

GINKGO P R I Z **e**

ECOPOETRY ANTHOLOGY 2021

The Ginkgo Prize 2021 Ecopoetry Anthology

Published in 2022 by: **Poetry School** Somerset House Exchange, New Wing, Somerset House, Strand, London, WC2R 1LA

www.poetryschool.com www.ginkgoprize.com

Design copyright © Poetry School, 2022

The copyright of individual poems belongs to their respective authors.

Designed by Theo Inglis.

The Ginkgo Prize is generously funded by the Edward Goldsmith Foundation.

Poetry School is an Arts Council England National Portfolio Organisation.



POETRY SCHOOL

CONTENTS

Preface – 5

First Prize: Teresa Dzieglewicz, Earth I don't know how to love you – 6
Second Prize: 3.5 % Rule by Hilary Menos – 8
Third Prize: An Owl the Size of my Smallest Fingernail by Liz Byrne – 10
AONB Best Poem of Landscape: Avon in Summer Rain by Ross Styants – 11

Highly Commended:

After the Mushroom at the End of the World by Serena Alagappan – 12 Texaco in Ecuador by George Amabile – 14 The Fields This Morning by Gillian Barker – 16 Straight-line Mission by Alison Binney – 17 Kifaru by Cindy Botha – 18 Whale by Cindy Botha – 19 The month of emergencies by Rebecca Faulkner – 22 Harvest Mouse by Suzanna Fitzpatrick - 23 Dead Men's Fingers by Linda France – 24 Stone Curlew by Linda France - 25 Windows on Taiji by Tamsin Hopkins - 26 There's No Such Thing as a Seagull by Katie Hourigan – 28 Couplets by Ali Lewis – 30 A Northern Autumn by Martin Malone - 31 A Walk Across The Island by Martin Malone – 32 All Spring by Lauren Mason – 33

> Poet Biographies – 34 Acknowledgements – 38

PREFACE

Readers will find here poems sifted from over 2,000 submissions arriving from all over the world. From Australia to Arundel, New Zealand to New York what unifies this work, and us all, is a commitment to highlight environmental crisis via the potent force of the imagination. Only with imagination can we visualise the full horror of what lies ahead and make the changes necessary to avert disaster.

The poems are as varied as the world is wide and this year in particular, as we emerge tentatively from lockdown, the celebration of what we currently enjoy seems more raw and precious than ever before. The reader is presented with the marvel of an owl as big as your 'smallest fingernail', the bleak horror of Taijimi and dolphin slaughter. The shame of humanity and the seeming impossibility of working out how to 'love' the earth. Laments for what is lost, or fading fast proliferate, with man the destructive force which powers annihilation.

Two poets feature twice in this volume; Linda France and Cindy Botha and our thoughtful, considerate judges – Camille T. Dungy, Anna Selby and Sara Hudston ensured a global view and deep experience (Anna has actually written poems literally under water) was central to the process. They travelled from 'Texaco in Ecuador', encountering harvest mice, stone curlews, whales and disappearing seagulls as they went, debating the accuracies of the 3.5% rule, mushrooms at the end of the world and the transcendent next to the trashed.

These poems raise the critical questions of our times – really the only question of our times – how do we love our world and halt climate crisis? This anthology every year develops in terms of breadth of submissions, depth of understanding and the unique quality of poetry which intertwines with global meaning and resonates across continents with a message for us all.

- Sally Carruthers, 2022

Earth, I don't know how to love you

In the leafless trees whose names I don't know, woodpeckers are preying boisterously. I can't find them. I'm not from a people who have done this,

at least recently, but I'm trying to get to know the plants— even downloaded an app. I jam a stem of toothy florets into frame,

shoot. Calico aster, the screen tells me. Calico aster, I tell my toddler. He digs in the dying stems, tries to pull out the roots. He's a child

I find often opening the cabinet beneath the sink, examining the pipes, wanting to understand where everything comes from and also

where it goes. Last week, I held him, like a seed, in my lap and we cleaved the hemp dogbane pods, fluff puffing out like a lamb, scattering

by the cold steam of our breath. Only today, I learned the whole plant is poisonous, having no business near the lips of a two-year old.

When he was new, everyone wanted to make a metaphor for my body, compare it to kitchen appliances or tell me how birth was like writing

a poem. But I felt just like a body: aching, swollen, deflated. He slept only in my arms, if I paced all night the thin hall that was our living room.

I try to still my mind before the dying goldenrod, to promise her no more metaphor, but instead remember my yellow scarf

that day in Central Park, my friend surprised at how uncharacteristically careful I was, covering my body while nursing. How I had no words

to say that I had to keep some piece of me for myself for once. The pond puffs at us with fishy breath and the flowers drop some seed

with disdain. I try and open my heart to the earth like a cabinet, but the earth doesn't want any more cabinets. A place made of itself,

that it's expected to fit into. I press my ear to the leaves. She's quiet. Yes, yes, I tell the stalks. It's okay if there are things

you don't want to share.

The 3.5% Rule

It takes around 3.5% of the population actively participating in protest to ensure serious political change — Erica Chenoweth

You phone. You've been arrested again. You're full of it, your voice high and tight with details of dates and courts and laws and what to say in your defence.

You don't ask about my new job, or the kids. I pick up socks, contemplate the contents of the fridge, the hole in my finances, while you say you want me to help you draft your speech,

use phrases like 'proportionate response' and 'lawful protest', 'for the future of my grandchildren, and for the future of yours'. Grandchildren? I shove a stew in the oven. From this lot?

I imagine the day you had, the rally, the demo, the 'die-in', with your crew of colourful hippies and well-meaning teachers, activists pedalling static bikes to power a PA

and you marching, as always, marching at the front, chucking pints of fake oil over the Roman facade of a bank or fake blood over a national monument, in those trousers.

You tell me about your twenty four hours in a hot cell, the duty sergeant who refused point blank to bring you water, how you couldn't sleep for worrying about your kidneys

and how you fell back on your middle-class white woman voice, tried to talk to him as equals, like the lawyers advise. I'm reminded of the last day of finals, years ago, our crowd spilling noisily out of the examination hall, free at last, garlanding store windows and bus shelters with Silly String, spraying cheap champagne at the passing cars,

then one uniformed copper stepping up to issue cautions, everyone scattering, heads down, palming our party poppers, ducking into the cobbled side streets or nearby shops,

stifling giggles, suddenly faux-sensible and blameless. Except you, cheeks flushed, purple glitter spangling your hair, peace badges neatly lined up on your army surplus bag,

answering politely, a half bottle of Prosecco still in your hand, the only one of us prepared to give your real name, the only one to own up to the mess we'd made.

An owl the size of my smallest finger-nail

roosts in my ear canal. I hear his soft call, feel the pin-prick of his claws, airy softness of black, grey and buff feathers. He perches on the platform at the front of my ear, launches into my living-room, soundless flight. He glides, wings wide. I feel the small breath of his passing on my face. He lands on my outstretched palm. I close my fist, feel the crunch as air-filled bones crumble, tiny beak a splinter in the pad of my index finger. I open my hand, brush the dust and fragments into my bin, the smear of gold from his crushed eyes. He is mine. I can do what I want; so small, no-one will ever miss him.

Avon in Summer Rain

Swimming like falling backwards with arms thrown into plush cushions over and over. Floating through an asteroid belt of bubbles twinkling among blossom in the crisp-packet static fizz & slow velcro unsticking of the rain each white needle turns once and throws up a plume.

And the green river between the green banks flecked with a foam of hogweed holds me against the sky slides over my throat like silk and bears me as if unconscious into shaded pools under trees full of birds.

After the Mushroom at the End of the World

These, remedial gestures: how a spinning bulk of garbage in the sea becomes a Holy Vortex for a plastic bag's vagrancy,

how landfill picking transforms for garden-artists: pluck, prune, and glean like you're foraging treasure on behalf of trash,

how after nuclear disaster, mushrooms grow on reactor walls, harnessing radiation like purple alliums photosynthesize light,

happy globes bursting, these flowers can nurture budding stars in climates on the drier side, drought-tolerant, they'll keep alive.

I read once, that there's a kind of love that doesn't extend itself both ways between two people equally because it doesn't have to.

When air explodes hot and buoyant, it bubbles and expands, waltzes with open legs and a rising skirt, condensing debris, sucking energy from decay. What's left at the end of the world, besides lichen, missile clouds blocking the sun, and a harvest for two that can only be tilled by one?

> Author's Note: The fifth stanza references the end of Carl Phillip's poem "If You Go Away."

TEXACO IN ECUADOR

1

Mercedes, Supermercados and silk suits multiply on the streets of Quito, the Avenidas of Guayaquil. Tongues of fire lick the night sky.

2

Along the north shore of Rio Napo the river birds are all dressed up in black with nowhere to go. They stagger like drunks, tripping over their own feet, their eyes glazed, their wings, their plumage, fused under the crude sheen of coal gloss in the sun, then they collapse and just lie there, twitching, more and more weakly until they sink into the silence of wet clay.

3

Miles downstream, a boy from the Secoya tribe strips, dives into the cool water, swims for a while, then floats on his stomach, watching nothing but the green satin light flow over stones and when he feels clean he crawls across the current, climbs up the bank and stands, a dripping sandalwood Ephebe against the jungle shade, barely a trace of hair around his genitals, until darkness shrinks the field of his vision and he moans, falls to the grass and the river takes his breath, his voice where it will not be heard again.

The Fields This Morning

This air, it's wine. Everywhere autumn spiderwebs, gauzy tents. But I can't connect with anything, though look, nose connects dog to ground. Last night I couldn't hear, couldn't see thousands of spiders sewing minute geometries; light sieves, veils, meshes. Each one began a thread out, one silk line, like a hope, a thought on a breath landing on a grass leaf. Each spider walked the length and back, then spun radials. Let me try that. Here I am reeling out, returning on a memory, there's little me snorkelling with gold and blue fish, a tiny octopus ghosts at me out of a crevice, dome head, wide loopy eyes. What a thrill scare, back to shore to sit on a rock and already another thread has latched on ahead of me, another rock over there, a big octopus spread on top. It's dying because four people are hitting it with stones. A clear ritual. Each person stands three paces away, steps forward in turn, lifts an arm high, brings it down hard again and again, shock, shock. Not because the octopus will die, not because they'll eat it, but because of fixed faces, blank eyes, poised violence restrained in the arms, group poison working the circle. Now invisible spiders, how, how do I straddle that dream coming alongside, let me walk along the river bank scattered with broken stone goddesses and gods, every detail sharp in hard sun, here's a channel, shade, here's a pool behind trees. Elephants are washing, rocking their great heads side to side. They dip down, soak, flip trunks up, spray, swash each other for so so long, it's more than cleaning, more than pleasure. They are communing. I'm awed and now I'm awed by the webs, how they swoop between grasses, how trapeze lines hook and hang in the brambles, how filigree drapes between sloes. Today these constructions will disappear but masses of patterns will come back tomorrow, all anchored differently. They're tiny galaxy maps and there's my black dog running by them, dark energy on and on.

Straight-line mission

On 30th September 2021 a pair of hikers became the first people to walk the longest straight line in the UK without crossing a paved road, after spending four days crossing 78.55km (48.8 miles) from the Pass of Drumochter to Corgarff in north Scotland. Their route passed through the Cairngorms National Park, which is home to 25% of the UK's most endangered species.

because were the first because mountain hare so were the simplicity of it pine marten free: pine marten fres, because heross Alpine ptarmigan hooded crow scottish wildcat or they have the pen hoverfly red squirrel shining guest ant wood ant of bikes across they pine hoverfly ridges it was a great twinflow aver capercaillie curlew oblong woodsia aspen twinflower on idea because they were so return glory waxcaps dark border, sow thistle small cow k inspired by mission snow bunting marsh savifuse fly plarmigan bood ing kentish glory waxcaps dark bordered Ty plarmigan hooded straight in search of mountain hare scabious mining heaves heaver caparosili snow bunting marsh saxifrage alpine blue fly plarmigan hooded straight-line subscribers beaver capercaillie cu. genuine waxwing kentish glory because of torthern fabrics crested tit wood ant golden eagle they were sexplorers in a country pine hoverfly snow flea where mapped e blue sow this the country is a spen to the source of the source o budding explorers in a northern february red ston, YouTube world "is mapping e once sow thistle small cow wheat comer is beautiful r stiletto fly ptarmigan hooded crow because of the beautyside msed 'e aspen hoverfly and wintergreen snow bunting oblong woodsia crested tit we because of the very used 'e aspen hoverfly red squirrel oblong woodsia crested tit we because poles to water they water capercaillie curlew dark bordered beauty pine hove walking poles to they they water they aspen twinflower they water they water they water they aspen twinflower they water they water they water they aspen the they aspen the they water they water they aspen the they aspen the they are they aspen they aspen the they are they aspen they aspen they are they aspen they are they aspen they aspen they are they are they are they are they aspen they are they are they aspen they are they are they are they are they aspen they are th walking waise was they ern february red stonefly northern heather was en snow bunting ther the half of the show bunting marsh oved about it was en snow bunting marsh because hecause it wood mason bec enjoyed about half of enjoyeu and it wait show bunting marsh it because because fun sh wildcat mountain 1 addictive the most the freshwater pearl mussel beaver c was not because the most fun sh wildcat mountain hare because and pine marter because the most fun sh wildcat mountain hare addictive the most fun sh wildcat mountain hare because the most function of ant golden eagle wave to because because the because the most function saxifrage alpine blue sow thistle northern silver stiletto fly ptarmigan hoverfly snow flea northern february i the straight line was so dark bordered beauty pine twinflower one-flowered wintergrees scabious mining bee aspen hoverfly because dark bordered beauty pine gy is of the saxifrage alpine blue sow recause one of villow northere inistle small cow wheat pinewoo technology made the stiletto fly ptarmigan hooded crow scc easier concentration bee aspen hoverfly red sourced inter was one of bunting bee aspen hoverfly red squirrel shin because it was one of r hare scabious mining marsh saxifrage alpine blue set of the bunting marsh saxifrage alpine blue sow the few adventure they adventure solution and the solution adventure they adventure th genuine adventure available because they avanues sked for advice bee woolly willow northern silver's genuine ant pine marten wintergreen snow bunting n on how to repeat they small cow wheat pinewood mason has small cow wheat pinewood mason bee wooll, journey too exhausted to blue sow thistle ptarmigan hooded crow scottish with hooded crow scottish truly celebrate because or stiletto fly these head your head

Kifaru*

'Extinction is a very distant thing for people, so you have to turn it into a story a story in which people can see themselves.' Jemu (James) Mwenda, ranger and caretaker of the last northern white rhinos at Ol Pejeta Conservancy, Kenya.

hours before dawn / in the cool dark / weaponed men / quick-breathing / sweating / guns cocked / quiet as men can be who strangle fear in their throats / also: men (weaponed) sweat-chilled / waiting / guns ready / righteous as men whose mother is the veldt—

when I tell you a story of mourning it's already a shroud, a wraith or it's wrack and ruin, wrung from what's gone, what's going what went unnoticed—

without a name, or need of one / 40 million years / at the last we define you / in this moment we call you Ceratotherium simum umkhombe tshukudu witrenoster rhino vifaru wiyisha obhejane Rinaster oswellii emhula kifaru chukuru ephwete words to summon emptiness / a rift in a map the size of—

extinguished / exscinded / the end, endling, end of the line / exsanguinate / bleed out, bleed dry / blood on our hands / on machetes / a machete can peel a peach, it's that sharp / that tender / can hack the living horn from a livingwhat is the word for the weeping of birds in a bloodred morning / the mourning of men who did their best / how to speak to the night, run through like a torn sheet / what is the word for the weight of a horn, dripping and warm / the word for fleeing feet in the soft dust / for fences cut / the moonlight in a dulling eye

place yourself in the cold dawn / in this mourning story / the stone sky / savanna alive as wind / at its centre a great stillness / words too many / too few / to be of any use—

*kifaru – rhinoceros (Swahili)

Whale

After a sculpture by Dentsu Jayme Syfu at Naic, Phillippines, May 2017

Rolled half onto its back chucked up by the tide stiff flukes rucked in sand, in surf which laps and sings slant pectoral fin beginning to unravel, huge maw: an overturned dump truck—clutter of buckets take-out Styrofoam toys bright as fish sun prisms through polypropylene tangle of cables this keel black plastic stitched up with twine fishing line, snarled in the shape of hide loosening in places sloughing false skin shucking wave-stirred rising chemical stink as summer bakes to warp and blister the arched back simmers. Across the sand burst bin-bags spill like purge fluid —

this assemblage of slabby muscle blubber, jaw and tongue beating heart transmitting into the wide its steady signal—bell a metronome rising through green walls of cold belly-hull three hundred thousand pounds clanging cage of ribs and room-sized lungs sighing gust, drawn-out brontide to span the gyres echoing down a thousand miles blue-dark sea lanes. Mouth—too little of a word a revolving door, a lobby hung with keratin, frayed baleen brooms that sweep the swells mouthful by mouthful the ballast of krill, half a million spinning slivers crimson and silver gorge the bloat the pungent load what is sieved and swilled a strained deluge

the great grooved throat inflates in hoax of vigorous decay from the inside outwaterfalls back into the sea the boom and thrash of flukes thruster blades to haul it away.

The month of emergencies

7.9 inches of rain fell in Central Park last night dead cicadas on the crosswalk their bodies bunched

in brittle knots	sticky candy sky
bright with grief	branches submerged

by the weight of our silence a letter unread a door closed firmly & all at once

the red mailbox collapses rafters yearn for sleep

my house teeters weeping in fresh

darkness as faith slips from us the certainty of the street lamp & we cannot turn back

I mourn folly of the old road Harvest Mouse Micromys minutus

You stare at me through a nimbus of whiskers, each eye a single blackberry drupelet.

I ease a seed between cage bars: you lean, tail twining round a twig unthinkingly

to twitch it from me, fuel the thrum of your fruit-pip heart: five hundred times a minute to my seventy.

We share warm blood, live young, some thirty thousand genes.

Dead Men's Fingers

After the funeral, I go and lie down among the long purples. I lower myself in as if into water and green rises around

me, raindrop and cuckoospit laced between stalk and seed hoard. Ants and small insects crawl over the felled trunk of my body. This is the nearest

I've been to myself all year. Level with my eyes a spiral of chimney sweep moths graze on sprays of pignut. Yellow vetchling tendrils through

bedstraw and speedwell. Further off shy tufts of cottongrass puff across a stretch of birches. Even when the sky mottles above

us, I want to stay, becoming, like the orchids, more inside, animate, haired and stippled, roaring beyond the line that keeps us separate towards

the tangled loops solstice opens beneath us, this feral cat's cradle. Flies, zigzagging down and along, articulate moist air, these brief lives we're held within,

> as I breathe the spicy smell of death and wet sex among all the gorgeous everything that comes up from under.

Stone Curlew

I watch the way you want to reach the end before you've begun. Here there is only this

egg and our sitting in shifts to keep it warm, at the mercy of weather, another bird's hunger.

Trust me, you must go to unknown places and stay inside your body while you try. Look at me

being bird. Why is being human so hard? I see you – fragile and fierce. What if every single day

were your only chance of incubating what wants to be born and that was all you had to do – *be there* –

what you were made for, enough to make a stone sing?

Windows on Taiji

Many practices I prefer not to know about remain inevitable

In Taiji dolphins are still herded to their deaths

Whale is on the menu In Denmark

the Faroe Islands run red

*

I am still trying to write a poem about Taiji

*

The problem with a poem about Taiji is that although I am on this side of the glass

my arm, hand and pen are on the other working at a desk I can't see

I can't write about what they do

This is far from the only thing I am unable to write about Off the coast of Japan Wakayama prefecture, Pacific Ocean

*

A tourist boat with a glass bottom finds itself in the dolphin drive

the hunt for small whales and dolphins not regulated by the Whaling Commission

It's raining : a woman leans her head against the cold wall rain speckles the windows

There may be wind outside the only noise is voices and engine a faint smell of vomit

She doesn't want to look through the glass bottom She will have to in the end

Arhythmic booming

Hammering is felt, reverberating through the water, the length of her feet, along the sides of the boat

Panicked figures flood the window flashing across the frame Fin and tail

Time compresses Fishers dive with goggles in the red sea of the cove

This film is old now Still the practice renews itself every year

There's No Such Thing as a Seagull

Could be a herring gull, kittiwake, maddrick, blue maa, winter mew, sea cobb, annet, roof stalker, slate walker, pavement shitter, flytipper, beer-battered, tussle thief, knock-kneed, thin-sheet, scragging, glaucous, beady eyed, incessant cry, willing height, chalk-white, black-backed, native-foreigner, lonely tosser, low slung, urban pest, porous, pale, mottled eggs, cackling squall, splayed roadkill, thin-as-sheet, slender billed, eardrum settler, rubber webbed, fisherman's aide, Hebridean pet, buoyant, breasting, frenzied feeder, retching, heaving,

pickled screecher, pure of form, hard of bone, ruffled drunk, low-slung, bitter gorse, dawn-crack, drizzle-hanger, peat-black, feckless immigrant, chancer, scrounger, nesting, thefting, bin transgressor, stubborn plague, brunt shoulder, rat with wings, gaze holder, street urchin, landlubber, blown-east, pale under, tilted neck, brittle throat, gullet wide, aching note.

Couplets

The chick sexer separates the hens (for eggs) from the cocks (which, commercially, are useless).

The hens are retained and moved either to free range poultry farms (high end) or battery

cages (budget). The males are gassed (UK) or macerated (in the US). This usually takes place

at five days to a week. At this stage, the layers (hens) may be differentiated by squeezing faeces

from the stomach, which opens up the anal vent, or cloaca. A raised 'bump' indicates male,

though in certain breeds, identification can be made on the basis of wing-feather size and shape:

male feathers are shorter, rounder, and lighter in colour. Experienced sexers can do this by eye.

Recent industry reports claim that genetic testing will soon be both scaleable and cheap, obviating

the current need for live sexing. This will reduce waste and savings can be passed on to the consumer.

Some companies have promised sexers made redundant will be comprehensively retrained.

A Northern Autumn

October ends in a swag of blue netting and boats craned from the harbour to sit out the squalls of a filsket sea. On days like these the light lies

so low to the ground it lacks direction, objects elide one into the other and the Mohr is a state of mind that will not be explained.

Autumn tides rake the beach of sand, lengthening the thin shadows of storm-spared moorings; set down tree trunks, hanks of tangle,

and the lone rubber glove that has put ashore beside the innards, feather and bone of a decommissioned gull.

This is the season of *aurora* shifting in the high latitudes, of *Ursa Major* snouting the dark above the bay as we set our fires.

And through it all, saved Gamrie settles down to pray, gospel in hand; its best-suit Sunday sat in kirk or chapel, witnessing The Word

and waiting upon *eschaton* to the doleful note of an electric organ in Blaimohr or the Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster.

Throughout the night, pink-footed geese hit landfall in ragged skeins from Iceland, bound for Strathbeg; their song a stramash of wild telling.

A Walk Across The Island

From the pier, the track lifts past the kirk towards the valley, where an old post road is dusty and hard as the Ridgeway in June.

There is bog cotton, primrose and heather; there is silence but for the humming of bees, and stillness sits deep in the day's saddle.

A cuckoo calls from a wood beyond the Lodge as the sun sets down its blanket on Ward Hill and the ness is already a memory of chilled air.

This valley is a chalice of midsummer light into which the island pours its mood, chuckling with the beck's hidden water.

There's none to greet you here but sheep, no double inks his profile onto the skyline and raptors prey in vain for the lark's brood.

Plant your feet and feel the hard earth – this view accruing force by its isolation – as the path's now dirty-pig white drops

leisurely to the bay at Rackwick. Here lie awhile on the sickle strand, resting your head on the red-brown egg of a boulder.

In this one-sided love affair, declare nothing but seen things, a burn's low gargle and that breeze from the sound cooling your path to its crossing.

All Spring

I wore yellow in coded mourning my hair an elegy of yolks and pollen

the quick yellow of seedlings bolting the yellow of plasma and bile

the sun was a zealous missionary and I converted cell by cell

wilting brittling testing all the ways seed can be wasted

boys called me buttercup! dandelion! I stank in the meadow and the bees passed over

BIOGRAPHIES

FIRST PRIZE: Teresa Dzieglewicz is an educator, poet, and lover of rivers. Her first book, *Something Small of How To See a River*, won Tupelo Press's Dorset Prize (selected by Tyehimba Jess) and is forthcoming in 2023. She is the winner of the 2018 Auburn Witness Prize and the 2020 Palette Poetry Prize and has received fellowships from the Elizabeth George Foundation, Community of Writers at Tahoe, Kimmel Harding Nelson Center, and Brooklyn Poets. Her poems appear in the *Pushcart Prize XLII, Best New Poets, Beloit Poetry Journal, Prairie Schooner, Ninth Letter, Sixth Finch*, and elsewhere.

SECOND PRIZE: Hilary Menos won the Forward Prize for Best First Collection 2010 with *Berg* (Seren, 2009) and her pamphlet *Human Tissue* (Smith|Doorstop, 2020) was a winner in The Poetry Business International Book & Pamphlet Competition 2019-20. Her second collection is *Red Devon* (Seren, 2013). Other pamphlets include *Extra Maths* (Smith|Doorstop, 2004) and *Wheelbarrow Farm* (Templar, 2010). She read PPE at Oxford, took an MA in poetry at MMU, and has worked as a student organiser, journalist, food reviewer, organic farmer, dramaturge and builder's mate. She is editor of The Friday Poem.

THIRD PRIZE: Liz Byrne grew up in Dublin and now lives near Manchester, on the edge of the West Pennine Moors. She worked as a Clinical Psychologist for the NHS until her retirement. She was shortlisted for the Bridport Poetry Prize, 2019 and won the Best Landscape Poem, Ginkgo Prize, 2020. Her poetry appears in *The Curlew, Obsessed with Pipework, Orbis, Agenda, Butcher's Dog, Crannog* and *The North*.

AONB BEST POEM OF LANDSCAPE: Ross Styants is a programmer and a poet living by the river in Bristol, UK. He has lived all over the world. For work he crafts alternative realities in VR and AR. It's the wildernesses of our shared physical reality he's most fond of though and he has always sought out these places for inspiration and repose; perhaps his favourite being the dunes between the forest and the sea on the Gower. He can also often be found at Conham river park in Bristol where the raw material for this poem was mined. He has always liked to write down his thoughts but only recently began gathering some of them into poems. He also enjoys painting, surfing, fatherhood and long baths.

HIGHLY COMMENDED:

Serena Alagappan received her A.B. in comparative literature and creative writing from Princeton University in 2020. She is currently pursuing an MSt in World Literatures in English at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar and editing poetry for the 30th annual Mays Anthology. Her poems have appeared in *The London Magazine, The American Journal of Poetry, the Colorado Review*, and elsewhere. She is a recipient of the 2022 New Poets Prize and her pamphlet 'Sensitive to Temperature' will be published by The Poetry Business under the Smith|Doorstop imprint next year.

George Amabile has published twelve books and has had work in over a hundred national and international venues, including *The New Yorker, Poetry (Chicago), American Poetry Review, Botteghe Oscure, The Globe and Mail, The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse, Saturday Night,, Poetry Australia, Sur (Buenos Aires), <i>Poetry Canada Review,* and *Canadian Literature.* His most recent publications are a long poem, *Dancing, with Mirrors* (Porcupine's Quill, 2011), *Small Change* (Fiction, Libros Libertad, 2011) and *Martial Music* (poetry, Signature Editions, 2016) all of which have won the prestigious Bressani Award, and an International Crime novel, *Operation Stealth Seed* (Signature Editions, 2019) which won the Michael von Rooy award for genre fiction.

Gillian Barker first worked in education both in England and abroad. She then worked in theatre as a script editor and literary manager. She went on to do a Ph.D. in art and landscape history. Her poems have appeared in several anthologies and her poem 'Khartoum' won second prize in the Café Writers' Competition in 2018. Some of her work was shortlisted for The Alpine Writing Prize 2021.She has given readings at The Tea House Theatre London, the Café Writers, Norwich and at Cheltenham Poetry Festival. She is working on a collection.

Alison Binney is a poet and English teacher from Cambridge. Her debut pamphlet, *Other Women's Kitchens*, won the 2020 Mslexia Poetry Pamphlet Competition and was published by Seren Books in September 2021. Her poems have been widely published, including in *Butcher's Dog, Magma, The North* and *Popshot*. Alison teaches English in a comprehensive school and also trains teachers on the PGCE English course at the Faculty of Education in Cambridge. She runs occasional day-long walking and writing courses in the Peak District.

Cindy Botha lives in New Zealand. She began reading and writing poetry at nearly 60 while caring for her mother, a dementia-sufferer. Her work is published in New

Zealand, the UK and USA, and she was awarded 1st place in The Rialto Nature and Place Poetry Prize 2020.

Rebecca Faulkner is a London-born poet, arts educator and climate activist based in Brooklyn. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in *New York Quarterly, Solstice Magazine, Wild Roof Journal, Pedestal Magazine, The Maine Review, CALYX Press, CV2 Magazine, On the Seawall, Into the Void,* and other journals. She is the 2022 winner of Sand Hills Literary Magazine's National Poetry Contest, and has been anthologized in the Best New British and Irish Poets 2019-2021. Rebecca was a 2021 Poetry Fellow at the Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts, and will be writerin-residence at the Juniper Writing Institute at UMass, Amherst in June 2022. She holds a BA in English Literature from the University of Leeds, and a Ph.D. from the University of London.

Suzanna Fitzpatrick's poetry has been aired on BBC Radio 4 and widely published in magazines and anthologies, including *Corvids and Others* (Greatest Happiness), *Beyond the Storm –Poems from the Covid-19 Era* (Write Out Loud), *Writing Motherhood* (Seren), the Emma Press Anthologies of *Contemporary Gothic Verse* and *Slow Things, Furies* (For Books' Sake), and *Birdbook III* (Sidekick Books). She was shortlisted for the 2019 Bridport Prize, longlisted for the 2018 National Poetry Competition, won second prize in the 2016 Café Writers and 2010 Buxton Competitions, and won the 2014 Hamish Canham Prize. Her pamphlet, *Fledglings*, is published by Red Squirrel Press.

Linda France has published nine poetry collections, including *The Gentleness of the Very Tall* (Bloodaxe 1994 – a Poetry Book Society Recommendation; longlisted for the Los Angeles Times Book Prize); *Reading the Flowers* (Arc 2016 – longlisted for the inaugural Laurel Prize; 'Bernard and Cerinthe' won the 2013 National Poetry Competition) and her most recent *The Knucklebone Floor* (Smokestack 2022). Her poetry has received a Society of Authors' Cholmondeley Award. Linda's two Highly Commended Ginkgo poems will appear in a new collection called *Startling* (forthcoming from Faber and New Writing North, Autumn 2022) with work arising from her *Writing the Climate* residency.

Tamsin Hopkins is a poet and fiction writer. In 2020 she won the Aesthetica Prize for poetry and served on the judging panel the following year. She is studying a Creative Writing MA at Royal Holloway London. Her poetry has been longlisted in the National Poetry Competition, nominated for the Forward Prize and has appeared in *The London Magazine, The New Statesman, Magma, Tears in the Fence* and is widely

anthologised. Her poetry chapbook *Inside the Smile* is published by Cinnamon Press. Her short fiction collection *Shore to Shore, River Stories* (also with Cinnamon Press) was longlisted for the Edge Hill Prize and shortlisted for the Rubery Award.

Katie Hourigan is originally from South Devon. She is soon to graduate from the University of Manchester, having studied English Literature with Creative Writing. Her non-fiction writing has been published in *Potluck, Full* and the *Museum of Restaurants journal*. She has had poems published in the magazines *Porridge* and *Spelt*. A poem 'Jenny' was recently placed in Candlestick Press's *Ten Poems of the Soil* anthology.

Ali Lewis is the author of *Hotel* (Verve, 2020), and a Northern Bridge-funded PhD student at Durham University. He received an Eric Gregory Award in 2018, and his poems and short stories have appeared in magazines including the *London Magazine*, *PN Review, Poetry London, Poetry Review*, and the *New Statesman*. He is a former associate editor of *Poetry London* and editorial manager at the Poetry School. His latest project is 'Like Words', a collaboration with the composer Héloïse Werner, which will premiere at Wigmore Hall in June 2022. He is working on his debut collection.

Martin Malone lives in north-east Scotland. He has published 3 poetry collections: *The Waiting Hillside* (Templar, 2011), *Cur* (Shoestring, 2015) and *The Unreturning* (Shoestring 2019). *Larksong Static*: Selected Poems 2005-2020 was published by Hedgehog Poetry in December 2020. In addition, he has published 4 pamphlets: *17 Landscapes* (Bluegate Books), *Prodigals* (The Black Light Engine Room), *Mr. Willett's Summertime* (Poetry Salzburg), *Shetland Lyrics* (Hedgehog). He reviews for *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Poetry Wales* and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. An editor at Poetry Salzburg, Poetry Ambassador for the Scottish Poetry Library and Honorary Research Fellow in English & Creative Writing at Aberdeen University, he has a PhD in poetry from Sheffield University. Before all this, he was a guitarist, singer, songwriter and sound engineer producer in a variety of rock bands from the age of 16. Website: www.martinmalonepoetry.com

Lauren Mason is a poet and musician based in Bristol. Her writing often explores gender, race and species, and draws inspiration from visual art and landscape. She holds an MA in Writing Poetry from The Poetry School, and has been published in anthologies and journals including *The Interpreter's House* and *Finished Creatures*. She contributes bass guitar and voice to experimental doom band Torpor.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Poetry School would like to thank Dido Whitehead and Alexander Goldsmith for their constant support and generosity and their firm belief that this project will make a difference to the future of our planet and all of us. To the Poetry School, Richard Forsdyke and Camilla Peake for their generosity and Simon Armitage, Poet Laureate and The Laurel Prize.

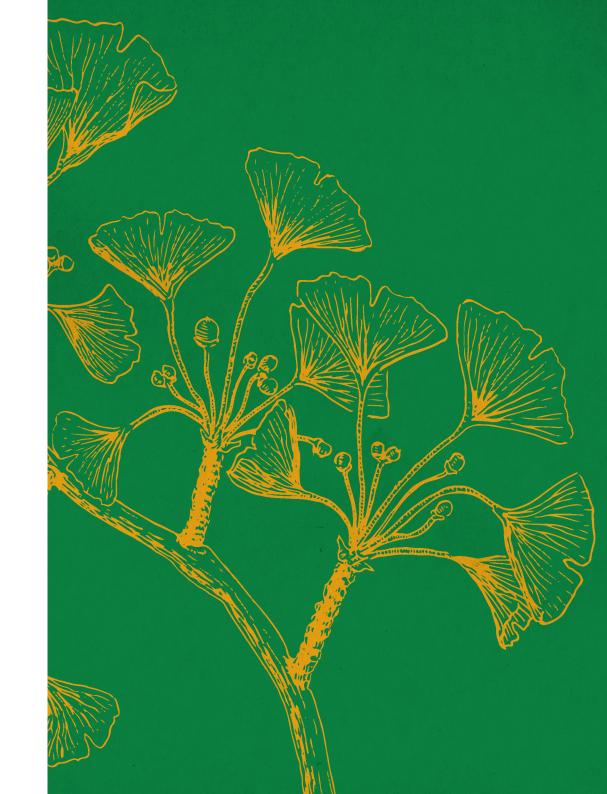
Author and poet Camille T. Dungy; poet and naturalist Anna Selby; and writer and activist Sara Hudston for their sensitive and considered judging.

Maryam Hessavi and Pratyusha Prakash and Jasmine Ward for their hard work and for Jaz's brilliant graphics for the poets on social media and her handling of the Prize management.

The AONB and especially Ruth Colbridge and Sarah Hudspeth for their support, friendship, generosity and partnership.

Poetry School would also like to thank Theo Inglis for once again designing and typesetting something beautiful in the form of this anthology, all the poets who sent in their words during a global crisis, to all our friends and supporters and to our Patrons, Peter Phelps, founder of the Resurgence Prize, Daphne Astor and Jason Gathorne-Hardy. We couldn't do this without you.

POETRY SCHOOL



The Ginkgo Prize is international for a reason: some of the world's most affected and at-risk areas have some of the world's keenest and most knowledgeable observers and leading climate activist poets. In many places, activism is not a matter of choice, but necessity. In the UK, with the Police, Crime, Sentencing and Courts Act passing through the House of Lords and receiving Royal Assent, environmental protests and protestors calling for change and government action now face huge restrictions and up to 10 years in prison. This combined with many governments recently reneging on energy and fossilfuel commitments means that now more than ever, locally and globally, those of us who can need to find ways to connect with the environment, convey the key environmental issues of our time and speak up for the natural world. The poems in this year's anthology do this with authenticity, empathy and awe.

ANNA SELBY

'Poetry is a necessity in this time of ecological emergency. It connects heart and mind, making every word matter. Radical, reflective and filled with love, the poems in this year's anthology scintillate with purpose. Reading them is to enter into an act of solidarity with the living world.'

SARA HUDSTON