

University of Northern Iowa

Geneva Avenue

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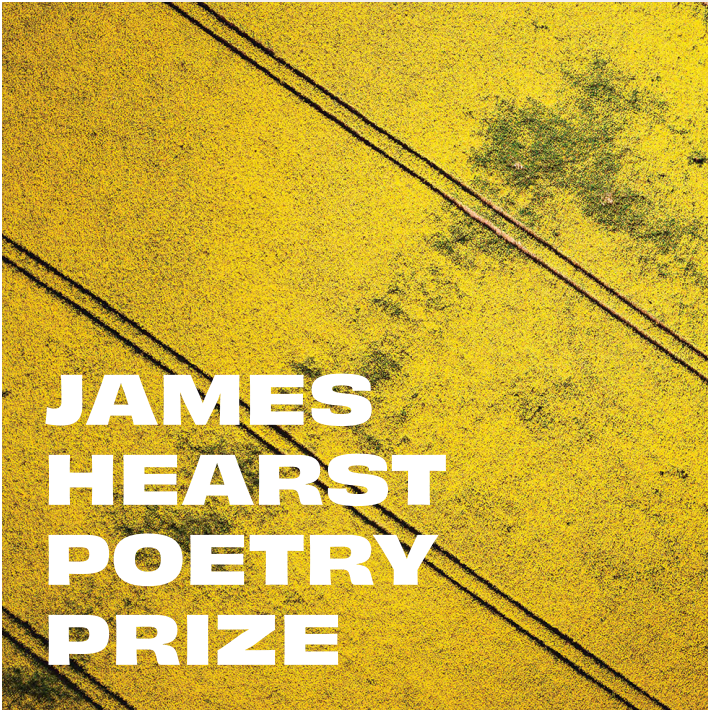
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Sonnet with Jury and Sunset — *Robert Thomas*

This Bird is Trying to Break Your Heart — *Courtney Huse Wika*

KIRSTEN ABEL is a writer from Steilacoom, Washington. She has an MFA from Columbia University and currently lives in Seattle. Her work appears or is forthcoming in the *New Ohio Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *FIELD*, *Bennington Review*, and elsewhere.

MAGGIE SMITH is the author of four books, most recently *Keep Moving: Notes on Loss, Creativity, and Change* (One Signal/Simon & Schuster, 2020). Her poems and essays have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Tin House*, *Poetry*, *The Believer*, *The New Yorker*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Paris Review*. A freelance writer and editor, Smith is on the poetry faculty of Spalding University’s MFA program and serves as an Editor-at-Large for the *Kenyon Review*.

JAMES HEARST wrote like he farmed, with an eye for clean fields and straight fences. A writing professor at the University of Northern Iowa for four decades, he also served as a contributing editor and guiding light for the *North American Review*. *The Complete Poetry of James Hearst* was published in 2001 by the University of Iowa Press, and in 2017 Final Thursday Press introduced *Planting Red Geraniums: Discovered Poems of James Hearst*.

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James Hearst Poetry Prize

First Place

KIRSTEN ABEL

Geneva Avenue

The front door was always open. The dog always slept half in, half out.
Afternoons, I'd watch the neighbor girl smoke her father's cigarettes

out on the front porch. *He's cool with it*, she'd say. *He's cool with pretty much anything*. I'd turn down a drag. I'd use my shoe to nudge

a lemon dropped from a nearby tree. Nights, I was in charge.
I'd make my brothers bologna sandwiches, one with syrup and two without.

Sometimes we'd sit on the side steps and listen to the summer rains.
One night, the neighbor girl's father threw a party.

I could see my father's face from the kitchen window, bright with beer
and torchlight and the telling of some wild story. I was washing the dishes.

My brothers were in the other room watching *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*.
I slotted a plate into the drying rack. I looked across the yard

littered with skateboards and lemon trees. It was a clear night. I was thirteen
and alone. That's all. Nothing bad happened. When people ask me

why I don't visit anymore or call, why I can't forgive, I say
there's nothing to say. There's nothing to forgive. I finished the dishes

and went into the other room. I wasn't hungry and I'd already seen
the movie anyways, twice, so instead I watched my brothers eat.