

2019 DMPA Results

Senior Secondary

RUNNER-UP

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boys i love

he is small and soft and
his dark eyes search for the most beautiful parts of you.
he longs for trust and safety. my eyes in his eyes in
my eyes and
his hand in mine.
when i show him magic he believes me.
he speaks softly and clumsily; always gently.
he does not have the voice of a boy but of a dandelion
making a wish.

he is tall and swells with watery strength.
he smiles shyly.
he is small inside and is always trying to
grow.
he occupies space he doesn't understand yet.
he hides memories of dancing and high-pitched giggles behind strength;
make-believe.
he tries to be a man but shaves his body hair in discomfort.
he does not have the heart of a boy but of a sapling
stretching
toward
the sun.

he is gangly and his hugs are gentle and long.
he makes me feel safe with his apologies and the way he tells me
it's not my fault.
his anger swirls around that shadow i'm not sure is real.
he is reckless and clumsy and beautiful. he is surrounded by girls but
shoved amongst boys.
he hates the harsh world we gave him.
he does not have the arms of a boy but of the ocean.

he is stifled and silent.

he muffles everything he can to hide from their ultraviolet eyes. his despair echoes in his body. he feels alone and mistranslated.
he is sweet and sends kisses. he is shy but
when he trusts he is as strong as the boys he longs to be.
he holds his body, confused. he does not have the body of a boy, but of
a light green caterpillar.

he is sweet and his eyes spill
into the way he stops to watch and listen and love.
he orders his mind as best he can;
he doesn't know the mess is entrancing. he
thinks in twists and turns insisting on black
and white.
he thinks until he is exhausted from trying to stem
what pushes at his order.
he does not have the mind of a boy but of a tall
pine tree.

they fall from slanted trees, i catch them
one by
one
and cocoon them in my hands.
when i unfurl them they glint with speckled
sunlight.
when i fall they sit with me
and when i stand
they stay.

Judge Comment:

This highly original and well-observed poem was a joy to read. I felt privileged to meet each of the boys in turn, from the shy and gently trusting to the reckless and clumsy, 'surrounded by girls but shoved amongst boys.' A quiet gem.