



CONTENTS

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| Editor's Note | 3 |
| Author of the Year | 4 |
| Poetic Publication of the Year | 6 |
| International Publication of the Year | 9 |
| Non-Poetic Publication of the Year | 12 |
| Contributor of the Year | 16 |



EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear members and subscribers,

As we leave the year of 2018 behind, there's a lot for our community and movement to celebrate and be grateful for, including the exponential growth of our writers' community which has surpassed 1,200 worldwide as well as our readers which now can be found in all continents and over 85 countries globally.

Thank you, collaborators, as well as passionate community members for truly making the vision of Spillwords Press become a reality!

And now we invite you to celebrate the winners of our annual Spillwords Press Awards of year 2018.

Once again a sincere thank you from our team.

Warm regards,

Editing Team

editor@spillwords.com

AUTHOR OF THE YEAR



AARON MARCHANT

[SEE HIS POSTS](#)

Born and raised in Buckinghamshire England, I am very much a 'country boy' at heart. In fact, town and city life is something of an endurance test to me. I'm never happier than if I wake up to find the sun shining and to have no 'to do' list. Propped up against a tree, I can happily whittle away the hours contemplating the meaning of life (when I come to a conclusion, I'll let you know). I'm also a big music fan, and enjoy everything from classical to rock. One moment it's the delicacy of Debussy, the next it's 'The Who' turned up to 11. 'Poetry' is a tricky thing to pin down. Not all verse is poetry, not all poetry is verse. I like to use the 'catch all' term 'poetry and verse' and imagine a literary cauldron in which Shakespeare and Emily Dickinson rub shoulders with Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and even we lesser mortals in a timeless, egalitarian soup.

POETIC
PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR



THE WILLOW THAT WEEPS
BY LAURA HUGHES

[SEE POST](#)

All of the memories,
flooding back to my mind.
Are as gentle as the breeze,
while they play in rewind.

There were so many,
spent down by the lakeside.
I remember the tree,
where we would always hide.

As I'm reminiscing,
I think back to that time.
We often went missing,
for our chance to go climb.

We spent all of our youth
in that tree, as it seems.
Always talking our truth,
and all about our dreams.

I did love that Willow,
with all the weeping leaves.

All rights reserved by Laura Hughes © 2018

Her branch like a pillow,
or so a child believes.

Although you are gone now,
your memory still keeps,
alive inside the bough
of the Willow that weeps...

All rights reserved by Laura Hughes © 2018

INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR



SEA OF MISTS (MORZE MGIEL)
BY ELIZA SEGIET
TRANSLATED BY ARTUR KOMOTER

[SEE POST](#)

In the hideout
I understood
that normality is when
you lie when you want,
and not when you have to.

When else?
When from the sea of mists
bodies do not emerge.

Normality is when
people do not harm people,
and children do not play killing!

- Dada, what are you thinking about?

- About war.

- Why? It's over.

- My dear,
in us -
it will remain forever.

All rights reserved by Eliza Segiet © 2018

W kryjówce
zrozumiałem,
że normalność jest wtedy,
gdy kłamiesz kiedy chcesz,
a nie gdy musisz.

Kiedy jeszcze?
Gdy z morza mgieł
nie wynurzają się ciała.

Normalność jest wtedy,
gdy ludzie nie krzywdzą ludzi,
a dzieci nie bawią się w zabijanie!

- Tate, o czym myślisz?

- O wojnie.

- Dlaczego? Ona się skończyła.

- Córciu,
w nas -
zostanie na zawsze.

All rights reserved by Eliza Segiet © 2018

NON-POETIC PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR



...ON POETRY AND FICTION –
JUST “ONE WORD” AWAY (“LOVE”)

BY PHYLLIS P. COLUCCI

[SEE POST](#)

One word becomes one idea, becomes one sentence, becomes one poem, becomes one story. It must start from just “one word”. Today my one word is “Love”.

LOVE

She searched for love as if she were searching for a lost child. She called out its name in the lonely darkness, and hoped for a quick response. She ran against the wind as it slapped her face with its stinging fingers, yet she continued on with the roar and strength of a lioness. She ran aimlessly in search of something she couldn't see or touch. All she knew was that something was lost, and she had to find it. She left her family behind in order to search for whatever was missing in her life...She licked the salt from her quivering lips as the tears of her soul streamed down her cheeks. She ran on, however, with no compass, no map, no direction, no plan. She just screamed out for love to answer her. Yet, only her voice echoed in the night. Her heart shattered by another failed attempt.

She soon turned around and made her way back home, only to find that which she had been searching for all along. It was right in front of her. It waited for her. - Her sweet dog greeted her at the door as his tail wagged

All rights reserved by Phyllis P. Colucci © 2018

wildly. Her children ran to her as she cuddled them in her arms. Her husband prepared dinner and poured her a glass of her favorite wine. There was music on the radio, sounds of a television in the background which no one watched, roses on the counter, and a table set with mismatched dishes. Everything was in chaos. The napkins, glasses, knives and forks were strewn about as if a hurricane had hit the kitchen. The children ran around, and played and screamed with no restraint, while she tripped over the toys that were in her path. She looked around and simply smiled at the disorder that captured her heart. She became whole again. It may have been disguised in chaos, but love lived within the walls of her own home. Once she recognized it, she never had to search farther than her precious backyard.

LOVE

Love is loneliness served on a platter
 Love is heartbreak in the fact of the matter
 Love can hurt, love can cure
 Love can focus, it can obscure
 Love can hide within a song
 It may invite you to play along
 You may not recognize its gentle way

All rights reserved by Phyllis P. Colucci © 2018

Or even listen to what it has to say
 You may search for it in the strangest places
 And never see it in familiar faces
 It may not look the way you thought
 The way you struggled, the way you fought
 And you may fail, as you search afar
 Only to collect another scar
 Because love will come in a simple smile
 It will caress you for a little while
 It will set your yearning heart on fire
 It will sing like an angel from a church choir
 It will make you laugh, it will make you cry
 No matter what, it will tell no lie
 You must embrace it with open arms
 And recognize its many charms
 It will visit you, it will visit me
 It will capture us or set us free
 So with open eyes, please look and see
 Love will be nestled within your own family

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

Just one word becomes one idea, becomes one sentence, becomes one poem, becomes one story. Magical!

All rights reserved by Phyllis P. Colucci © 2018

HONORARY AWARD
CONTRIBUTOR OF THE YEAR



ROBYN MACKINNON

[SEE HER POSTS](#)

We'd like to recognize Robyn for her weekly contributions throughout the year of 2018, totaling 49 published haiku, to her series Robyn Finds Poetry, a collection of found poetry created using the statuses of Robyn's Facebook friends, along with her original artwork.

*All rights reserved © 2019
Digital Publication by Spillwords.com
A Spillwords Press Company*