

**Congratulations to the Winners of the 2015-16
Gregory J. Power Poetry Awards
and Jeroboam Poetry Prize**

Gregory J. Power Awards

1st Place: Revival, by Andreae Callanan

2nd Place: Berrypicking in Bauline, by Matthew Hollett

3rd Place: Patient, by Katie Vautour

Honourable Mentions

It Follows, by Alexandra Duff

Depart 7 am Tuesday, by Meghan Loch

On the Decolonization of my Heart, by Shannon Webb-Campbell

Jeroboam Poetry Prize

Merchant Vessel, by Matthew Hollett



Andreae Callanan reading “Revival”

Revival

The national canning company said
there would be no more mustard pickles
for our Sunday lunches of cabbagey

boiled comfort after mass,
no pickles to grace our salt meat hash,
no pickles for our baked ham dinners

nor for our cold ham sandwiches
on warm white bread. None
for the pan-fried fishcakes, dense

with salt cod, confettied with onion
and flecked with summer savoury.
No thick yellow sauce to spread

and pool on charity turkey tea paper plates
at the Lions' Club or the parish hall,
no pickles left in the shops at all.

So we opened our pantries, brought jars
from basement shelves, ducked crawlspace
clearance to emerge with half-pints, pints,

standard and wide-mouth jars gleaming
gold (and near as dear). We arranged
our wares on church-sale tables and raised

enough money to fund a mission to India.
The missionaries returned with suitcases
of turmeric, fat, damp rhizomes folded into

souvenir t-shirts and silently smuggled.
The turmeric was planted in new-built
community glasshouses, flourished

among the cucumbers and red peppers.
Gardeners tended their vegetable plots
with wartime vigour. Around the bay

the old-timers hauled the twisting
silver bodies of caplin by bucket loads
to nourish the stony soil, brought pans

of clean ocean to dry in the sun, raking
the water away until there was only
salt. In town, construction of hotels

was halted, the land dedicated to lush,
waving mustard fields and the cultivation
of sugar beets. Children spent their

summers plucking pale-green caterpillars
from cauliflowers' pale-green ribs,
wrapping the leaves tight to shade

the white heads of curd within. Neglected
crab apples were newly prized, as urban
foragers discovered the ancient secrets

of making vinegar from windfall. Each
small shop developed a signature slant,
each community a variation, an accent.

In the provincial archives, two pieces
of paper are on prominent display: one,
a brittle, spill-stained list of ingredients

taken down in an oblique, last-century
hand, and the other a facsimile of an official
letter to the national canning company,

telling them they can shag right off.

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