

**BASIL BUNTING POETRY AWARD 2017**

**Third Prize: Peter Dukes**

**TRAGIC, SUPER-TRAGIC**

They burnished her  
genius; the yew-tree had its ghost  
that grew. Air, she said,  
tempers in memory, and lately  
explains the reluctance  
in men. Lost from the age  
in half-insensate mind, her husband slept.

Be sedge the bird  
and nest in open sorrow. Flight spoils,  
she waits—lorn creature  
her wetting ones they caught greedily  
grief's inlet, and gave fell  
fevers, the storms that beat,  
far giddy rill sporting; woody rock seen  
within the wood. Torrent fit  
melancholy crest, smitten  
cottage lustre, sitting with  
open door. He rose that worth.

Chill faint breath lay buried  
no less to shape  
her fit the declining sun soon burnished him.