



"All the Arts for All of Us"

2009 Winners and Finalists

Cultural Center of Cape Cod National and Regional Poetry Competition

Maxine Kumin has chosen *Dolores O'Ray Detrains* by Kelli Boyles of New York, NY, as the \$1000 National Award Winner in our 2009 Poetry Competition. She has chosen *A Few Rules of Thumb* by Mary Kane of Hatchville, MA, as the \$250 Regional Winner. Below is a list of the other poets whose work was considered for these awards and the poems of the winners themselves.

1st National Runner Up: Dale Trumbore of College Park, MD, for *Lovesong for the lesser body parts*

2nd National Runner Up: Lee Tupman of Orleans, MA, for *Velma's Room*

Finalists:

Charles Atkinson of Soquel, CA
Elizabeth Barbato of Highland Park, NJ
Simone Beaubien of Medford, MA
Susan Berlin of Yarmouthport, MA
J. Lorraine Brown of Mashpee, MA
Charlene Logan Burnett of Davis, CA
Salita Bryant of New York, NY
Joy Gonsalves of North Andover, MA

Barry Hellman of Eastham, MA
Kaimi Rose Lum of Eastham, MA
Michelle Maher of Wexford, PA
Judith Montgomery of Bend, OR
Nancy Pearson of Wellfleet, MA
Susan Jo Russell of Somerville, MA
Irene Willis of Great Barrington, MA
Amy Woodward of Hingham, MA

Kelli Boyles, National Winner

Dolores O'Ray Detrains

Circa where they met—that blur of spruce—
he swore the coach class windows held a rill
of light from her intact. The rain gray eyes,
the sideways almost-smile, the long chartreuse
umbrella brooding like a cockatiel,
her way of scanning platforms for goodbyes.

Recalling this could signal change, relief
from what she'd termed the ungreen smoking engine
of his reason as she bit a tangerine
brightly in the sleeping car. To arrive at grief,
the theory went, backtrack. Go there again.
He took the same trip in the fall without her,
riding in love until the things about her,
becoming other things, slipped off the train.

A Few Rules of Thumb

If a woman takes a poem
into her mouth, she will taste mint, a little bit of raw moon, the beginnings
of trouble.

If a woman invites a woman into her kitchen, she will speak
at length with the dead.

If she invites two poems to dinner, she will know the pull of infidelity.

If a woman plants poems
in sock drawers, knife drawers, library books, envelopes addressed
to old men, she will shudder with pleasure at unexpected moments.

If a woman writes poems
in the nude, the skin in her poems will wrinkle. If a woman writes poems
dressed in corduroys and a green
wool sweater, the skin of her breasts will glow
mostly unnoticed.

If a woman argues with a poem
you won't hear her. If she wakes up on Sunday and continues arguing
with the same poem, a line will fly alongside her left ear, cardinal red
with a splash of black.

If a woman makes love to a poem, no one will be able to read it.

If a woman
makes love to a poem behind her husband's back, the poem will explode
from a prickled pod like a poppy, a deep salmon color.

If a woman fears a poem, her toes will curl.

If a woman invites a poem she fears
over for tea, she will breathe images. She will spill shadows everywhere
she walks, a poem over her head her very own sun, her very own rain,
her very own umbrella.