5-1-2009

2008-2009 Writing Contest

Kristine Pugsley
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol17/iss1/24

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
2008-2009 WRITING CONTEST

A letter from Kristine Pugsley, Managing Editor

Last year Johanna Stephens, Dr. Kim Knutsen, and the student Editorial Staff of The Promethean decided to stage a writing contest for all students, faculty, and staff. The success and popularity of the contest encouraged our current team to continue the tradition in the 2008-2009 edition.

This year, instead of using ink-blot muses, the staff decided to employ our theme “Contents May Be Hot” as the contest prompt. We hoped the unusual and ambiguous nature of the issue would provoke a variety of interesting entries, and we were not disappointed. The contest received over 20 submissions, all of which embodied the free spirit and electric energy we hoped to generate in this year’s contest.

Elizabeth Braun, an adjunct Humanities professor, served as our judge. She should be thanked for her diligence and time; as an experienced literary critic, her choices for first, second, and third place have been decided with great care and consideration.

A list of all winners and honorable mentions can be found on the facing page. Comments on the first and second place entries are provided by Dr. Kimberly Knutsen and Kristine Pugsley.

NOTES ON WINNING ENTRIES

1st Place
Jeremy Richards

Door

2nd Place
Leah Flores

Shhh, My Demons Are Trying To Sleep

3rd Place
Jess Bouchard

This Must Be Real

Honorable Mentions:
Sarah Gutierrez
Time With Hank

Nathan Betterman
The Flow

DOOR
The strength of “Door” is the landslide-like shift of meaning between stanzas. The poet begins with imagery that is Daliesque and defies the laws of physics: “a small, blue, square pond/nailed laterally against a wall of snow.” The reader is challenged to crane their necks in order to view this door into another realm. In the final stanzas, the movement is inward: “Peace/placed (deep/deep in my chest. Deeper than my heart and my soul).” The parenthetical style gives the reader access to an innermost chamber of spirituality, one “where only You fit.” It is here that the meaning of “Door” is revealed: God exists in a deeper pool, one that defies time and space.

SHHHH, MY DEMONS ARE TRYING TO SLEEP
This poem explores the reality of living with our nightmares. It reaches into the darkest places in us all, into hidden chambers where memories of our most disturbing experiences live. It is the place feared but unavoidable, because to lose it would be to lose a part of ourselves. We see this in the mothering words (the demons are ‘cradled’) and in the sleepy, quiet tone; we also feel the bleak captivity when we realize that the demons, destroyed by the mother in ‘waves of bile,’ are dreaming fragments of her former life. The stark realities and haunting images resonate within us and leave a lasting impression.