

SEVENTH UNDERGRADUATE POETRY COMPETITION

RESULTS ANNOUNCEMENT

The Department of English Studies proudly announces the winners of its Seventh Undergraduate Poetry Competition:

First Prize: Elena Pitsilidou, for her poem “The Magnificent Fish” and

Runner-up: Ella Kirkova, for her poem “Bathtub.”

The winning poems can be found below.

The Department would like to thank all the students who submitted poems for the competition. Also, thanks to our panel of judges: Dr Stella Achilleos, Dr Antonis Balasopoulos, and Mr Stephanos Stavridis.

The Magnificent Fish

A fish with wings drags me to the seabed
A silver, shiny fish with wings pulls me to the surface
and jumps high; and it flies, it flies me to the starry night
It flies me to the empty notebook on the bed,
the one with the coffee stain and the red lines
It flies me to sweaty Saturday afternoons
with the sound of the church bells through my window;
and to the time I envisioned Odysseus hugging his beloved Argos
It flies me to the dark, ageless woods, where I get a glimpse
of little Red Riding Hood playing hide-and-seek with the beautiful wolf
It flies me to orange sunsets and through their shadows, where the weird sisters meet

and stir the lives of Kings in burning cauldrons
It flies me through the soundwaves of your hoary voice
The voice I heard before I was born, the voice I disapproved but always dreaded to lose forever
It flies me to cold, winter evenings where the pink sky invited my well-concealed demons to
venture out and torture me until I could fly no further
When we fly, I see our fiery reflection on the water
As we reach for the stars, our reflection is a star too
The fish with wings is mine, yours, ours;
but it will never belong to us
The fish with wings will swim from the seabed to the surface and will fly from the surface to the
pale moon
even after we lose it, even after we are long gone,
even after we break together the barrier of time

Elena Pitsilidou

Bathtub

Life becomes a constant fight;
The fight to breathe,
The fight to stay on the surface,
The fight to swim.

Air feels too polluted,
Buildings start crushing you,
Yet the bed becomes a best friend,
And the movies your imaginary dimension,
The people unnecessary accessories,
The bathtub the easy solution.

“Swim!”
This is the hard solution.
And it takes you there.
See this, see that.
Meet him, meet her.
Drink this, drink that.
Do this, do that.
Smell this, sniff that.
Enjoy, regret, forget, or not.

Now the river is chocking you,
The mountains are strangling you.
The people, too friendly;
The place, too beautiful.

But the bathtub is still there,
Still the same,
Still so welcoming,
Still the easy way out.

Clouds gather above you,
But you don't want the rain,
don't want to get wet and cold,
Not in this water.

Then you swim fast,
In search for a sunny destination.
...now it's gone.
You have arrived,

But it starts raining,
New place, new people,

But the bathtub is still the same,
It is still here.

Before you learned to swim,
And after,
The rain is pouring in this destination,
And the other,
But the bathtub is still the same,
Still the only water you *don't* want to swim in -
your "sunny" destination.

Ella Kirkova