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First Place

Poetry Arbuckle Award

**2009 - 2010: I had a conversation with Death yesterday**

**Sarah Corcoran**

We were eating salmon outside of our favorite café,  
Next to the metallic roar of 42<sup>nd</sup> street,  
Among all the chocking exhaust of the living,  
Lemon drop smog mottling my skin, turning me reptilian,  
By shying away from Death like shadows from sunlight.  
I buttered my toast with wasted time,  
As he ordered the finest Rhone Valley Syrah.  
I ate in vivid Technicolor,  
He ate another liquid lunch.  
I gazed fixedly into my black tea for eternity,  
Pausing to ask if he had found what he had been looking for.  
Death leaned forward on pointy elbows and  
Swirling his wine  
In the shape of Life  
Retorted "Have you?"