



**THE  
ADA  
CAMBRIDGE  
POETRY  
PRIZE  
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## FIRST PRIZE

FIG *by* STEPHANIE POWELL

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The tree pops fruit fattened by the wet season the day you move out, branches stricken by the weight of what will never be picked. You leave roots exposed where you intended to put down soil, to lay grass seed across it like the protection of a body, now the garden will suffer its own fecundity, the lobed leaves dangling in darkness, unmoving in the absence of kitchen light.

Because the troglobite grows from pea to peach to endive its wholeness radicalising organs, pushing them into new conflict. Before the captive's arrival your blood turbined unnoticed. You *must* think of the heart as a machine, pristine then worn down. Skin expands and hardens, a sail canvas left in the sun. You, barely touched by winter and kept to heated, airless rooms.

The summer comes with warnings of bushfire, days of unreined heat. When it is time for drying and turning the syconia, you'll give up the work. Expanding into the quietness of an unlit house, cooling the soles of your feet on polished floorboards. You'll treat sickness with oranges, pulp caramelising teeth, the insides sweeter than expected, softer with time.