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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