RBC Bronwen Wallace Award for Emerging Writers

Winner
$10,000

John Elizabeth Stintzi
“Selections From Junebat”
Page 3

Finalists
$2,500

Rebecca Salazar
“Your Public Body”
Page 12

Ellie Sawatzky
“Unorganized Territory”
Page 20

A jury composed of writers Jordan Abel, Sue Goyette, and Emma Healey read 212 anonymous submissions to select the finalists.
About the Award

Bronwen Wallace (1945-1989) was a poet, short story writer, and mentor to many young authors as a creative writing instructor at Queen’s University and St. Lawrence College in Kingston, Ontario. This prize was established in her honour in 1994 by a group of friends and colleagues. Wallace felt that writers should have more opportunities for recognition early in their careers and so this annual award is given to a writer below the age of 35 who has published poetry or prose in literary magazines, journals, or anthologies but has not yet been published in book form.

This award is sponsored by RBC, which supports a broad range of community initiatives through donations, community investments, and employee volunteer activities. Since 2003, RBC’s investments in arts organizations have exceeded $72 million. Over 8,000 artists have been supported through their Emerging Artists programs since 2015. In 2018, the RBC Foundation donated $7.3 million as part of the Emerging Artists Project to over 130 organizations in Canada, helping to bridge the gap for over 2,700 emerging artists.

The Writers’ Trust of Canada is a charitable organization that seeks to advance, nurture, and celebrate Canadian writers and writing through a portfolio of programs including literary awards, financial grants, and a writers’ retreat. Writers’ Trust programming is designed to champion excellence in Canadian writing, to improve the status of writers, and to create connections between writers and readers.
Selected Definitions of “Junebat”

(adjective): of a noun which is neither a person, a place, nor an idea.

(verb): the act of lying in the middle of the street on garbage day with the expectation that someone will finally notice you, and kneel down beside you, and pick you up, and carry you away.

(A preposition which is sutured to the back of the skull. And the top of the skull. And through the solar plexus. And the tips of fingers.)

(noun): a human being constantly dehumanized by public opinion.

a (determiner): which may be used in place of determiners such as: a/an, every, this, few, those, the, or many.

a (conjunction): which is used to join two competing identities, neither of which is real, but when joined make something that is.

(noun): a word which cannot be uttered in (or written into) a sentence without instigating an immediate interrogation.

an (exclamation): used to lament a subway’s doors closing as you rush down the steps to try and catch it, even though you knew you were too late when you began to move faster.

(the type of adverb which is used only with verbs that represent an action that causes pain [specifically when that pain is self-inflicted and psychic] such as: deprecate, doubt, or love.)

(noun): the creature that you cannot admit to yourself that you are.
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a [Junebat]

With apologies to Wallace Stevens

I
Know this first: your mirror does not believe
in your wings, the only moving thing it will double
is a blinking fist — is a lurching mountain eye
latched into a snowy mind disappointed.

A Junebat is simple to drown
or misdiagnose. A vampire, ever
in search of a coffin to rest.

II
I was of three minds,
Like a tree
In which there are three [Junebats].

III
Icicles filled the long window
like cocks fill a cellphone screen.
Look at them and think
if there’s any way you want them
in, on, or around you.
Try to convince yourself
you’re no Junebat after all.

IV
A man and a woman
Are one.
A man and a woman and a [Junebat]
Are one.

V
Upload a photo of the shadow
of your Junebat to Instagram
and filter it with Slumber.
Max out Structure. Max out Warmth.
Mute Saturation, tag yourself
to the back door of your home,
and delete every single
dating app from your phone.
Delete yourself. Delete your phone.

VI
O thin men of [Hoboken],
Why do you imagine golden birds?
Do you not see how the [Junebat]
Walks around the feet
Of the women about you?

VII
If you’d like to see me
as a Junebat
call me MISTER or SIR
to my face or pasted
to the short edge
of a ballistic missile.
You will see me,
paper widow bird,
in the flash
of the rubble.
In my polite
ttoleration of you.

VIII
You know your bedroom, know
the creak of your office chair
and the gravity of it fighting
your drooping floor. You know
the stove, the carpet, the windows,
the dust. You know your eyelids,
your hand on a doorknob, where
the ants sneak in, where they eat,
and everywhere you can hide.
Remember this.
That the [Junebat] is involved
In what [you] know.
IX
I do not know which to prefer,
the image of myself
in the mirror,
or the image of the mirror
in myself.

X
Do not unforgive yourself.
Stack your negativity like laundry quarters.
Hide beneath them, feed
on the Spanish warbling as you stuff
black and grey and white clothes
into and out of the frothy waterguts
in Jersey City. Take the advice of the women
when they tell you to dry on high heat.

“If you don’t, it’ll take forever.”

Pull yourself to the edge of yourself
look back swiftly and catch the paper wings —
wigging from your scapulas — off-guard.
When you get back home, continue
to hate yourself. Try
to light your wings on fire.

XI
You are not your body unless
you are. You are not your Twitter bio unless
you are. You are not a blackbird unless
you are. You are not a boy or a girl unless
you are. You are not your thirst unless
you are. You are not a symbol unless
you are. You are not alone.
You are not.

XII
The best way to look at a Junebat
is to look away. To shut your eyes
and let your screaming bounce them
back to you. Think of Narcissus.
Think of Tiresias. Think of boundless
tomorrows, frameless windows,
hearts the size of minivans
driving down the street.

Junebats can only be seen
when your walls are down, when
the snowbanks grow tall as the mountain
and the land is frigid and flat.

This is where they fold.
This is where they fly.

The Junebats are at one
with the drifts. We too. We too.

XIII
It was evening all afternoon.
It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The [Junebat] sat
In the cedar-lIMS.

Evidence Disproving the Existence of Junebats

Firstly (and, frankly, conclusively): neither the
chronologist nor the chiropterologist has
heard of a Junebat.
Therefore: there is no Junebat to even be.

FURTHERMORE:

That your mother and your father call you son.
That your brothers call you brother. That
people on the street call you sir.

Because you are nearly alone in not thinking
anything different.

That you have written a whole novel from the
voice of a character who could be called a
Junebat.

A novel is fiction; therefore, you cannot be a
Junebat, because it is fictional.
That you don’t correct the woman who has the extra black hair bow when she’s talking to the person you’re sitting with at this book launch at 7am on a weekday in an Econolodge near Times Square, who’s hoping to find someone wearing all black to give it to, and so this person you just met gestures to you, because you are wearing all black, and you gesture to yourself and smile, and she replies, laughing: “But he is a boy!” and you do not correct her.

And she is right. You are not a Junebat.

That sometimes you look at yourself in the mirror and do not hate your facial hair, or your flat chest, or your cock.

That you do not correct anyone who assumes different, now that I think of it.

Also: don’t even get me started on how you rarely even think about your cock: this is more (frankly) conclusive evidence.

If you have a cock, you are your cock: Junebats (which do not exist) do not have cocks. Because cocks exist and Junebats do not.

That you sometimes look at women on the PATH train and feel a desire to be loved by them but also somewhat be them?

So what? More sex wouldn’t hurt you. Being someone else (who does not think of themselves as a “Junebat”) would also not hurt you.

That you feel deep sadness when someone at your new job comments that the notebook you have is pretty, then apologizes right away because she thinks you’re going to be offended by that, but you say: “Thank you! I bought it because it was pretty!”

This has nothing to do with Junebats. You are simply a depressed person.
That you write troubling things insinuating a desire to cease to exist in the visual journal you are keeping, alongside some exceedingly troubling drawings:

This is not Junebat-ness. You are very sick. Seek help.

That while having sex you’ve never quite felt right has nothing to do with Junebats. Dissociation during sex is recommended. Or maybe you are gay. Gayness is real now. Experiment.

That you sign those journal entries with a compound name between your name and a girl name: this is because you are trying to depersonalize your own depression, to make the depression exist outside of your body (which you know is male), and there is nowhere farther from your body than the body of a female (in short: you are not a Junebat).

That biology simply doesn’t work that way. Read a textbook. Get a therapist (one that doesn’t humour your “Junebat” talk like your current therapist does).

Assuming (for argument’s sake) that a Junebat is real, it’s clear you aren’t one because you’re featured in a short documentary that someone does about what could be construed as a “Junebat organization,” and when the short documentary is shared by the org on Instagram, the post talking about it is a series of clips of the people who are featured in the documentary and the caption says “click the link in our bio to see a short documentary featuring some members of our community.” You are not featured in the Instagram post, therefore you are not considered a part of their Junebat community, therefore: you are not a Junebat.

(That this post convinced you you were not a Junebat for a long time. Return to that frame of mind. Build a house.)
And that you have only recently begun to identify as a Junebat! Impossible! It is impossible that you are only now coming to this conclusion. You are born and you are the way you are born. If you were a Junebat, you would need to be born a Junebat. Your first words would need to be “I am a Junebat.” Otherwise: psychosis. Otherwise: too much time spent online. Go outside. Go talk to someone in a bar. Go wander around Hoboken on a game night. Or a weekend night. Do you see Junebats there? Do you? If Junebats exist, and they are nocturnal, you should see them. If you survive here, and (for the sake of argument) are a Junebat, this place should be Junebat habitat, so why are there not more of you? There should be. There would be. It doesn’t matter that you’d loosely called yourself a Junebat years before. It is a fad. I get it. We were all emo kids once. Or goth. Or cool. We grow out of things. Junebat is just the new goth. You are online too much. Go outside. Use a public bathroom and make a choice and stick with it. If you want to stand: there you go. If you want to sit: sit on the knife and go all in. It is really not that hard to understand. Blue and pink are very different colours. They were picked for a reason. Adam and also Eve. It doesn’t matter that one was made from the other. Not every Adam has some Eve inside. Go outside. Stop reading into everything so deeply. It’s okay to not be a Junebat. That doesn’t make you boring. Being a Junebat is worse than being boring, because it is not real. There is no such thing as a Junebat.

COUNTERPOINT:

I am still
everything
I think
I am not
John Elizabeth Stintzi is a non-binary writer and visual artist who was raised on a cattle farm in northwestern Ontario. A selection of their work is featured or forthcoming in *Black Warrior Review*, *The Malahat Review*, and *Ploughshares*, and in their poetry chapbook *The Machete Tourist*. Stintzi's writing has received support from the Canada Council for the Arts and the Watermill Center, and they recently won *The Malahat Review*'s 2019 Long Poem Prize.

“Selections From Junebat” is a compelling collision of content and form disrupting gender identity and reckoning with the liminal and silent space that such disruption instigates. John Elizabeth Stintzi’s poems rely on the breaking of grammar and syntactical sequences as well as a re-visioning of Wallace Stevens’ “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird” to assert an authentic identity in the speaker’s private and public life. This reckoning and reclamation of self asks readers to consider their own concepts of gender and the difficulties that are faced when gender norms are disrupted. These are brave and timely poems.
SLAPP

SLAPPs [Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation] are lawsuits, or the threat of a lawsuit, directed against individuals or organizations, in order to silence and deter their public criticisms and advocacy for change.
— Canadian Civil Liberties Association

did justice consent to her blindfold or tie it herself little slut

asking for it in every court house

count at least one of each in every room:

a) a white man carrying a weapon & a grudge
b) a rapist gathering your public body

the body you are never yours but a rentable target for buckshot or death

look away for the impact

what good is a SLAPP in a knife fight

what good is a defence when the body is already harmed beyond action

too little too legal too late

the only succour offered to the silenced is the chance to cut our own tongues before others cut them from us

to display as proof as legal precedence as slander

speech is free only to those who can afford the brace of custom leather muzzles fitted to the mouths they forced & tore
scold’s bridle

too little
too legal
too tight

on the face bleached white leather cuts
into the cheeks reflects numb
cataracts in the eyes sick white glow
the eyes weep their own jelly in protest

laborious pull of a stillbirth
tectonic ache
against these forced extractions

what more can they take

who have plundered scraped wombs

what more can they take

who have taken us

what more can they take

who have killed & claimed victimhood

what good is a rape shield in a death match

hollow shell against our naming
that dissolves in precedence

a thousand defamation suits playing at adam

naming us to death

renaming us

as corpses:
how to hold a body
when the bodies multiply
frozen & vivisected

how to fight for body
with its last breaths labelled libel

justice is the final score they make of us
the waste of time
too little
too larval
too late

justice is a woman chopped
& sued by her attacker
gift

Tried to fight
this time, chanted, No, writhed
like Delphi’s oracle,
then left my body (it’s a gift).
— Joelle Barron, “My Hades”

i.
child-sized and genderless
and hidden under tables,
blanket forts, a secret
bigger than the hole
world. i was an initiate, a novice sweaty-palmed, ungenitaled until the press of pink on pink. you have to do it with us. little hand i gave to pledge plunged into pink fruit of the loom, unready. (never) tried to fight.

ii.
this time, fear, this time, premature pubescence, this time, boy hands do not ask for invitation, this time, breasts mean readiness, this time, she looks so much older, this time, locker room talk, this time it burns, fifth grade, hand, bra, this time hot coals through clothes, No this time, chanted, No, writhed

iii.
foresee the hatchet by the bedside. death threat. the rack of bones foretelling what my body was to be. i know i know i should have known. it suffocates and breaks. dim gaslit body levitates, gibbers in tongues like delphi’s oracle

iv.
projection. this, the ritual of protection: astral parts thrust out of body. it’s a sacred art, sex rendered ectoplasmic, spools of cloth uncoiling smoke-like from the mouth. ours was a fabricated love and i was false. across the bed i left burnt poplar bark and sifted yarrow seeds, then left my body (it’s a gift).
we are still, they narrowly assume, alive

I’ve been thinking about how much testimony is demanded of women, and still, there are those who doubt our stories. There are those who think we are all lucky girls, because we are still, they narrowly assume, alive.
— Roxane Gay, Hunger

in cyprus, a murdered man’s body is found when a fig seed feeds on what it fed and sprouts his stomach to the light. ahmet hergune returns to family after thirty-seven years, a half-life. let him be home again. what fruits will signal the synecdoche of me scattered across the country in the beds where you winnowed my phantom limbs. i am dead meat. opportunistic omnivore, i cannot grow my body back to light. sustained only by scraps, no wonder i dissociate so freely, coming off the bone like any scavenged carcass—you, the alpha predator who beat me to spit-lubricate me, road-killed. i longed for something green to keep me whole. now, for want of fruit, my severed parts ooze fleshy tendrils from their bloodstains, saturate the ground i no longer can walk with little, grey-brown feelers, flashing spores to locate one another. i will web my dead limbs back together below ground. what you killed in me will mushroom, clouding underfoot. you never finished what you started. some of us die so alive our corpses grow to feed erotic flora. ahmet and his fig tree bear seedy, brown fruits that draw wasps in to drown, grind them into sweet meal: his death a honey death that keeps on giving. the parts of me you killed grow ghostly, neither flesh nor fruit, fed on electrochemistry, on memory, on cures for retrograde amnesia. we have reconnected since you left us less than corpse. our preternatural growth makes us the largest organism in this earth, our haunting larger than your violations. we grow hungry.
Rebecca Salazar is the author of *the knife that justifies the wound* (Rahila’s Ghost) and *Guzzle* (Anstruther Press). Recent publications include poetry and nonfiction in *Briarpatch, Minola Review,* and *The Puritan*. Salazar is currently a poetry editor for *The Fiddlehead* and *Plenitude* magazines, and a PhD candidate at the University of New Brunswick.

“Your Public Body” is a deeply necessary suite of poems that addresses the very real and very difficult conversations surrounding sexual violence. Rebecca Salazar’s work in these poems serves to speak truth where truth has been silenced, to rupture that silence, to disrupt that silence. These are difficult poems for a difficult time. These are poems that challenge the reader to reconsider how art can respond to the world around us. These are poems that demand our attention.
#BronwenWallace
New Moon, Gemini Season

Someone on Instagram said you can begin again

Across the city the man I used to love is happy likely

waxing metaphysical to his cats about the Illuminati

I’m feverish in bed the Internet feeding me little wisdoms I don’t believe

in romance a friend says in a text and I protest

but these days an ASMRtist on YouTube pets me to sleep

The little boy I nanny says he sees ghosts I guess I believe

in unfinished business like when the Big One shakes us I imagine I’ll be high

on cough syrup rolling bad ’90s movies in my mind and wishing

I could call my mother but lately I just ask Google

at least I know I’m not the first person to have wondered

anything Wikihow can I begin again if I’m still haunted how

do I make peace with my ex who believed

the Flat Earth Theory fell asleep each night listening to lectures

by a man known as Mr. Astrotheology I hated that NASA loomed

monstrous outside our house that even love
Ellie
Sawatzky

might have been a conspiracy
We circled each other

for so many years I saw my Saturn
returning and a so-called

invisible antimoon finally shadowed
him from me

I’m wide awake now even in sleep
I’m busy building catastrophes

Last night’s nightmare a gym floor
littered with thumbtacks

many barefoot children
But hope

this evening is a post-Tinder codeine dream
where I see two of me

make love to each other while
the earth quakes

I believe this is the beginning
of something

Spotify My Body

night windows virtuoso
complicit face
in the crowd ghosting heart like
a levee jaw like
a mirror loves a hammer love
me harder lovesong it goes on and on lost
in the light incomplete
and insecure creation’s daughter’s ribs utilities
civil twilight I like it
shallow I like it free I like it
impossible deep thunderstorm
of its own kind
wild thoughts Jesus, etc.
body of years still
young body say bravado say
my name all night loud
Of course he’s the first after you. He’s questions I don’t want answers to, caffeine or cocaine, bear meat in the freezer. Sex. Unsleep. Talk, incessant. And since when do men not wear condoms, not even ask you? Duvet corner blackened by a candle. Scared is only sexy for a second and only if you’re safe. He tells me that after his brother died his mother found the stash, drove around town delivering packages to his customers, asking for stories about her son. He stands naked in the kitchen, sends the switchblade singing past my head. In the bathroom I haul up all the red wine I drank at the Canucks game while not pretending to know the first thing about hockey, not pretending I didn’t want to kiss him and hit him equally because he did and didn’t remind me. Or maybe it was the whisky. The blade nose down in the IKEA coffee table, flickering. We’re all equal parts danger and vulnerability. I ask how long ago his brother died. He says, I used to throw competitively. Jerks the knife out from the centre of his life.
Forgive Us Our Trespasses

A girl lies & says the cat belongs to her. A girl is mean to the girl who eats ChapStick. A girl keeps a deer tick in a jar. A girl refuses to unbraid & that girl gets her head shaved. A girl lives in Normal. A girl lives in Hexville. A girl cleans period blood off the couch. A girl doesn’t feel like a girl but wishes to be a sister. A girl is a babysitter. A girl is a waitress who spends her quiet hours dusting driftwood. A girl likes when the music is loud & buzzes in her lap. A girl feels old, confuses gingersnaps with snapshots. A girl feels like twelve geese inside a person costume. A girl sees a man pee her name in the sand. A girl lets a man sing hymns to her in a windstorm. A girl lets a man enter her tent. The first girl just wants something to belong to her & so she follows the cat into the ravine.
I Can’t Find the Heartbreak Emoji

Vancouver keeps shading itself in the same-old grey so I travel Craigslist on my smartphone to a city I’ve never seen. Phoenix Missed Connections, where hope bolts around on a dusty motorcycle, searching more often than not for someone named Hannah; Hannah from Homedepot, Hannah in short shorts stealing $50 bills. Beautiful Hannah with the Weird Dreams. Hannah, who are you? And in asking I ask who am I to be cruising this particular Craigslist, wondering about you from 2,000 miles away in Vancouver? I like these stories better than those on the news. Folks all over the world are looking for each other. Is this the tender soul of technology? OpenStreetMap, zoom out on the lithium-green Anthropocene, oil bunkers, clear cuts, technofossils reinforcing China’s coastline while heaps of seized ivory blaze in the hands of Kenyan authorities. I suppose it’s safe to love Hannah. Love, irradiant. To retreat, survival. To ascend again and again in my pretend Phoenix with Hannah, ask her how much she loves elephants, if she’s also a Gemini. What does she dream of? Does she wake up crying? Hannah on a porch swing, Hannah in her phone light, sipping scorpion tequila. Darkness flings itself around the shoulders of the mountains. She types my name into the night.
The Falling Man

for Mary Oliver

Tonight I find myself
in another strange corner
of the Internet
where the man is still falling
17 years later
and in January
Outside my window
the prairie sun flushes drunk
and stumbles home shivering past
the airport
Curiosity keeps me clicking
keeps me noticing
the smoke reflected
in the glass
the way the man hovers in time
like a still of an osprey
wings tucked in
like maybe moments later
he flicked up out of some silver lake triumphant
with a fish
Mary Oliver died today
while I was at the bank
I was angry
I’m often getting angry about money
When something happens
it’s the feeling before
the feeling that snags
Dark now
but I don’t close the curtains
Snow rosy under streetlight
This is a photograph of a man dying
the pull quote reads
A photograph of every witness
to this instant
strobing with life
It has nothing to do with Mary Oliver
except proximity within me
the imaginer
except maybe some
kind of flight
Ellie Sawatzky

Kenora, Unorganized

The pipes freeze, car won’t start. Dad splits wood and Mom KonMaris the closets to make space for me.
I borrow Sorels, shovel hopeless trenches

through the unorganized territory of my childhood. This minus fifty has some mercy, says CBC, meaning death for larvae of the Emerald Ash Borer, a pretty but evil invasive beetle that kills trees. Blessed is the junco at the feeder who’s not supposed to be here this time of year. Blessed also the unlikely swallowtail butterfly found alive in a local man’s garage. I’ve come here to collect stories from my ancestry, but I keep procrastinating. Watch my mind chase a jackrabbit across the frozen lake,

which is a kind of cemetery. In (null), Ontario, you can hear the snap as Tinder breaks. Radio waves roll into an empty sky: There’s no one around you. Evening, I re-watch Matilda

with my parents, remembering a man I once loved who wept passionately when we watched it together, he so believed in telekinesis. Natural history, strange and miraculous,

thistle seeds stirring under snow. Loneliness is its own magic, the way the earth makes room. Mom switches off lights so we can see the wolf moon turn red behind

a quiet grove of ash trees.
Ellie Sawatzky is a poet and writer, originally from Kenora, Ontario. She is the author of the poetry chapbook *Rhinocerotic* (Frog Hollow Press 2018), and the winner of CV2’s 2018 Young Buck Poetry Prize. Her poetry and fiction have appeared, or are forthcoming, in *Room, The Puritan, Little Fiction, The Dalhousie Review*, and elsewhere. She holds an MFA from the University of British Columbia’s Creative Writing Program, and lives in Vancouver.

The internet works in these poems the same way it works in real life: as scaffolding, symbol, vernacular, and an outer district of the speaker’s inner life, real and deep and dark as dreams. Ellie Sawatzky’s lines are precise and coiled, catching and unravelling like breath — the kind that moves through you late at night in a stranger’s bed or your childhood home, or when you’ve been sitting at your laptop for hours clicking through a cascade of links until your body disappears. With confidence, grace, and control, the poems in “Unorganized Territory” capture something intangible about one’s interior world.
RBC Bronwen Wallace Award for Emerging Writers Prize History

#BronwenWallace

2019 (poetry)
Winner: John Elizabeth Stintzi
Finalists: Rebecca Salazar, Ellie Sawatzky

2018 (short fiction)
Winner: Maria Reva
Finalists: Sarah Christina Brown, Khalida Hassan

2017 (poetry)
Winner: Noor Naga
Finalists: Tyler Engström, Domenica Martinello

2016 (short fiction)
Winner: Brendan Bowles
Finalists: Allegra McKenzie, Hannah Rahimi

2015 (poetry)
Winner: Alessandra Naccarato
Finalists: Irfan Ali, Chuqiao Yang

2014 (short fiction)
Winner: Erin Frances Fisher
Finalists: Leah Jane Esau, Jakub Stachurski

2013 (poetry)
Winner: Laura Clarke
Finalists: Laura Matwichuk, Suzannah Showler
2012 (short fiction)
Winner: Jen Neale
Finalists: Dina Del Bucchia, Kathy Friedman

2011 (poetry)
Winner: Garth Martens
Finalists: Raoul Fernandes, Anne-Marie Turza

2010 (short fiction)
Winner: Kilby Smith-McGregor
Finalists: Shashi Bhat, Claire Tacon

2009 (poetry)
Winner: Emily McGiffin
Finalists: Michael Johnson, Jeff Latosik

2008* (short fiction)
Winner: Marjorie Celona
Finalists: Ben Lof, Grace O’Connell

2006 (poetry)
Winner: Jeramy Dodds
Finalists: Michael Reynolds, Bren Simmers

2005 (short fiction)
Winner: Nicole Dixon
Finalists: Amy Jones, Angela Long

2004 (poetry)
Winner: Alison Calder
Finalists: Elizabeth Bachinsky, Suzanne Hancock, David Hickey, Anna Swanson

2003 (short fiction)
Winner: Gillian Best
Finalists: Kelly Dignan, Nathan Whitlock

2002 (poetry)
Winner: Alison Pick
Finalists: Alison Calder, Seema Goel

*In 2007, the prize presentation was moved from the fall to the following spring.
2001 (short fiction)
Winner: Valerie Stetson
Finalists: Melanie Jessica Little, Robert McGill, Tanis Rideout, Padma Viswanathan

2000 (poetry)
Winner: Sonnet L’Abbé
Finalists: Ceiran Bishop, Erina Harris, Anita Lahey

1999 (short fiction)
Winner: Alissa York
Finalists: Elaine O’Connor, Madeleine Thien

1998 (poetry)
Winner: Talya Rubin
Finalists: Sarah de Leeuw, Astrid van der Pol

1997 (short fiction)
Winner: Rachel Rose
Finalists: Gail Andrews, Alan Levin, Oscar Martens, Elizabeth Moret Ross, Tanya Palmer

1996 (poetry)
Winner: Stephanie Bolster
Finalists: Jacqueline Larson, Shannon Stewart

1995 (short fiction)
Winner: Adele Megann
Finalists: Natalee Caple, Denise Ryan

1994 (poetry)
Winner: Michael Crummey
Finalists: Nancy Cullen, Tonja Gunvaldsen Klaassen, Noah Leznoff
Follow @writerstrust for Canadian writing news, calls for submissions, and literary updates.