



# Forbes Library

## Book Spine Poetry Contest

### April 1 - 30, 2015

#### How to Participate:

Create a poem using book spines. The poem can incorporate any element of the spine you like (color, text, whatever). Theme/length/format is entirely up to you. If you need some inspiration, take a look at last year's entries: <http://goo.gl/yHVjIq>

Take a photo of your poem and upload the photo to the library's

- ▶ Facebook: [www.facebook.com/ForbesLibrary](http://www.facebook.com/ForbesLibrary) or [www.facebook.com/ForbesLibraryTeens](http://www.facebook.com/ForbesLibraryTeens) for teen entries. Tell us about your poem in the comment box.
- ▶ Tweet it: tag it with @ForbesLibrary and #bookspinepoetry
- ▶ Post it to Instagram: tag it with @ForbesLibrary and #bookspinepoetry

You can include a list of the books you used, a transcription of the poem if you want, and any explanation you would like to add.

Stop by the Reference Desk if you want help uploading your picture.

**Deadline:** Add your photos by **Thursday, April 30**. Winners will be announced on Monday, May 11.

**Prizes:** A grand prize of a \$25 Northampton Gift Card will be awarded in both the adult (20+) and teen (13-19) categories. We will also have honorable mentions in various categories.

**Fine print:** You can enter as many times as you like, but you can only win one prize. By entering the contest you certify your images and the poems are your own creations, and you give the library the right to use your name and photograph of your poem for publicity and promotional purposes. All decisions as to winner will be made by Forbes Library staff, and our decisions are final. Library staff and family can enter, but can only be honored as prize-less runners-up. Prizes must be claimed in person.

**Questions?** Feel free to post questions/discussion/etc. on Facebook, or contact [reference@forbeslibrary.org](mailto:reference@forbeslibrary.org) or 413-587-1012.

2014 Winner Adult Category  
by Ellen LaFleche

Why I Wake Early

Seeing things before the dawn:  
Day lilies wash a kind of yellow  
into the forest.

A home at the end of the world.

Just before dark,  
what moves is not the wind.  
Ruby owls and other fantasies,  
scarlet tanager,  
a feast of snakes.

We who would not kill  
for the relief of unbearable urges.  
The angel of history,  
kind one,  
in such hard times I died for beauty.

Goodbye and amen.  
Love, Ellen.

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