

*The
Thirty-Second Annual
Jo-Anne Hirshfield
Memorial Poetry
Awards*



EVANSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY COMMUNITY MEETING ROOM
SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 2010, 2:00PM

In loving memory of
Dr. Hyman Hirshfield
1921-2010

This year's poetry awards are in memory of:

Sara Busch

Robert C. Busch

Brian Garrick



The prizes in poetry are awarded
in remembrance of:

Alice Adler

Shirley Asnis

Alan Busch

James Fuerst

Melvin Landau

The Middle School Awards are endowed by:

Sara and Robert C. Busch

P rogram

Welcome

Mary Johns,
Library Director

Introductory Remarks

Karen Terry,
Library Board President

Remarks by 2010 Poetry Judge

Bobbi Katz

Presentation of 2010 Awards and Prize Money

Elementary Students
Middle School Students
High School Students
Unpublished Adults

Poetry Readings

Bobbi Katz

Meet the Award Winners
Refreshments Immediately Following the Program

PAST JUDGES

1979 - Eloise Fink

Lisel Mueller

1980 - Mark Perlberg

1981 - Mark Perlberg

1982 - Daryl Hine

1983 - Eleanor Gordon

1984 - Mark Perlberg

1985 - Dennis Brutus

1986 - Lisel Mueller

1987 - John Dickson

1988 - Eloise Fink

1989 - Gertrude Rubin

1990 - Reginald Gibbons

1991 - Angela Jackson

1992 - Richard W. Calish

1993 - Beatriz Badikian

1994 - Maxine Chernoff

1995 - Martha Modena Vertreace

1996 - Effie Mihopoulos

1997 - Mark Turcotte

1998 - Mark Turcotte

1999 - Allison Joseph

2000 - Sterling Plumpp

2001 - Richard Jones

2002 - Susan Hahn

2003 - Julie Parson-Nesbitt

2004 - Dr. Haki R. Madhubuti

2005 - Paulette Roeske

2006 - Jared Smith

2007 - Averill Curdy

2008 - Janice N. Harrington

2009 - Janet S. Wong

We regret any errors that may have occurred in this publication.

Elementary Students

First Place:

Mae Hurtig
Willard Elementary School, Grade 5

Coolinkwazina

I heard a rumor
about the coolinkwazina.
I know you get bored
of animals from a to z,
the aardvark to zebra.
But no one's heard of the coolinkwazina.
It is as strong
as Hurricane Katrina.
It has no fears,
And it has no tears
It growls,
it grumps
And when the night comes,
it flies up your stair.
And how do I know this?
It's as easy as pie.
I am the coolinkwazina's
Left eye.

Elementary Students

Second Place:

Nolan Robinson

Willard Elementary School, Grade 5

“I Am”

I am intelligent and hardworking.
I wonder why the sun never burns out.
I hear people singing in the breeze.
I see an angel watching over me.
I want to go to heaven.
I am intelligent and hardworking.

I pretend I'm saying a speech as if I'm president.
I feel an angel's touch.
I touch an angel's hand.
I worry that I'll get separated from the people I love.
I cry when I have a lot of things on my mind.
I am intelligent and hardworking.

I understand that there is a heaven.
I say a prayer every night.

I dream of a beam of light shining on me.
I try to do what is good for me.
I hope I live to make it into college.
I am intelligent and hardworking.

Elementary Students

Third Place:

R.J. Brennan
Lincoln Elementary School, Grade 4

Taste Happiness

It's sweet
And fills your mouth with gooiness
And you can never have
Too much
Like chocolate chips
Right out of the bag.

Touch happiness.
It feels like laying in bed
With a soft pillow
After a long day of running.

Elementary Students

Honorable Mention:

Aela Morris
Oakton Elementary School, Grade 5

Pencil

A Pencil,

Should be a king.
The King of Words.

A Pencil,

Star of the Stage.
Ooh and Ahh as it changes a mere letter into a word.

A Pencil,

A world famous writer.
Book after book it writes.

A Pencil,

My way of expressing myself.

Elementary Students

Honorable Mention:

Aela Morris
Oakton Elementary School, Grade 5

Hurricane

Life is a hurricane.

Weaving in and out.

Zoom! Round and round and up and down.

Makes me think of a roller coaster.

Home turns into forecast station, where will the hurricane go?

First to school, then Homework.

Next, a practice of some sort.

No time to rest,

it's off to bed,

for a restless night.

Inside me a brewing storm.

But sometimes life is chocolate. Slow and steady oozing along the street.

The forecast says clear skies. No sign of that hurricane.

Elementary Age Students

Honorable Mention:

Nolan Robinson

Willard Elementary School, Grade 5

I'm not

I'm not Reyanna, wearing her little pink sweater,
I'm not on television predicting the weather,
I'm not a model looking hot,
I'm not a doctor giving shots,
I'm not superman wearing his skinny tights,
I'm not a person, who always gets things right,
I'm not the president of the United States,
I'm not a criminal trying to escape,
I'm not a person trying to get a job,
I'm not a chicken no not at all,
I'm not a person who always falls,
I'm just Nolan Robinson and that's all

Elementary Age Students

Honorable Mention:

Violet Lillian Kuner
Lincoln Elementary School, Grade 4

Hear Darkness

It sounds like dead
Leaves rustling in fall
Quivering branches tapping on your
Window in a stormy night
A long forgotten bag
Blowing in a tree.

Elementary Students

Honorable Mention:

Ellie Rogers

M.L. King Jr. Lab. Magnet School, Grade 4

The Many Sides of Me

Swirling and twirling
I don't do it because it's pretty.
It just makes me feel good.
I jump and leap.
Not paying attention to anything.
The many sides of me.

Kick, punch, able to fight.
I run and thwoomp!
Through the basket,
In the field,
At the smack of a bat,
At the kick of a ball,
I do it.
The many sides of me.

Math, reading, science, writing.
I can do it.
1+1, ABC, 123, rocks, minerals, USA.
Give it to me.
I'm open to it.
I'm sure I can do it.
The many sides of me.

I'm a star!
A pop princess,
A rocker.
La, la, la is right.
Choir? Sign me up!
Pop, rock, country, jazz.
On stage. Solo. Me.
The many sides of me.

The magic,
In my hands.
Writing.

Middle School Students

First Place:

Tessa Dalton
Nichols Middle School, Grade 7

Stranded

You are in a room
There is no way out
You are in a box
It is completely sealed
You are on an island
There is no way off
You are stranded

Middle School Students

Second Place:

Shemar James

Dr. Bessie Rhodes Magnet School, Grade 8

“*A Parallel Universe*”

A Fascinating
Glass parallel
Universe
As you
Look into
It,
Your reflection
You will see in reverse
Like a
Glass camera,
A scene and setting,
It shows,
Its farthest point
Which is as far as it goes
Light bounces from corners and its sides
Raging across the room,
Like lasers,
Like a flying squirrel that glides
The glass device
That shows both beauty and terror
Now simply called a “mirror”

*M*iddle School Students

Third Place:

Abby Deyhle
Nichols Middle School, Grade 7

Poetry

Poetry is a passion of mine
Although it takes up a lot of time

I search my brain to find just the right words
As I sit and listen to the chirping of the birds

Waiting for an idea to strike me plain
For a bright yellow light bulb to hover over my brain

Well I'm no fan of geometry
But for poetry I will and shall always
Be.

Middle School Students

Honorable Mention:

Charlie Maxwell

Nichols Middle School, Grade 6

Grandpa

Wearing his layered fleeces
Blue and forest green
Grandpa sinks into his old, maroon
Recliner
And turns on the Cub's game

My eyes wander
To his right
To the piles of chocolates
And toffees
And sweets

He digs into his secret stash
Of gumdrops
And the dogs eager for their reward
Bounce to his side
The German shepherds
His lieutenants

I stroll past his throne
And he hollers
"For cripes sake! Those da...
(he glances at me)
dang Cubs"

Disgusted yet again
He storms off
And throws on his
Too-tall
Cubs stocking cap
His rain boots are worn and splattered
With mud from the garden

I follow him out

The dogs stride with him and
Loop around the grape vines, fruit trees, asparagus bush
And weeping willow

He pets my head
“Want some green peppers Charlie?”

He leads me through his vast garden
Thoroughly explaining what makes a good pepper

Sweat drops down my leg
But I don't complain

We stroll back
Towards the door
The dogs sprint over
His lieutenants flanking him again
And
I
Stand on his other side

Before we are noticed inside
He slips
A dark chocolate
Hershey's bar
Out of his
Dark Wrangler jeans
And hands it
To me

We settle down
He, in his gentle throne
Me, on the couch

And he turns
His head

And he winks

Middle School Students

Honorable Mention:

Shelton Ashley

Dr. Bessie Rhodes Magnet School, Grade 8

We Shall Overcome

We shall overcome all the pain and struggle
We shall overcome all the discrimination, violence, racism, and hate

We shall with a smile on our face
Fighting the tough racism of race

We shall fight, but not with our fist, but with our brain
Not with bullets that make a blood stain

Respecting the culture: blues and jazz
Not teaching street mentality, but the study of life, like ecology

We will speak to the youth
And lift up the poverty

We shall overcome life with wins going to the
Blessed place free from all our faults and sins

We shall overcome through the dark caves where there will be light
Where everyone on this earth will stand out bright

We shall overcome

Middle School Students

Honorable Mention:

Maggie Ruswick
Nichols Middle School, Grade 6

Difference

In my closet lies a kimono of silk
And on the floor a saucer of milk
On my wall an orange sea
As my thoughts drift carelessly
Here's the difference between you and I:
My dreams are of starry nights and millions of fireflies
I only think what pleases me, that and nothing else
And I have the strangest urge to always believe in myself
Writing is my favorite drive
because writing is my life, and it is how I survive
running barefoot through the snow I really quite enjoy
then coming home to green walls covered with fish of koi
Every breath of air I take is never quite the same
Because every breath is a different feeling, to me breathing is like a game
I love the smell of evergreen trees
And I love the sparkle of silvery keys
To me the best feeling is soft rain on bare flesh
And after it rains the world feels new and feels fresh
And here are the biggest differences between you and I:
I can stand being different, which is really no surprise
But what I cant stand at all, is when living my life becomes a lie
When a word becomes untrue
And pulls your world down along with you
When you can't look someone in the eye
If I had to live like this I'm sure I couldn't survive
In my closet a kimono of silk
And on my floor a saucer of milk
On my wall an orange sea
While my mind wanders carelessly

High School Students

First Place:

Miriam Herst
Lubavitch Girls High School, Skokie

Untitled*

The wind blows
And tells the story of a
Girl who kept a secret
From those she loved
She kept this secret
And took it out on occasion
The secret was dark
She walks through the fields
Towards the lone tree
She pulls at the familiar branch
The light shines through the crack
And with one step off the edge
She is back where comfort rests

Through the fields
Beautiful and delicate
From those who loved her
And from those for whom she cared
Locked away in a deep chamber
Only shown when needed
No candle could light even the surface
Her bare feet growing more and more numb
She arrives at her destination
The ground spreads wide beneath her
The wind blows up from below
She arrives in forever land
She is home

authors note poem can be read across as well

High School Students

Second Place:

Christian Robinson
Oak Park and River Forest High School

Chameleon

Nice to meet you.
My name is Christian Robinson.
I used to be a drug dealer.
Scratch that – I used to be a gang banger.
Erase that – I used to be a money chaser.
I change my mind, I used to be a girl pleaser.

I would brutally interrogate
their senses until they admitted
they were suicidal over me.
They would put up
bloody octagon-cut hands
so I could stop,
and start from the beginning like;

Nice to meet you,
my name is Christian Robinson
and I'm really a suburban Philly boy.
A fraction raised from the city,
the rest brought up by streets
with safe sidewalks.

Those same sidewalks moved
with me from Abington, Pennsylvania
to Oak Park, Illinois;
gave Past a second chance,
allowing me to start from any
beginning I chose.

The moment I grasped high school
I adopted disguises like a masquerade.
Learned peer pressure takes attendance



Chameleon *continued*

like the teachers I lied to
when I would tell my freshman
classes I had been in fights
with more guns, germs,
and steel than a history lesson.

Speaking of lessons,
I was taught that anything was worth believing,
as long as it was on the internet.
So I had MySpace claimed I was legally
able to see rated R movies,
while Facebook said at 14 I was interested
in women, not girls.

At least that's what mom and dad saw
when they dug up the family computer's history.
Their child who soared above expectations,
was gunned down
by the thief I made to be acknowledged
by the freshman football team.

Convinced them that I stole, sold, produced
any escape from reality they could ever want.
Gave up childhood principles,
but at least I wasn't hit hard.

Like the time I met a girl in California:
"Nice to meet *you* Jessica,
my name is Christian Robinson,
and I'm a drug dealer,
Smack – I mean I'm a gang banger,
Slap – I mean I'm a money chaser,
Crack – I mean I *try* to be a girl pleaser.
Then she finally smiles.

I wanted to be praised like a Sunday,
Scratch that – I wanted to be Oak Park's chameleon in the rain forest,
Erase that – I *want* to be painted with more camouflage
than a war vet on a Vietnam Canvas,
because blending in is the only way
to be looked over
when peer pressure takes attendance.

High School Students

Third Place:

Mike Wedoff
Buffalo Grove High School

Kindergarten

In room 105 at Longfellow Elementary,
on a rainy indoor-recess day,
a tower of cardboard bricks,
sliced into the sky.
A shelf swelled
with Clifford the Big Red Dog picture books.
I knelt down to snatch the final brick
from her grubby hands
covered in dried Elmer's and glitter
to complete the tower.

That's when my lips
grazed the back of her hand,
and in an instant
I was married.

High School Age Students

Honorable Mention:

Asia Calcagno

Oak Park and River Forest High School

99 Ways to Say Good Job

(For the children I tutor at Kidz Express Afterschool Program)

On Laramie and Jackson, a boy
about seven will shiver his way
to a metal door, bolted shut
against the rattle of traffic.
Six in the afternoon. He will ask
if he can come in
for however long it will take

to warm up. He will lie
about finishing homework
at his grandmother's, or uncle's
or anywhere – this art he has mastered.
Amanda, with a clipboard and nametag,
will wince at the cherry of his cheeks
and the broken zipper between his chest.

A mother to be, she will
pull the grey fleece matted
with cold air over his head.
She will be the only one to ask him
how his day went. She will tell me, *here
we're not negative, on purpose.
Sometimes, kids know more than even us.*

And I will remember being twelve.
Watching Chelsea kick homeless men
away from her front door
over on Central. Watch the thick jugs of Gin
roll one by one down the concrete steps
and wonder, how over here, dreams
split in hundreds like forty ounces

in bottle fights. Remember driving off
praying through the car window that she
got inside okay. I will remember this
as eight year old Imani rambles on about how
she loves to read. We will flip through
the pages of a chapter book like a poker game.
She will tell me about the ten people
living in her three bedroom apartment.

I will feel the guilt of being surprised when
she says she does have a father
who brings home paychecks. I will wonder
how over here, I have to be lectured
on how to talk to children. *There are
ninety nine ways to say good job.*

When I stand outside, the bass from a Chevy
throws itself down the block, I wait on my ride.
My friend who I haven't seen in school
for weeks will pull up and park for a second.
A smile pulling like taffy. He will tell me
about waking up for first period on time.
No detention slips today. Haven't lit a cigarette

for hours. Everything great he did today.
I will look him in the eye, say, how proud
I am. And as we pull off, I will practice
ninety eight sayings down each stretch
of concrete block. I will look
in every apartment window, cracked
with a thin web of frost.

I will look at ever swollen sidewalk,
crumbling over with chips of pavement.
And for each mile,
on our way home,
I will figure one reason
why these words are slowly breaking,
and so hard to come by.

High School Age Students

Honorable Mention:

Christian Robinson

Oak Park and River Forest High School

Disciple

I learned in Philosophy that believing
in God is the most rational thing to do.
But mom and dad
you tell me, he won't accept me
unless I get in slave positions on my knees
and chain my hands to his will
like Tia Vanessa did on her death bed.

You say to me,
"Don't let us teeter-tot your mind
but just know, our One goal in life
is to see you go to Heaven."
So what more is there to do? Lynch
your dreams or barely keep
them alive with spiritual CPR.

Benji could keep someone's spirits
alive. He was the senior
I could actually depend on
to read Bible verses with me
on a school dance night.
He was the first influence
I ever met at a church,
the reason teens attended
devotionals on Friday afternoons,
and possibly the *only* hope
of seeing me in Heaven.

Ever since Benji left for college, I feel
that I've lost motivation.
I can't fill his gap,
I'm no cavity cap.

And social definition
tells me at 17 I can't
sign contracts yet.

So why get in God's waters
when I can't make commitments.
Can't even live to the minimum
of what Benji calls a standard.

And what you call my maximum potential,
I don't think genetic makeup allows
me to reach its height.
The duet you sing
about holding hands after death
pressures me to make 50% decisions.

So I don't know yet if I became a disciple
for me or for you two. But I do know
for the past 17 years I haven't lived
just for me, but for you too.

My senses are torn between
a church and a school.
One ear hears sermons
while the other hears curses,
and one eye sees praising
while the other sees hazing.

And one day I'll say "Amen,"
while the next I'll say
"Screw them," but more explicitly,
and one side smells peace
while the other smells the reef.
And one hand wants to feel
the presence of friends that resemble sinful nature,
while the other wants to feel
a God that applies to no sense at all.



Disciple continued

But you claim that He's there,
so I believe you.
Now tell me mom and dad,
Am I really the child
you want to live through?

*H*igh School Students

Honorable Mention:

Samantha Diedrich
Rolling Meadows High School

Pharmacy

America.
Chase the dream.
Feed the metropolis with penniless artists.
The \$17 a month dream.
The 25% off deal.
Recycle paper.
Plastic.
Ideas.
America.
Fuel it.
Take away homes.
Appease corporation.
Coupons.
Own nations.
Collapse stages.
Call in complaints.
Demand reform.
Dream.
Search.
Rise.
Take.
Cure the insanity.
Breathe creation.
America.
Thrive on life,
Death,
Love,
Money.
Restock when it's gone and sell at half price.

*H*igh School Age Students

Honorable Mention:

Morgan Bierman
Buffalo Grove High School

Angels

Flexing our toes and boots three sizes too big.
Tightening calve muscles
to keep naked feet
from slipping into the suction of clay.
I look back at you
through strands of hair,
one arm shot straight up,
the other trailed behind
sprinkled with mud and sand.
Your knees buckling as you lean forward
Clenching my sleeve between caked hands.
And two of us lying arm-to-arm
Making angels in the mud.

First Place:

Marcia Pradzinski
Skokie

summer's lament

the day warms
but she wants
her rust-brown sweater
lined tweed pants
bulky knit cap

she wants a steamy
breath of tea
a hearty stew
a book
to bury herself
from knowing

she can never
touch him
again

Second Place:

Angie Tomcik
Evanston

Memorial Day

Wise mouth kids and working stiffs try not to notice me;
make them stare at my wheel chair: throne of inequity.

Encounter much down on my luck, inner city ain't no joke!
"Support a vet today," "God bless the USA," but can I get a job?

Lost my leg for you in '72 in a cause for Uncle Sam:
orders from Pentagon to Vietnam – Woodstock did not save us.

Body numbers on nightly news, gory views—served with a tv dinner;
it was just yesterday, same today—pretty boxes covered in flags.

"Fight for democracy," "Keep the Homeland free:" slogans stir the blood.
Young men with national pride will risk their lives to restore peace and order.

They'll learn too late how the cost was great—they're meat for the machine.
They will end up like me: uniform in effigy—a mute and hollow dissenter.

Got taxes galore raped from the poor—all I needed was my health;
for an easy grand this diabetic man took pills for a clinical trial.

Where the hell is the VA? Make them pay for their battered heroes!
But the hospitals are bordered; bulldozers ordered—real estate is king.

So just walk on by, don't even try to tell me I'm more than nothing—
save that p.c. jazz for priests who pass souls up to Harmonia.

Third Place:

Larry Janowski
Chicago

IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER

It's good when you laugh so hard your face hurts, when the road is freshly paved and you make every light without even trying, and the song on the radio reminds you of your first love so you turn onto a pretty two-lane road and no one is tailgating to pass.

It's good when you get first class mail, when you overhear something nice being said about you, or realize the Barista is flirting with you, or when—lying in bed—you hear rain tattoo the window, or when someone says you're beautiful.

It's good when you grudgingly haul out your winter coat and find a twenty in the pocket; good when towels are still warm hours after you take them out of the dryer, when the sun is warm on your face in the middle of winter.

It's unforgettably good when you get your first kiss, Hell! *any* kiss. It's good when you meet a new dog that wants to play, when you find an empty park swing big enough for a grownup, or get a baby to smile.

It's good when someone washes your hair or holds your hand, when you run into an old friend and both of you *do* have time for coffee, when you watch the sun set with someone, then watch it rise again, and realize you've been up all night talking and probably falling in love.

Honorable Mention:

Gene Fendt
Evergreen Park

For my wife, on our wedding day

A marriage that takes place mid life
is distinct from one in the halcyon days
of firm breasts and permanent rising

expectations; not less loving
for being less imperious and sudden,
nor less attractive for the crow's

feet lightly hatching in corners
of the smile, and eyes, for the warm
strong pulse is fingered by a hand

three decades past sixteen and not
regretting it, but wishing, now,
for three slow decades more, with you.

Honorable Mention:

Susan T. Moss
Evanston

Spring Thaw

It must have been a Cooper's hawk
that got him mid-air
leaving no tracks of predator or prey,
just blue feathers hatched with black
and white strewn over snowy wet ground.

Perhaps it was the blue jay which called
to other birds from the feeder
or the one often perched on a broken
hemlock near the back door. No telling
what went through his bird brain

the instant of the snatch with sharp talons
and hooked beak in the neck or gut.
Maybe that's the way to go – suddenly
with no time to consider what's for breakfast
or how to say goodbye.

Honorable Mention:

Matthew Lemoyne
Chicago

Pulp Fiction

I. I was made for you. Pulled and pressed from the same pulp as my brother behind me. Cut, crafted and packaged in stacks of family. Of course, you know this: you have seen the trees I could not say I was until I wasn't. Maybe you climbed once upon my cellulosic youth while still in yours. Squishy being; don't get me wrong. I'm beside myself since things have come to this. Even now, you cannot help but look at me, and this apparent truth makes me wild like soldiers in their first spit-drying run for wet blood. I have so much to tell you and more to ask. If I say too much, close your eyes. I might be quiet.

II. My father would say I've done "well enough." Nothing impresses trees but fire, ice, or the blade. Getting into books is tough; I haven't made the grade yet. In advance: thank you for recycling. That being read, the occasion of our intersection could be worse. I had a cousin who fancied himself a real comedian. He was always on a roll, until he really was, and then he wasn't. Better heads than tails, I always say. He was always full of shit anyway. I wonder where he is now.

III. I-I- I was made for you. I apologize – I repeat myself. I am not human, though I stammer and yell like an unlit cigarette. Have we met yet? I mean, really, really met? I want to show you something. It won't hurt me. Tear me slowly, anywhere, and come close, like you could actually love me. See those small, soft hairs? Hear each fiber flick another? How many of these do you need to make a page, how many cells to make a body? I can't tell you. How many stars make a sky? I can't say. How many days make a life? Ask yourself.

IV. If you've had enough of this, turn over a new leaf. Try closing your eyes again, and see if I'm still not screaming into you like a jet engine: "I was made for you." Try turning off the lights. Try going for a walk. Throw me closer to that book deal, or more likely, to the blue-brown sea, to the husk of a hollow hill. I can't stop speaking until you do. What shall we do until then? Let's stare through each other like windows on opposite sides of a big, empty room. Let's go kayaking, or at least let's introduce ourselves. Have we met? I have no name to give.

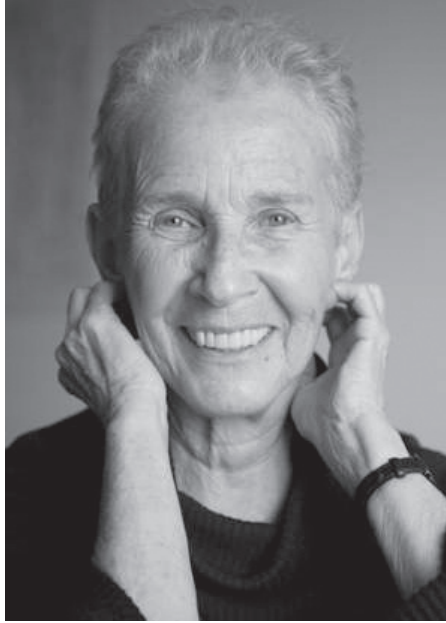
Honorable Mention:

J.T. Traxler
Evanston

THE POET'S LAMENT

We endlessly strain in our brain
to hopefully dredge up a word
and, absent success, we complain.
The result oftentimes seems absurd
but we're rarely if ever deterred
by the effort to master the game.
With our hearts and our minds all bestirred
we work hard all day long to reclaim
a phrase that we hope will inflame
the hearts of our listeners so kind
with words that would make them exclaim
that our poems mirror all humankind.
We are constantly hopeful to find
words simple and modest and humble
whose meanings remain unrefined
and that trip off the tongue without fumble.
Our public might raise up a grumble
and act like an Alfred Capone
if our words come out all in a tumble
(which means that they're really fresh-blown),
but they'll finally reach *sine qua none*.
We hope that our listeners aren't hiding
when our efforts they're asked to condone
since that means their concern is subsiding.
But now that I've finished confiding –
(I assume I've not earned a dislike)
our joust with the word is abiding
and is part of the poet's own psych.
So if blows for the muse you would strike
have a heart for this avocation
in free verse and French forms alike,
and remember the poet's frustration.

Poetry Judge



Jennifer May

Bobbi Katz is a poet, writer, and activist, and her poetry is widely anthologized. Her collection of poems about American history, *We the People*, was named an ALA Booklist Top Ten Poetry Pick. Katz fell in love with the sound of words as a young child growing up in New York's Hudson Valley. Jazz fueled her appetite for rhythm and the musical quality of language. In addition to her writing career, Katz has pursued many paths including social worker, fashion and book editor, and radio talk show host of *Art in Action*. An accomplished poet, Katz has conducted many poetry workshops for children, teachers, and librarians. Her most recent works are *The Monsterologist: A Memoir in Rhyme* and *Nothing But A Dog*. www.bobbikatz.com

Acknowledgments

Grateful acknowledgment is made to contributors
of this year's awards (received by April 19, 2010)

Hope Arthur	Karlene Mostek
Adele Ballis	Mary Powers
Elaine and Bernard Bell	Joyce Robbins
Victoria Eckstein	Billie Rosman and Family
Margary Eisenberg	Dennis Pauly
Mitchell and Yetta Frank	St. Joseph Hospital Medical Staff
Sylvia Friedman	Mrs. Erwin Salk
Dorothy Gans	Elaine and Morris Shocket
Marlene Huttner	Diane and Amelia Stone
Mary Johns	Harry and Doris Wolin

CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions to the Jo-Anne Hirshfield Memorial Poetry Fund are welcomed, and will enable this program to continue.

Gifts may be forwarded to:

Library Director
Evanston Public Library
1703 Orrington Avenue
Evanston, Il 60201

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICH FOREMAN

Copies of the photographs can be purchased from:

Rich Foreman Photography
936 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Il 60202
847/864-4549

DESIGN OF AWARD PROGRAM BY RIVERA DESIGN

847/869-7708

FILMING BY EVANSTON COMMUNITY MEDIA CENTER

The award ceremony will be aired on Evanston Community Television.

Please visit <http://www.ectv.com/schedule.shtml>
for the ECTV schedule of show times.

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Linda Patchett for her help with the Poetry Award Program.

In loving memory of

Jo-Anne Hirshfield
who found pleasure and delight in poetry.

Her family has dedicated funds entrusted
to the Evanston Public Library
to award prizes for outstanding new poetry writing.

It is our hope that poets of all ages
will be inspired and encouraged,
and that the funds will serve
to reward excellence in poetry writing
as a memorial to Jo-Anne.

Dr. and Mrs. Hyman Hirshfield

daughters, Laura, Leslie, and Deborah, and
grandson Justin Garrick