

**Shannon Powers**

**1<sup>st</sup> Place Adult**

I'm not the only scarlet letter

In the hot Idaho sun

Hattie will tell you

She did for love

Silly girl

My emotions frozen

Cold room sewing a stitch in time

Long day

Longer nights

Watch the moon

Creep through my room

Listen for the morning dove

Cooing for my lost love.

The Matron and her stink eye

Judge and jury of Mary, Hattie, and I

Routine: routine

Thunder struck

Boom

A Spring storm

I watch the pink cherry blossoms dance like lovers once.

Hattie giggles

Nervous with the telling

Mary wrings her hands

“Wrong, wrong, wrong,” she mutters

Not me

My man beat me

Drunk on whiskey

Leaving his had prints etched

Into my neck

I have no regrets.

**Jordan Gray**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> place adult**

**The Flight of Douglas Van Vlack**

I'm going to die here

That much is truth

More solid than this sandstone pen

I'm going to die here

But I get to choose

The way that I meet my end

I'm climb up the cell house

And take a big dive

I'm going to die here

But not before I fly

All Types

We got all types here in the good ole Pen

Let me take you around to meet the crew.

We've got murderers, thieves, assaulters,

Gamblers, stealers, and those quick with revolvers.

We've got unlawful cohabitators, grand larcenators, and obfuscators.

We've got robbers and gold dust fakers, manslaughterers and just plain troublemakers

Me? You're askin' what I'm in for?

Selling liquor to an Indian. They got me in 1874.

**Dzevad Vrabac**

**Adult-Honorable Mention**

'Scraped Tablet'

I been gone for seven years dwelling-in  
light and shade of space and structure  
-warden on the top.  
sketches, provisions-labor and mind-  
and old hills will provide the quarry. With  
tools and our hands, in courage and hope,  
alone in the cells we go mad, in creating we rule  
—not the judges.

Look at the roof and walls over the ramparts  
to win the hearts of my brothers in arms.  
In silence to gather, unite in locksteop shuffle,  
we eat on the clock by the tell of the guards.  
True repentance is in the arch art,  
'chow hall' on the block and under the sky  
a tribute to the stomach god and rampage  
relishing fetishes and appetites  
—against oppression.

Pardon me; I did the time, in atonement-tabula rasa.

Departing as I arrived, neither good nor bad

Just as other, I am- son of man.