

## 2009 Mark Fischer Poetry Prize:

THIRTY YEARS TILL BIRTH, by Quentin Collier

### THIRTY YEARS TILL BIRTH

Here we cross the bridge of a falling star  
As a child runs his fingers through the water.

Here our ancestors speak in silhouette.  
Here your skin is the color of the clay  
They would mend with their hands  
To form the deities their children prayed to  
Before they slept.

Here you part your hands like scriptures of this  
clay.  
Here the mural of your body will unweave itself  
& a diamond of plasma will fulminate  
Through the scarlet history of your toenails.

Here the Gods are our servants-  
We fashion them from clay  
& pull them from eachother's ribs.

Here the indigo fragrance of jasmine  
Mingles with the effluvia of sulfur  
In the shallow marshes of a nova;  
In a eucharist of pollen;  
In a holy efflorescence and insemination  
That opens the eyes of our blood  
As it closes its mouth inside us.

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For more information on the Mark Fischer Poetry Prize, contact [info@telluridearts.com](mailto:info@telluridearts.com)  
Annual submissions will be in March of each year, visit our website in February of each year  
for updated information.