

ACT Poetry Prize

The ACT Poetry Prize encourages and rewards excellence in poetry, and comprises four prize categories with a total value of \$20,000.

Judith Wright Prize

The Judith Wright Prize is for a published collection and is open nationally and valued at \$10,000.



Winner

You can get only so close on google earth

By Ann Shenfield (Victoria)

Arcadia, 2010

Commended

- *Patience, Mutiny* by Lucy Holt
- *Possession* by Anna Kerdijk Nicholson
- *Swallow* by Claire Potter
- *The Simplified World* by Petra White

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Alec Bolton Prize

The Alec Bolton Prize is for an unpublished manuscript and is open nationally and valued at \$5,000.

Winner

***Darger - a sequence of poems* by Julie Chevalier** (NSW)

Commended

- *Second-Hand Attack Dog* by Carmen Keates
- *The Unfairground* by Anthony Lawrence
- *The World was Rumour* by Tony Lintermans

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Rosemary Dobson Prize

The Rosemary Dobson Prize is for an unpublished poem by an Australian poet and is open nationally and valued at \$3,000.

Winner (split prize)

- ***Goodbye is too small a word* by Kristen Lang (Tas)**

Goodbye is too small a word

The hill is because we do not want to end.
The sun has gone and the stones
timeshift with their shadows.
We choose a pace
that will overcome the tremor in us,
though our hearts still insert their O, O, their holler.
The steepness, sweat trickling on the skin
we would give each other,
spills through us, as if we fall as we ascend.
And then there is the world below us,
and the sharp stones where we sit
under the moon... stars caught like claws
on the tips of gums
enjoining us: stay, stay in this long dusk.
We lean into the hollow of each others' hearts.
And we yield what is good in us
to the stones, to the trees,
to the moondust,
descending in the night's tide,
in the shallows of our breath.

And because
we cannot climb again,
we pull away – that small
emptiness... at the tips
of our fingers, in our forearms,
its web in our chests,

the hill,
a fracture in our lungs.

Rosemary Dobson Prize

Winner (split prize)

- ***The Architecture of Pear* by Lizz Murphy (NSW)**

The Architecture of Pear

1.

One pear is built by its words the other assembled in paint
lake strokes swirling into wide pear base
They are plain canvas torn duck numbers running in reverse

2.

To make an edifice of pear
fashion first a coracle
a wherryman a crescent moon

3.

One pear skips a page
This pear is made from old texts
and the must of books

4.

If a pear is juicy it is also soft
So is decay
have you thought about that?

5.

Each word about a pear is a word out of it
I assemble it I destroy it the annihilation of pear
The first bite is with a knife

6.

A pear is an ancient
I hold its history
it rocks in the hull of my hand
I splinter the pear
There is the knife again
but the brush has most command
even more than the tongue
although it does not have taste
It brings me refuge as the sea is breath

7.

At the moment no-one is next to me
just the pear the other is a core

8.

There is something about pears and newspaper
They read so well together

Rosemary Dobson Prize

Commended

- *Cattle Grids* by Lyle Dunne
- *Shark* by Lucy Holt
- *The Evidence* by Tony Lintermans

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David Campbell Prize

The David Campbell Prize is for an unpublished poem by an ACT poet and is valued at \$2,000.

Winner

- ***Rosalie Gascoigne* by Paul Cliff (ACT)**

Rosalie Gascoigne

'I keep ... laying it all over the floor until such time as it tells me what it wants to become' — Rosalie Gascoigne

Just give me the vital Things themselves,
as hunted and gathered: each taken up,
humble and wonderful as it comes —
uncensored and raw. Unadorned.
No marks placed upon them of mine:
just their pure, hard-lived glorious selves.
Gnarled, dull, shiny, straight or warped,
scratched, kinked or scarred. Marked with the haphazard break,
or ingrained with the human stain.
Incarnate with themselves:
 the enamel coffee pot with Dalmatian-spots of brown rust;
 Schweppes crates, sun-faded to lovely Renaissance tones;
 swan feathers scabbed from the side of Lake George;
 eloquent lengths of kinked fencing wire...
and assorted shelves, boxes and buckets full
of such bountiful junk-stuff more,
both natural and manmade.

Just let me have those, and a space — the shed-instinct,
patience and grace — to let the things coalesce:
cohere, gravitate or fall into each other;
to each speak their own genius-selves:

as stacked, threaded, bound, sewn or hung —
glued, screwed, nailed, staple-gunned —
or however appropriately arraigned,
and held up for the human regard.

David Campbell Prize

Commended

- *Last coffee* by David Coleman
- *Immanuel* by Geoff Page