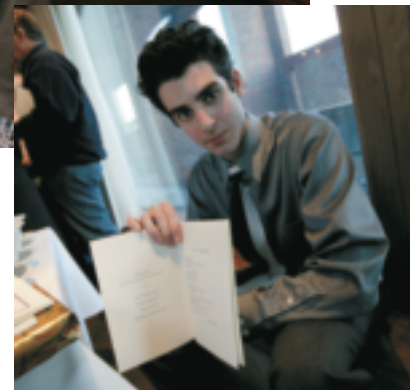




BRIAN CROWLEY (3)



## A NEW PRIZE HONORS YOUNG POETS

The health and well-being of the student poet at Exeter is better than good, according to English teacher Todd Hearon. For the inaugural presentation of the Lamont Younger Poets Prize this past April, Hearon couldn't have been more pleased with the submissions. "We had a large pool of poems to choose from in a wide variety of styles," he says, "from very free-form, free-verse poems to highly technical, formal poems. There seems to be a burgeoning interest in writing poetry, even outside the classroom. It's fulfilling some imaginative need on campus."

Started by Hearon as a way to honor the memory of English instructor and poet Rex McGuinn, who passed away unexpectedly in September 2002 and was a devoted champion of student writers, the Lamont Younger Poets Prize recognizes works of exceptional promise written by Academy juniors and lowers. The award will be presented each spring in conjunction with the Lamont Poetry Series and National Poetry Month. This year's winners, selected by a faculty panel and honored with a public reading in the Class of 1945 Library, were Paul Capobianco '06, Hillary Fitzgerald '07, Hillary Juster '06 and Jacqueline Stephenson '06.

*As winners of the first Lamont Younger Poets Prize (center, left to right) Hillary Fitzgerald '07, Jacqueline Stephenson '06, Hillary Juster '06 and (above right) Paul Capobianco '06 gave a public reading at the Academy library. A booklet of the winning poems was also published. English teacher and poet Todd Hearon (above left) founded the Lamont Younger Poets Prize in memory of the late Rex McGuinn, an English instructor and champion of student writers.*

### Girl in a Photograph

*Features blur  
into a perfection  
the dimmed lights in restaurants  
try to imitate.*

*Her lower body's lost,  
save for the hollow hill  
of thigh and calf  
that rises and falls*

*from the frame.  
Bleary eyes float into the flash:  
her manner hazy*

*like a nymph's caught bathing in a stream.  
Her figure is sewn  
with invisible stitches  
into a background of solemn mist.*

*I run my finger over the gloss.*

—Paul Capobianco '06