

Senior Division, Poetry
Duncan Major, St. John's
Three Voices (excerpt)

iii.

These logs split like yawning teenagers.
For two complicated minutes, I'm certain of the wind's direction.
Where's the chivalry?
Puddles. The worn, torn bodies of tires parting them in summer.

Listen to people, standing on their tongues!
Nothing quite offends me like stale ground pepper.
Forgive me. I forgot it was your birthday.
Imprecise and out of tune is how my heart intends to be.

I've made an effort, but it's not what you think.
The moon's full, but foolish, just like you and I, pretending to walk.
I used to put arsenic on my face before I knew any different.
Once you hear that sort of thing, you want to pass it on.

At some point, you'll turn your anger into some kind of peninsula,
And in spring I'll build a Dutch barn for my slippers.
I'm happy you see, because
Where I sleep is where I sweep.