

THE NIMROD LITERARY AWARDS  
*The Pablo Neruda Prize for Poetry*

SEMI-FINALIST  
ALISON TURNER

*Earthquake Hollywood*

In the rubble of Serrano Avenue  
they think again of Yerevan  
the groans and whispers from under the street, red  
coffins, the air smelling of burlap and cellar dirt

Remember Mexico City?  
the giant skeleton on display, a tiny family  
around the table eating dinner between his ribs—

All that waiting  
All that wanting to be unharmed

There was and there was not  
the old Armenians say  
beginning every story