

McEachran Prize 2019

Anna Cowan (MSH)

I thence invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it peruses
Things I attempted yet in prose or rhyme

Milton *Paradise Lost* 1:13-16

Orlando Williams (Rt)

“What’s in a name? Arthur Miller’s Truth”

From *A View from the Bridge*, *All My Sons* and *Timebends* and *The Crucible*.

Tom Allen (Ch)

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

From *Dover Beach* by Matthew Arnold

Seb Archer (Ch)

Another One, by Ron Padgett, from the film *Paterson* (2016), directed by Jim Jarmusch.

Paddy Barlow (R)

Where is there an earth or burrow?
Where a cover left for you?
A year, a week, perhaps to-morrow
Brings the Huntsman's death halloo!
Day by day he gains upon us,
And the most that we can claim
Is that when the hounds are on us
We die game.

From *The Old Huntsman* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Sophia Bureau (G)

Everything I'm not, made me everything I am

From Kanye West's song *Everything I am*

Johnnie Dowd (Rb)

MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

From *Macbeth* Act 2, scene 2, by William Shakespeare.

Charlie Hancock (M)

Later, as he sat on his balcony eating the dog, Dr Robert Laing reflected on the unusual events that had taken place within this huge apartment building during the previous three months.

Opening sentence of *High Rise* by J G Ballard (1975)

Harvey Hancock (I)

Aujourd'hui, maman est morte. Ou peut-être hier, je ne sais pas.

Tim Lovick (Ch)

The great opening battles in Russia were conducted, except in the centre of the front, by vast infantry armies; and, despite interruptions like Kursk, the campaign reminded until the last year, when the Russians had assembled their great tank armies, a war of shoe leather and horseflesh - to be flogged across the endless acres of the steppe.

From *The Face of War* by John Keegan

Mark Pangin (SH)

So selfish am I,
I don't know to give anything
I haven't learned to enjoy by giving

From *So selfish* by Amitava Sur

Otto Rothwell Hurley (Ch)

What has no hands but grips you tight and squeezes out your grit?
What whispers warnings in your ear and makes you lose all wit?
What has no fangs yet bites down hard and causes valor's bleed?
What makes the indomitable spirit of man concede?

What has no form yet plagues your dreams at night and robs your sleep?
What cannot possess anything yet never stops to reap?
What tells you it cannot be done yet can't bear any weight?
What dwells within your ponderings yet cannot contemplate?

What is the simplest foe to quell yet costs the highest fare?
What tangles men throughout their lives despite its brittle snare?
What keeps you on your knees and loyal, captive, victim, slave?
What only withdraws its cold grip moments before the grave?

What wastes a life and spawns regret and anguish, grief, concern?
What stifles your desires all life long, then makes you yearn?
What cruel and callous King rules over all the meek and frail?
What has no blade yet does behead and bludgeon and impale?
Warrior riddle by Miro

Jonathan Snell (Ch)

Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, it is the heart in a heartless world and the soul of soul-less conditions - it is the opium of the people.

Karl Marx, 1844, from 'A Contribution to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right'