

# Poetry contest winners to read at Liberty Theatre

## Pulitzer Prize winner will headline the event

BY M.J. CODY

Friday will be a big night at the Liberty Theatre for poets Elisa Carlsen, Emily Ransdell and Rocky Rub, as they share the stage with Pulitzer Prize winner

Jericho Brown.

The three were winners of The Writer's Guild of Astoria poetry contest, writing on the theme of "Tradition," inspired by Brown's poetry collection of the same name. Contestants submitted their poems in separate categories that included college, community and high school.

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### 'An Evening with Jericho Brown'

Friday at 7 p.m.

Liberty Theatre

1203 Commercial St. in Astoria

Doors open at 6 p.m. with a wine and cheese reception.

Brown will sign books after the event.

Tickets range from \$10 to \$65.

Proof of vaccination or negative COVID-19 test required.

[libertyastoria.org/](http://libertyastoria.org/)

**Jericho Brown will perform a live poetry reading at the Liberty Theatre in Astoria Friday night.**

### 'traditions, curses' by Rocky Rub

seasonal changes mark a timeless tradition,  
mimicking patterns of the sun and moon,  
retrospection, juncture,  
reliving a timeless tale.  
annually depleting the color of my skin,  
veins that begin to look like tattoos,  
or even marks from a highlighter to highlight  
the lack of energy I somehow run on,  
my mind and body now an avalanche, in-  
stinctively fizzling out greatly, dramatically.  
until there's nothing.  
this, the first tradition I've made for myself.  
such as the leaves of trees diminish and grow,  
my personal meets these demands.  
almost like an offering to the universe.  
paying my respects to mother nature may  
mean giving up the strength I start to build  
in May.

letting the guard down that once honorably  
protected my castle from depression.

seasonal depression

SAD

it's funny when traditions look nothing like  
when you were a kid.

it's funny when traditions no longer invoke  
the excitement of seeing grandma at Christ-  
mas,

it's funny when traditions become dreading  
seeing grandma at Christmas,

it's funny when traditions become curses.

how silly it is to curse yourself.

creating your own traditions

creating your own curses

how the word "fuck" is supposed to be a  
"curse" word but when i yell "fuck" all i can  
think is thank god curse words exist.

I guess that's what this all is,

words,

mummified words meant to be heard forever,



**Rocky Rub is the winner of the high school Writer's Guild of Astoria poetry contest.**

immortal words.

how petrified wood tells a story,

valuable to the looker,

similar would be my body mummified,

wrapped with the words left unsaid and the  
words said to kill me.

I have the same name as my father,

and two generations of fathers before him,

tradition is kept with my namesake,

to live is to carry an antique, to die is to break  
it.

fantasizing of splendor in the great beyond,

a ticking time bomb, unknown is my demise,

but for the sake of tradition,

I beg to live.

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