

First Place (By Rachel Gerry, in collaboration with Miranda Schreiber, and Liz Faria)

Coup de Foudre

As you impressed your visage to mine eyes
A lens betwixt us – Neptune felled it down!
In sweet changeless infinity you rise
And from your image bloodred waves abound.

Espy your tepid gaze, your truant mind.
O nymph! Numinous merman moored in me
Your spindly hair, a brittle rope entwined
O cream liquor could set our spirits free.

Your figure is a castle's mirthless wall
Your Roman nose – fair Caesar I salute.
I reach to take your hand, through air it falls -
You diaphanous God, my try is moot!

The swipe is mighty! Fie! It is – a Match!
In Tinder's epic vault our love is latched.

Second Place, Georgia Atkin

Words from a Broken Writer

You smiled at me just like a simile,
and I became your dearest metaphor.
But if my eyes had e'er the sense to see,
I should have turned and fled back out the door.
I thought I heard the phrases of your heart
alliterating artfully with mine.
But I suppose too much of it was art --
imaginary, fabricated rhyme.

Your words grew bitter black; it hurt to read,
all my attempts to edit seen as treason.
You broke my cadence, made my lyrics bleed,
And nothing I could write came close to reason.

So I must alter rhythm, let me Free --
We are not meant to be.

Third Place Allana Dalrymple

The Informed Heart

The Informed Heart



Honourable Mention (Rose Sneyd)

To Sloth

Sometimes, it strikes me we're rehearsing how
to love each other – improvising lines
of divine union. Though I can't allow
a human paradise, my "spirit" pines
to have our practised love immortalised.

I cannot joy to "lose ourselves in light" –
to lose your glossy lashes, golden thighs,
your Sloth-like limbs that cling to me at night –
to an anonymous, though perfect, delight.

Some consolation lies in our shared grave:
we nestle together in black earth, no light
disturbing our eternal, breathless embrace.

But perhaps we're merely practising for this
moment, this self-perpetuating kiss.

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Honourable Mention Submitted by Dina Gang

My Love Needs No Upgrade

Online I took a quiz today and found
out I'm a Ross. I clicked, I shared some stuff.
I read live tweets, I danced my mouse around.
Buzzfeed sorted me into Hufflepuff.
We'll stay awake in bed tonight, sweet bae.
You'll ask me questions, like do I want to
update my software now, or in one day?
I'll tell you 'later', but that I love you.
You'll frustrate me when we wake, when I see
that you're not on, or charged, and you don't help
while I look for my keys. Love's not easy,
and Google can't help with lost keys. Try yelp?
Not yelp! Not yahoo. No website. But still!
I love you, your quizzes, keyboard, and thrill.