



Third prize poem

Poem about Chickadee 1, 2, 3 by James Culleton

By Stella Portage

Free, in his way, says Cohen.

A strong cormorant, you broke your wire.

Hungry for calm to settle your nerves gamer by night worried student by day you
liked night classes you liked night dark. You hated English.

Why will a coder need English you challenge you got behind in calculus

I wish your wire had been thicker we could have pulled you back before your tiny
cold body lay under the coroners' scalpel in your stomach finding the new wires