

FIRST PLACE

Adina Lasser

ELECTRIC

Janet read me a story in my kitchen,
little whispets of chalk stuck in her teeth.
I made aspic in the sink, and listened well.
Janet watched her lover starside my palm.
At a party we danced together, sexless.
Janet read Foucault by firelight.
She spoke to me of bay leaves, her mother's silver
of never wanting children.
Janet was a virgin until she wasn't.
After that there was no name for her.

SECOND PLACE

Tim D. Housand

NOTES FROM A PARK IN GREENVILLE

What I had left were
remnants—dull squirrels,
an aging, pinkish dog
reflecting next to me
on a bench. We sat

and watched another
woman on a bench, her November
man trying to kiss
through the wool of her
yellow scarf. She pointed to
her rusted watch,
and I imagined him

explaining time
as motion, or lack of
said motion. Two hands,
lined up on a clock
face—a still life.
“Have you noticed,”
He’d say to her,
“that it’s only when
your back is turned
they appear to move?”

They left,
and I could see
her hand slipping
into his pocket.
What a surprise
for the girl
when she’d feel
the rotted peach
hidden there.

It was, he could’ve

replied, Novembering—
the brown cores
of summer fruits,
wet acorns
on the ground, breath
of the mutt besides me
which was warmer than
anything. I pulled him
onto my lap, and when
the November dusk
settled, we were
all that was left.

THIRD PLACE

Katie Hibner

WILL I HANG OWL-MAN?

He docks his ferry in the midst of traffic;

yes I find comfort in the oak

crooks of elbows, a *Crucible* hot tub

where this owl-man can't harpoon

his mind, or rather his mud;

he stows his snake carefully,

dips into its lemon-feed,

shakes off the surfaces of the Nantucket vignette

in which I saw sunlight lope around his ears, oh

dear Abigail Williams

I wish you were here.