

**1<sup>st</sup> Place** for two poems:

Driving In Stephenville AND The Shape of My Mother by Hannah Hiscock

*Driving in Stephenville*

Sweet summer evening passing vivid women  
who hang their clothes to dry as if it were a work of art.  
Newfoundland air flying at me from a taxi window,  
accosting filthy city lungs with a startling purity.  
tonight, I am a miner of nostalgia.

The ocean gives you kisses so sweet,  
you would die of love.

*The shape of my mother*

I grew accustomed to the shape of my mother,  
lying still on her mattress.  
I had memorized the  
hills, the valleys, and  
great plains

creased into the white sheets  
by her diminished body.  
The vegetable garden, left to its own devices,  
sprouted weeds so tall and wild that they frightened  
the neighbour's children.  
This is often how I imagined  
her state of mind.

I felt the word 'depression' between my tiny fingers;  
carried it with me, tight to my chest,  
as if it was my child.

The day I returned to find  
the topography of the bedsheets distorted,  
I prayed. Looking at her I wondered:  
My heart came from your heart. Two hearts,  
one body. Do you think they were beating  
in time with one another?

Not likely, she said.