

The Poets' Pathway Poetry Competition

November 17, 2017

The Poets' Pathway is asking for new poems about Ottawa, to bring together today's poets and the poets of yesterday.

The Contest Judge is James Deahl, Poet, Publisher, Editor, Teacher

- The contest is open to writers who live, or have lived, in Ottawa, or who have a strong connection to Ottawa
- 1st Prize \$ 200., 2nd Prize \$150., 3rd Prize \$100
- Up to Ten Honourable Mention Awards
- Each H.M. will receive \$25.
- All winning poems will receive a certificate
- All winning poems will be published in a chapbook and on the Poets' Pathway website
- Each winner will receive a free chapbook and will be able to purchase additional copies at cost

- Deadline: Entries must be postmarked no later than Feb. 10, 2018

- The Award Ceremony will be held in Ottawa in April, 2018

Rules and Guidelines:

The Poets' Pathway Challenge

- Poems must be inspired by one or two of the lines in the Lampman poem *Winter Uplands* (below)
- Poems should in some way reflect the city of Ottawa today
- The line(s) inspiring the poem should be used in the poem, or used as the title, or as an epigram
- Poems are not to exceed 40 lines; the stanza breaks count as lines.
- All styles, subjects, forms and tones are welcome.
- Poems may not be previously published

- Blind Judging: No author ID can be anywhere on the same page as the poem, back or front
- . Each contestant should enclose a cover page with
 - The poem title (or first line if there is no title)
 - Writer's name; address; phone number; email address
- Entry fee: \$10. for a maximum of three poems. Additional poems \$2. each.
- Send entries with payment to:

The Poets' Pathway Poetry Competition
1217 Maitland Ave
Ottawa, ON
K2C2C4

The poem that inspired the creation of the Poets' Pathway and its fourteen monuments is Archibald Lampman's *Winter Uplands*.

Lampman, who spent much of his time outdoors, became ill writing this poem in the snow and cold. He died ten days later, on February 10, 1899.

He was 37.

WINTER UPLANDS
Archibald Lampman, (1861-1899)

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open fields for miles ahead;
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
So wonderful, so many and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home--
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.