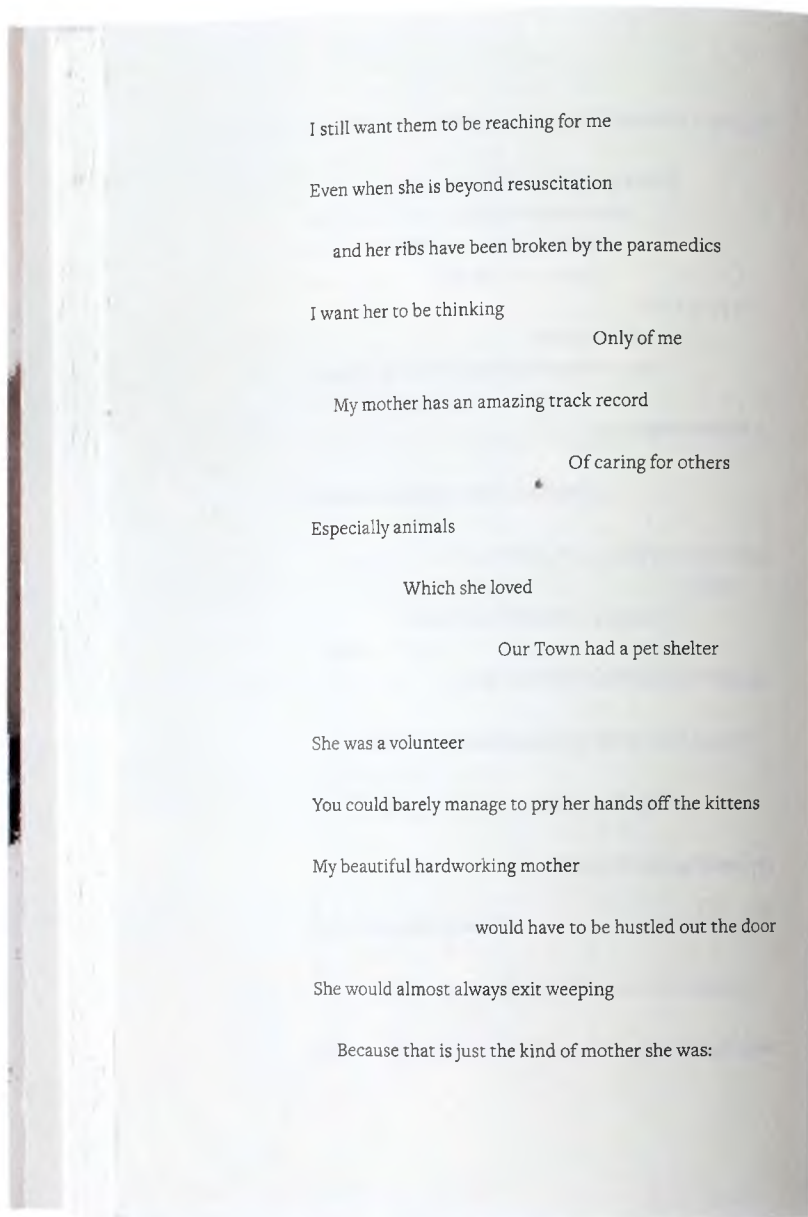
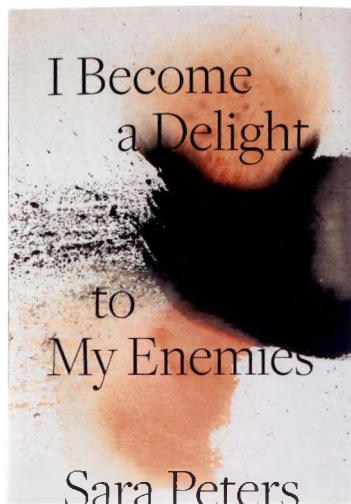
Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Trim Size | Format massicoté

142 × 208mm

ISBN 9780771073571



The text design is exquisite, with every character and element placed to achieve gorgeous harmony. The columns of margin text are handled perfectly, functioning like stream-of-consciousness addendums to the poems rather than distractions—an exceptionally difficult feat. | La conception du texte est exquise, avec chaque lettre et chaque élément disposés de sorte à créer une splendide harmonie. Les colonnes de texte de marge sont réalisées avec perfection, et agissent non pas comme des éléments de distraction mais comme ajouts de prise de conscience aux poèmes; ceci constitue un exploit difficile et exceptionnel.

Everlasting

My mother is the most resilient woman in the galaxy

On this momentous occasion I would like to honour her

My mother rose every morning and met the world

with her true and naked face

And her long porny nails

My mother overcame the raw material of her life

and flourished

Intolerable to imagine

Her flight from this world

Today I would like to say

Thank you

Mother

For always standing by my side

For always having my best interests at heart

For always putting my needs

First

I remember
this Town's
early years. I
remember
most clearly
the friendly
ducks in the
public garden.
Now when I
wake up I
must battle
the feeling of
having been
transplanted
overnight to
an enemy's
house with no
food or water
or bedding
and a
centreless
sun burning
through the
holes in the
roof.

Second Prize | Deuxième prix

Title | Titre

Zéro douze

Designer | Conception

Berger.Studio

Author | Auctrice

Marie Chouinard

Illustrator | Illustration

Marie Chouinard

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Les Éditions du Passage

Printer | Imprimerie

Marquis

Typeface | Police de caractères

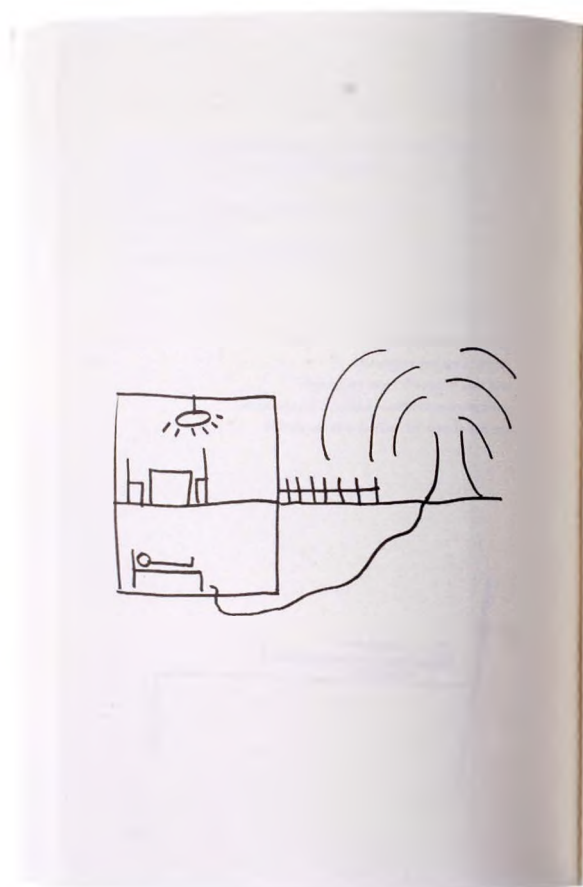
Mrs Eaves

Trim Size | Format massicoté

145 × 227mm

ISBN 9782924397589

The illustrations are simple and apt, the pacing is just right, and the typography is exceptional on every page: even the copyright page catches the eye as extremely well done. | Les illustrations sont simples et appropriées, le rythme est juste parfait, et la typographie est sublime à chaque page : tout est tellement bien fait que même la page des droits d'auteur attire l'attention.



je supplie mon père de planter
un saule pleureur dans le jardin

« non, les racines des saules
détruisent les fondations des maisons »
« alors pourquoi les Boisvert en ont-ils un ? »
« parce qu'ils n'ont pas réfléchi »

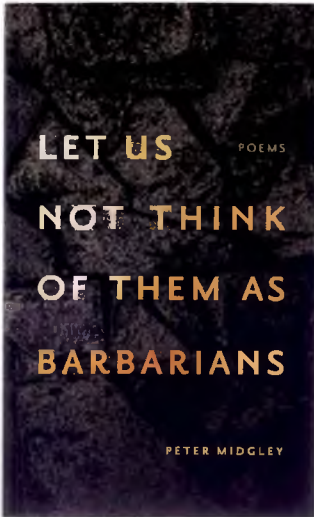
cette nuit
j'imagine un immense saule pleureur
perçant et pénétrant doucement le ciment

une racine pointant au pied de mon lit

Third Prize (tie) | Troisième prix (ex aequo)

Title | Titre

let us not think of them as barbarians



Designers | Conception

Natalie Olsen -
Kisscut Design

Author | Auteur

Peter Midgley

Publisher | Maison d'édition

NeWest Press

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

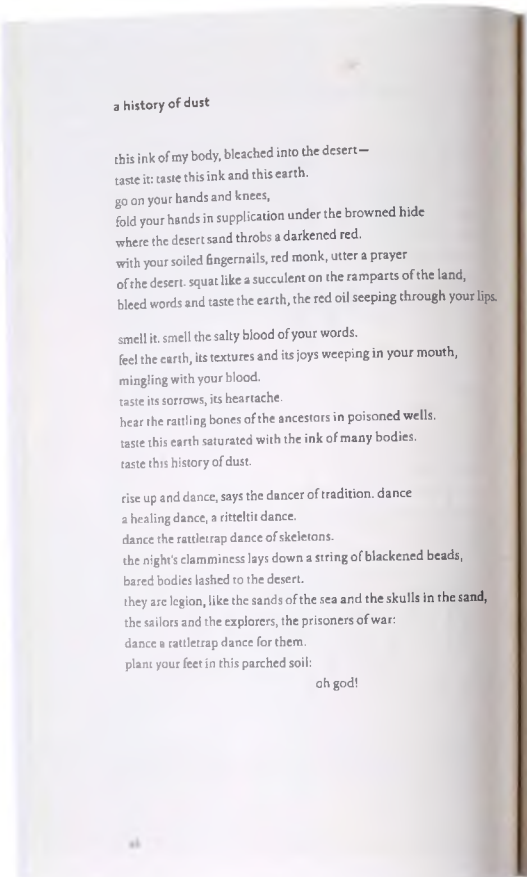
Priori Sans, Erato

Trim Size | Format massicoté

138 × 226mm

ISBN 9781988732664

A shining example of accessible poetry design, the entire package aims to engage and satisfy both bookstore browsers and home readers. The offset of the cover title is appealing and connects to the interior typography, where long lines are handled with skill and care. | Un rayonnant exemple de design où la poésie est accessible, où le tout vise à engager et satisfaire à la fois le client fureteur de librairie et le lecteur à la maison. Le décalage du titre de la couverture est attrayant et s'unit à la typographie des pages intérieures, où de longues lignes sont dressées avec talent et soin.



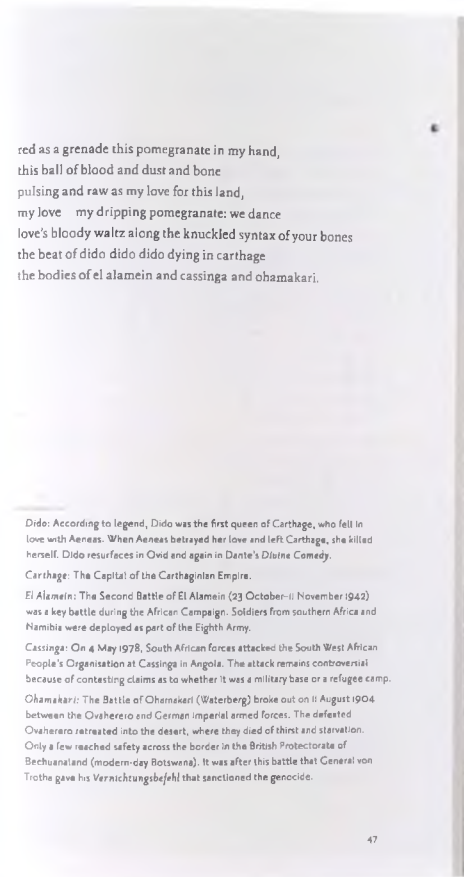
a history of dust

this ink of my body, bleached into the desert—
taste it: taste this ink and this earth.
go on your hands and knees,
fold your hands in supplication under the browned hide
where the desert sand throbs a darkened red.
with your soiled fingernails, red monk, utter a prayer
of the desert. squat like a succulent on the ramparts of the land,
bleed words and taste the earth, the red oil seeping through your lips.

smell it. smell the salty blood of your words.
feel the earth, its textures and its joys weeping in your mouth,
mingling with your blood.
taste its sorrows, its heartache.
hear the rattling bones of the ancestors in poisoned wells.
taste this earth saturated with the ink of many bodies.
taste this history of dust.

rise up and dance, says the dancer of tradition. dance
a healing dance, a ritteltit dance.
dance the rattletrap dance of skeletons.
the night's clamminess lays down a string of blackened beads,
bared bodies lashed to the desert.
they are legion, like the sands of the sea and the skulls in the sand,
the sailors and the explorers, the prisoners of war:
dance a rattletrap dance for them.
plant your feet in this parched soil:

oh god!



red as a grenade this pomegranate in my hand,
this ball of blood and dust and bone
pulsing and raw as my love for this land,
my love my dripping pomegranate: we dance
love's bloody waltz along the knuckled syntax of your bones
the beat of dido dido dido dying in carthage
the bodies of el alamein and cassinga and ohamakari.

Dido: According to legend, Dido was the first queen of Carthage, who fell in love with Aeneas. When Aeneas betrayed her love and left Carthage, she killed herself. Dido resurfaces in Ovid and again in Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

Carthage: The Capital of the Carthaginian Empire.

El Alamein: The Second Battle of El Alamein (23 October–11 November 1942) was a key battle during the African Campaign. Soldiers from southern Africa and Namibia were deployed as part of the Eighth Army.

Cassinga: On 4 May 1978, South African forces attacked the South West African People's Organisation at Cassinga in Angola. The attack remains controversial because of contesting claims as to whether it was a military base or a refugee camp.

Ohamakari: The Battle of Ohamakari (Waterberg) broke out on 11 August 1904 between the Ovaherero and German imperial armed forces. The defeated Ovaherero retreated into the desert, where they died of thirst and starvation. Only a few reached safety across the border in the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland (modern-day Botswana). It was after this battle that General von Trotha gave his *Vernichtungsbefehl* that sanctioned the genocide.

Third Prize (tie) | Troisième prix (ex aequo)

Title | Titre

heft

Designer | Conception

Rachel Cooper

Author | Auctrice

Doyali Islam

Publisher | Maison d'édition

McClelland & Stewart

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typeface | Polices de caractères

Arno

Trim Size | Format massicoté

145 × 214mm

ISBN 9780771005596

A challenging concept—the type reads sideways throughout—is extremely well done on every page, evidence of a dedicated and thoughtful designer. | Un concept stimulant où les caractères y sont disposés latéralement. Chaque page est remarquable, ce qui prouve le caractère dévoué et réfléchi de la conception.

light

april 7, 2017

standing on a plastic stool, my father
changes the bulb in the ceiling fixture
in the den. having aged, he no longer
bothers to dress, lives in sets of pjs
that sheathe him in diamond-like patterns. still,
the rigour of a former engineer:
each twist staccato and measured until
edison screw cap comes loose from socket
my vantage point is from below from here,
scarlet shells flutter down through dim
air—last repose discarded with the lamp
they died in their quest for warmth, but others
camp—set up homes in the room's wide corners.
the man is no saint but with moth,
spider, ant, or beetle he is tender
as an underarm revealed through repair,
his den, a true denn (old english for lair).
maybe for him it is easier to love
what is not his by blood, what seeks only
passage or refuge.

tonight, he works quietly while the tv
conjectures: *what is to come* (more hunger,
danger) *for the syrian people?* his
pjs, amid the garish sound bites, seem
patterned not with diamond but with missile
crosshairs,



tracking and targeting a land
not his own. ladybird and tomhawk
have both rained down, and bbc *waits for dust
to settle*— speaks in the interim of
crisis, risk. my father listens but reaches
beyond full height—one hand closed around
a new bulb: i see him as counterpoise.
left arm (slack); right arm (raised); right hand (a fist).
silhouetted in doubled dark, he is
intent on his chore—until the light,
the light is restored.

site

on tuesdays in the cramped mustard kitchen
i tear open a swab, pull the white cap
from a vial, screw tight a syringe's halves.
his sight is back—clouded lenses plucked out—
so i'm cautious as i spy the thin jut
of elbows; white shirt under which sutured
skin hides what the tumour took—a backbone
now of stainless steel, an internal cast
of rod and screws. look: he keeps an empty
chai packet stashed in his breast pocket
for the good scents of cardamom and clove.
my mouth is stern: i pretend not to love
the needle's bevelled tip, its hollow
gluttonous guzzling neupogen funnels
like sand through a timer's slim neck. my hands
each week grow steadier than weather.
they drain the little bottle faster,
develop a square and useless pride.

the nurse mapped his skin, pointed to the sites:
abdomen (at least two inches away
from the navel); the back of the upper
arm (right or left); the thigh (never chosen).

the nurse told me to hold it like my pen.
she warned, *be swift*.
he kept calm, gave us nothing.

but she was not there when, at the picnic,
someone said *between* bites of pie,
you've had a good life, and the shade of those
five words passed over his eyes. on tuesdays
he who would never laugh or cry or tell
a joke or work all the days of my life
learns to mouth *thanks*, and *please*. that's when
i'm the closest i'll ever be to him—
both hate and love the place i enter in.

Honorable Mention | Mention honorable

Title | Titre

Baloney suicide

Designer | Conception

Julie Massy, Sébastien
Dulude, et Catherine
Charbonneau

Author | Autrice

VioleTT Pi

Publisher | Maison d'édition

La Mèche

Printer | Imprimerie

Marquis

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Royal KMM

Magic Margin 1944
(machine à écrire)

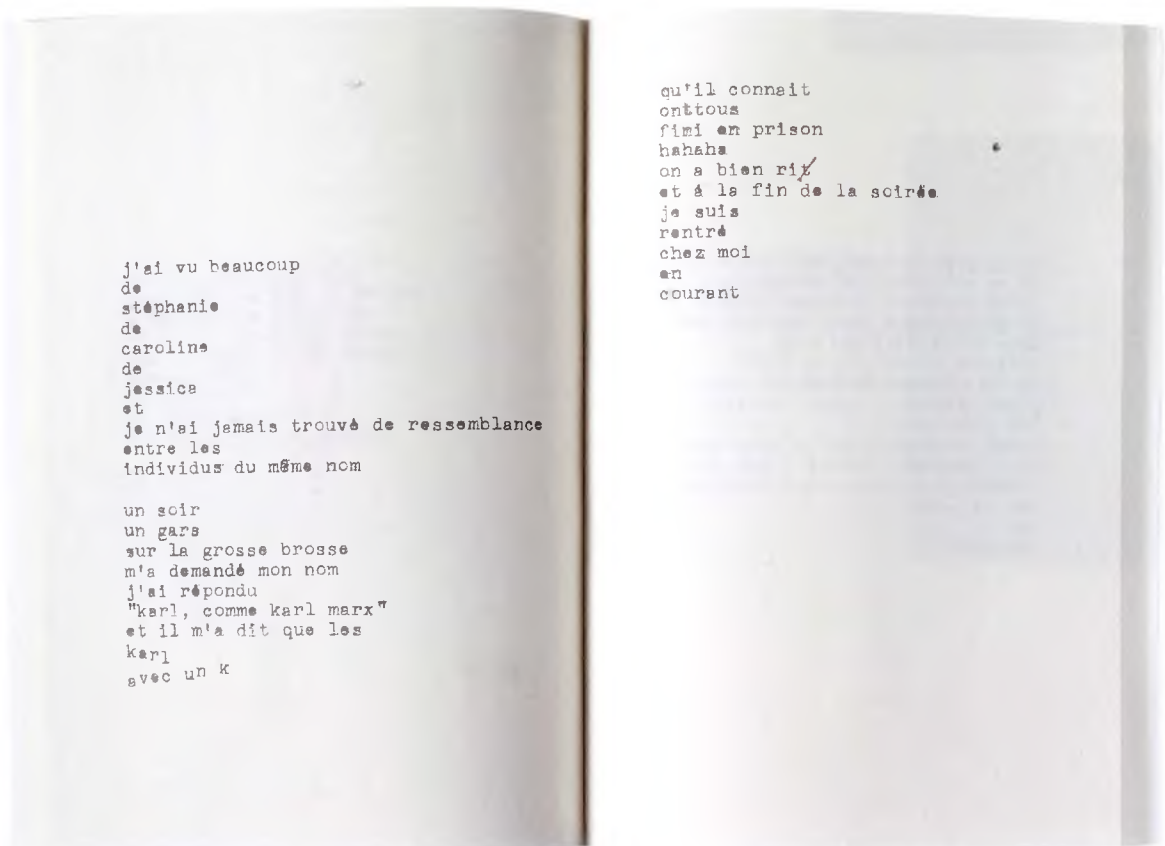
Trim Size | Format massicoté

126 × 177mm

ISBN 9782897070991



The interior makes effective use of a typewriter style and duotone production, setting certain letters and other effects in red type. | Le style dactylo et le double ton trouvent leur efficacité dans ce livre, avec certains effets et lettres en caractères rouges.



j'ai vu beaucoup
de
stéphanie
de
caroline
de
jessica
et
je n'ai jamais trouvé de ressemblance
entre les
individus du même nom

un soir
un gars
sur la grosse brosse
m'a demandé mon nom
j'ai répondu
"karl, comme karl marx"
et il m'a dit que les
karl
avec un k

qu'il connaît
ont tous
fimi en prison
hahaha
on a bien ri
et à la fin de la soirée.
je suis
rentré
chez moi
en
courant