

The Dehn Poetry Competition 1st place

*Molly Mellinger  
Fairfield University*

## **White Pony**

I don't know why my head turns, this foggy morning  
as I take the corner of the Salko Farm road at a hum  
and urge the car on towards work.

I only know that it turns, and absently I catch  
a white pony grazing in the shallow field.  
As if there was nothing tragic or even interesting  
occurring in the world; just bowed there,  
his straight, pale hair tangling with the grass.  
I imagine his life to be one long sigh.

Remembering the scene, sleepy  
and vexed at the defiant trundle of the clock,  
I become unmerciful.

How easy, to love a thing from far away-  
to love as artists swoon over the Monets and the met;  
scratch jubilant nonsense into fat, crowded notebooks;  
gesture vaguely towards no companion-rather,  
towards the specter of a perfect, imagined accolade.

How simple, to love the captive of an instant,  
of an accidental glance.  
So placid, this sketching of white against the winter grass;  
wanting nothing, asking nothing.  
I would not have noticed if, after I went past,  
the pony bolted into the road, panicked by  
a fly straying sleepily through the fibers of this tail.  
Perhaps he took the fence in one leap and vanished  
as I hurtled along, beaming and tearful,  
sure I had seen the scribbling fingers of God.  
The Dehn Poetry Competition 2nd place

*Kate Hagner  
Suffolk University*

## **But She Breaks Just Like a Little Girl**

Holy hell  
And she said that I was created in his image  
I called God a liar  
Oh mom  
You would have been so proud  
And now  
I am a woman  
With red toenails curling and prancing

Through the movements of the city and red walls  
I might tell you I love you  
When you're asleep  
The sound of your muffled breathing  
Is the best response  
I've ever gotten  
After that red-toe nailed  
Womanly  
Declaration  
The blank space  
In that crossword puzzle  
That you couldn't decipher  
Turned out to be  
Adore  
I know that word cold  
And I know  
That word has red fangs  
Favoring the meat of girls wanting to be women  
Sucking in their stomachs and hoping for empty wombs  
I'm empty and so was this city in early December  
When the wind killed the two of us hiding under skies of dead  
willow tree branches  
Maybe now  
However  
I can tell you when you're fully awake  
That I just happen to favor you  
To the socialist on the street corner  
And blank spaces on old newspaper's crosswords  
With five spaces

The Dehn Poetry Competition 3rd place

*Nikolai von Keller*  
*Bowdoin College*

## **Two Boats**

A man thinks of a boat  
and then builds a boat.

And the word *boat*  
is built to name it,  
which then reenters the man  
and meets its counterpart.

The two marry quietly and,  
cradling one another

in the hulls of their purpose,  
drift toward the mouth's  
unforgivable locks.