

OTHER GODS
Misty Kiwak Jacobs, Scottsdale Community College
First Place, Poetry

I detest William Carlos Williams for not stopping,
for letting his car roll over the fallen leaves
and only nodding politely, for refusing her
in front of her husband's house,
like you refused me.

I brought home a hummingbird feeder so that I might attract
something beautiful, but the directions were heavy in my hands
and my eyes were dandelions, light and unguidable.
So I handed everything to my husband, the packet of red sugar,
the empty container, the hope. He said, *It's too cold.*
The birds won't come.

I confessed you to a priest, you, my apostasy, my almost adultery,
my first manic episode, my sin of omission, my terror,
and the priest absolved me of you with words about awakening.
I love him for absolving me of you, for confirming you
as an epiphany.

I am tallying your faults, demonizing you, your linen Mark Twain suit,
your surgeons hands, the glass in my cupboard you drank from
that night, your pompous beard and crappy poet car,
these things in cupboards and pictures and parking lots like glitter
scattered by the gods of other places,
gods who wanted me to know you.

Today was a cold day and I was alone when I saw it,
a green hummingbird pressing into a lavender sprig.
I thought of you.
I hate you that I thought of you.