

# Literary Supplement



Entries flooded The Gateway office...

Photo Bruce Gardner

About two weeks before the deadline, I was worried: hardly any entries for the contest had come in. But I guess everybody waited for the deadline, because on February 12th The Gateway office was swamped with poems and stories.

Altogether there were 170 entrants and 270 entries, so the competition was considerable. There were 150 short poems entered, 74 long poems and 46 short stories. There would have been more if some people could read instructions!

First, I'd like to thank the judges for their willingness to spend time and effort on this project. Thanks to the associate and assistant editors of *The Edmonton Bulletin*, Nora Abercrombie and Candace Jane Dorsey, for judging the short story and long poem categories respectively. Thank you, writer-in-residence Leona Gom, for judging the

short poem entries. It was great to have published writers/poets as our judges.

Second, I would like to thank the University for donating \$1050 in prizes for the Literary Contest. The first place winners will receive \$200, the second place winners will win \$100, and the third place winners will receive \$50. President Horowitz's generosity is much appreciated by *The Gateway* — and the winners, who will receive their prize in the mail.

Third, a thank you to Randal Smathers, Roberta Franchuk, and Juanita Spears for their much-needed help in laying out this supplement! Thanks also to Tom Wharton and Michael Tolboom for the graphics.

Last, but certainly not least, I'd like to thank everyone who entered the contest: the interest shown was very encouraging, and obviously without this participation there wouldn't have been a contest at all.

Elaine Ostry

## JUDGE'S COMMENTS: SHORT POEM

Thanks to all of you who submitted poems; it was very difficult to narrow down the choices from so many interesting pieces. A surprising number of poems had religion as their subject, and other popular themes were love, alienation, and death — all compelling subjects but sometimes hard to handle originally. Still, there wasn't a single poem that didn't offer some spark of insight and sensitivity, and it was gratifying to see so much potential out there.

The winning poem, "moving", I chose for

its precision in language and especially for the depth and perceptiveness in the last two stanzas, which turn it from a purely descriptive piece into something much more profound. The untitled poem that won second prize struck me with its stark simplicity, which treats the difficult subject of death and sorrow with a control and lightness of language that make it especially moving. "Antitor," the third place winner, is interesting for its narrative voice and the way it pulls the basic metaphor of tides and oceans so well

through the poem. This ability to develop a metaphor is also what distinguishes "Saying Goodbye on a Subway Train", the poem which received an honorable mention.

I'm sure I will see work from these writers, and many others whose poems I read, again — they are talented poets, and I hope they will continue to write.

Leona Gom  
Writer-in-Residence

### First Place moving

|                                   |                            |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| we ran from                       | the old house rose         |
| the big house with varnish so new | under jacks                |
| it mustn't be scratched           | onto the trucks            |
| to see                            | into the distance          |
| the movers come                   | a beginning of leavings    |
| in giant trucks                   | prelude to other moves     |
| grumbling in surprise             | necessary without regret   |
| to take away the old house        |                            |
| first they                        | from the ground that shook |
| toppled the brick chimney         | so far                     |
| off the roof                      | we can't see clearly       |
| at our feet                       | even with old photographs  |
| the ground vibrated               |                            |
| we jumped back                    |                            |

by Jim Vander Meulen

