

First Prize

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Coming Home

They shipped us home,
never telling us enemies would follow,
crouching in fever dream jungles, watching
our gun boat slide by,

or that there's no waking from scanned riverbanks,
shifting eyes and hidden barrels, that in all the waters
of the world, we'll see heads of unlucky brothers,
bobbing obscenely

in the ripples we cast, graying skin stretched tight
across skulls like membranes across the rice drums
we sometimes heard through rattling palms,
that even eyes clenched shut,

won't convince us they're only rocks.