

Senior Division, Poetry  
Matthew Hollett, St. John's  
**Robbie Burns Night**

Our noses stuffed with nutmeg, coriander, clove,  
moose kidney, sheep heart, liver and lungs.

Two dogs under the table snagging haggis-crumbs.

Lisa saws Scotch eggs in half on the stove  
and their teetering innards glimmer like geodes.

Matt mixes penicillins, prescribing our tongues  
tumblers of honey-ginger syrup, lemon,  
and Laphroaig from the gauntlet on his piano:

Glenfiddich. Dalwhinnie. Bowmore. Talisker.

We stagger through whiskies, poems, haggis,  
and later through a well-shaken cocktail of snow  
to home, where the foyer seems to spin faster  
and faster, flinging us free of boots and jackets,  
our cats sniffing every stitch of our clothes.