

Adult Category

18 and Up

1st Place – Bruce R. Croffy

#1406

Do the blasts of bombs still ring in your ears
or are they voices of the ghosts locked within,
crouched in the peeled rusting cells,
where screams slice the skin?
Time is trapped in a cage at the Port,
the door will not step aside.
Life ticks in slow motion here,
like the burn of a fuse,
the thaw of winter
in the rocks high above,
trickling like years
on a life of no good.
The walls whisper the tales,
of hanged men in the roses,
of tattooed Christs on humbled backs,
Marys on muscled arms.
The laying of ink on another summer,
one of your forty-six,
the coyote drool for the chickens you tend,
the furnace air
stinking of sweat,
behind bars that hold you here

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1st Runner-Up – Donna O’Hara Jaquith

No More Time in 1878

No more time for Tambiago’s ways and means of living
June’s gloom brought death by the gallows
Rain washed away any trace of hope to this Bannock’s spirit as
He dropped through the wooden door at 1pm.
At Boise’s Old Idaho State Penitentiary June 29th.

Locked together as a band of blood brothers, a pack was made
To fight the products of the Pan Reservation ’69 machine designed
to Steal Away traditions; cut into Mother Earth, cease the story tellers
Language and leave the self’s reliance behind.
Tambiago’s life was lost more than once.

Promises of a better future, great pastures, great hunting grounds
New ways of hunting, providing and protecting
Gave way to a slow walk of death to encampment, overcrowding,
starvation and Broken Promises of the means to plant and
harvest.

Tambiago and others cried out to Fort Hall’s master,
“I am a hunter and provider, let me go and hunt,”
But Agent Danilson’s orders ceased all hunting
Passes.
Rage engulfed the hunters as they were helpless to provide for
Their families as all life felt lost.
The Bannocks’ fight for life eschewed, on the path to take back
their rights,
Left no more time, for many and one,
Tambiago.

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Honorable Mention – Stacy Miller

Slam Jimmy was a cool rocker dude
His thin mustache grew from his nose kind of rude
His long hair hung deep into his eyes
Nobody ever knows if Slam Jimmy cries
With a beer in one hand and a smoke in the other
He didn't go to school
He dealt undercover
He kept to himself
He was labeled a loner
Society looked down on him
As the town's stoner
He was out on bail and out on a mission
He had no morals, was a thief just to feed his addiction
When he finally had to face up to his life of crimes
The Idaho State Penitentiary gave him a life sentence of wicked rhymes
As the cell doors slammed shut
Slam Jimmy didn't think he would have ever got into such a rut
Solitary confinement got to him bad
Sent Slam Jimmy into an insane mental state of mad
There Slam Jimmy will always be
Beneath the rose garden
Under lock and key