

## AWC SPRING 2008 CONTEST

### WINNING SUBMISSIONS -POETRY

#### SERIOUS POETRY

##### **FIRST PLACE: My Road, My Rocks, My Race by Nichole Chang**

The shape of my future  
Is not in your hands  
Aspirations  
Desires  
Developed subsequent to the knowledge  
Who I am

Or were they present  
Prior  
To the dreams you have ruled farfetched  
Of mine  
To step forward when stakes are  
High and the road  
Shortened  
To convey your own  
Now  
Held in your mind  
The  
Hidden concurrence

Happiness defined  
By  
What you have known  
Only what you know

The absence of consistency  
What I reach for  
What I should lust for  
Regrets made  
Before an unmade fall  
By ones who take it upon  
Themselves  
Comprehension is  
Lost

On those who have  
Just  
What they have known  
Only what they know

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Lack of dubbed  
Normal  
Zeal  
Disrespect aside  
Conformity is not an option  
To ask for betrayal of self  
I fail to see this  
Happiness  
In the careful

Equation  
Of  
What the world has known  
Only what the world wants to know

If I am to fall  
Trip  
Stumble  
I will take that rock in stride  
And mold it into me  
The shape of my future  
Is in my hands

### **SECOND PLACE: Differential by Emily Lupita Plum**

The scientist holds his forehead, covers  
his dark eyes with long, meaningful hands,

forms a hundred-thousand calculations  
in his mind: width, strain, grains, molecules.

He measures twice and when absolutely certain  
writes the answers with a clean sigh of inevitability.

Only when he thinks I am deep in sleep  
does he turn from his pages to my curved form,

thighs resting under blankets, breasts hidden  
from clear view beneath thin sheets.

The scientist leans toward me. He ponders  
our depth, draws lines in the air, tries to determine

how it is we have arrived here. He considers his thick rules  
of physics and logic, discovers they no longer apply.

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#### **THIRD PLACE: Just Yesterday by Jef Blocker**

Reflecting,  
I drove around  
Tonight  
Like we used to  
Last autumn.

Remembering  
Houses  
You pointed out  
That one day  
You would own.

And through one  
Of the open  
Lit windows,  
I thought  
I could see  
Someone reading  
One of the classics,  
Caressing the leather spine  
Title: Just Yesterday  
In his easy chair ...

Oblivious  
To the howling  
In my heart.