

Junior Division, Poetry (16-20 years)

Liam Butler, Conception Bay South

In the Woods

Half sunk in a ditch,
I've been made to stare blank faced
through sodden pine boughs,
to tread through gravel ruts
and mud spill roads,
tracing the backcountry trap houses
dead ends and dugouts;
the shore's welting acne,
and the city's pulsing blister.

Through fog wading and cigarette smoke
I've found no recompense
amongst the used condoms, needles,
and fathomless droves of garbage
that upholster the earth
about this Bay-
a nauseating sterility
rearing scarecrow men
from its cankered, septic loins.

They shamble in and through the wood,
skulk about the streets
by way of Cavalier, Suzuki, GMC,
their sole craft and artfulness,
scouring the bush
for blood or aphrodisiac-
their valium heads,
throbbing abscesses
of their bald, rancid heritage.