



**2019 HILLS GARLIC FESTIVAL
GARLIC THEME POEM CONTEST ENTRIES**

**The Mighty, Mighty Bulb
by James Gutierrez**

There's a mighty, mighty bulb
That will help you when life's getting thick
When you're on a bad date
All you'll need's a lick

There's a mighty, mighty bulb
That'll help you when life's getting thick
It'll always bring you joy
Even when you're sick

There's a mighty, mighty bulb
That will help you really quick
There's none other than mighty GAR-LIC!

—Winner 2019 Garlic Poetry Contest, Hills Garlic Festival

**2017 HILLS GARLIC FESTIVAL
GARLIC THEME POEM CONTEST ENTRIES**

First Prize Poem

To all the garlic I've grown before
The best to plant, the rest to store.
I'm glad you grew so strong.
I had to write this song
To all the garlic I've grown before.

To all the garlic I've ate before
pasta, salad dressing, so much more
Your flavour is to me essential in every recipe. To all the garlic I've eaten before.

To all the garlic fests I've attended before
In our valley I so do adore.
I love you all so dear, let's all
give a hearty cher. To all the Garlic Fests I've loved before
– Kevin Smith

Other Submissions

Garlic, garlic all around,
So many kinds to choose!
Russian Red, Hungarian
and even Purple Blaze.
I wander and wonder which kind to buy.
I am in a bit of a haze.
It's "music" that I really want
to get me through the fall
But actually I think the real solution
is that I should buy them all.
– Jen von Gradulewski

A Garlic Haiku by Rob McDonald

What a beauty day
at Hills Garlic Festival
with sun shining bright

**2016 HILLS GARLIC FESTIVAL
GARLIC THEME POEM CONTEST ENTRIES**

OH garlic
So many memories you carry
when I peel you...
It's like working my way through
all the summer evenings where you
were served
The BBQs
The trips to the beach
The late nights by the bonfire
Your taste have been shared with family and friends
Never have you disappointed
Some mind your scent...
But for me...
It only brings back the memories
In cold winter times
You bring back the summer and
the warmth when they are
far away.

– *Mihkel Skaarup, Winner 2016 Garlic Festival*

1

Garlic sweet garlic
pearly, spicy, stinking toes
love your cloviness

2

rare is the tongue you
have not danced upon

3

To the Big "G"
I eat u up
like I would unicorn tears
if I had unicorn tears.

– *Dem James*

Allium Sativum

The garlic bulb
with its pale papery enshrouded girth
conceals an inner pungent flesh
whose fragrance tells of its health-sustaining worth
and a flavour that
from men to gods
all must praist it; this from Mother Earth.

– *Andy Hayward*

Blue Jean Cover-alls and Garlic Sobriety

Pegged off-side the pantry stove
A braid of garlic hangs
To garland rustic hearth and home
As evening rolls around.

Domestic solace warms our hearts
as a soup is brewing there:
A mix of garden herbal fruit
sweet and savoury
warm complete
with garlic's subtle tones
As evening rolls around.

As evening rolls around
We gather at the table bench
kerchief draped o'er collar and neck
baggy jeans and Birkenstocks, perhaps
but – sigh – hearth and home
and peacefully,
As the evening quietly draws nigh.

– *Andy Hayward*

Ominous Visitation

If while peering through the
blackened reaches of the night
an apparition seems to quest thy gate
and through the misty moon-light's haze
a billowing cape and
bat-like wings appears
(with a vaporous black half-hidden visage of ominous intent)
then, hold they door
and fasten tight
with garlic at they side
keep vigil guard
with garlic bundled high and low
and wait
and hope
for a glimmer of morning's light.

– *Andy Hayward*

**2013 HILLS GARLIC FESTIVAL
GARLIC THEME POEM CONTEST ENTRIES**

Sonnet to a garlic (re)past:

When you turn towards me in the night
Your parted lips, their pungent whispering;
What wafts so gently through the inky light
That nudges me awake with nostrils stirring?

Recalling quiet moments hours before,
The candlelight, our glasses gently clinking,
And on our forks, those bulbs of roasted splendour
With no one there to ask: “what were you *thinking?*”

It wasn't on our plates to give us strength;
We weren't afraid of vampires run astray.
And as for tales of prowess and of length –
Well, we were both too sleepy anyway.

So it's love that sets my mind to wondering:
Should I softly whisper Darlick, or Garling?

Anne DeGrace

Bonnington, BC

First Place – Adult Category 2013

Whoever put the “ick”
in garlick
then thought to put
the “love” in clove.

C. Maxfield
Nakusp, BC
Honorable Mention

If I were the Queen,
I'd eat garlic evrey day!
& if I were the king,
I'd eat it by the tray!
The subjects would all follow example,
&garlic farmer's income would be quite ample!
That would be one empire
Without a single vampire
Together we'd reek – we love garlic!

Nico Bucher
Arrowhead Farm
First Place – Youth Category 2013

Garlic oh Garlic

I

Love

You

So

Standing straight and tall

waiting for me to come and get you

waiting since last Fall

Hiding your final round bulb
underground.

One hard tug we are together

You are Found.

Michael Dailly

Ode to a Garlic Love

Farewell young lass, for I must rest
Tomorrow I'm off to the Garlic Fest.
New Denver bound in the morning light
I must not tarry long tonight.

I'll head on up with an empty pack
Who knows what treasures I'll bring back
I'll search for garlic fresh & ground
And garlic blends that do abound.

Imagine garlic fused with oils
With sage and basil and jelly boils
I could bring you back a garlic wreath
Or a mortar plate formed like a leaf.

I can bring you jewellery made of stone
Or organic veggies all home grown.
I'll prepare a feast when I get back
Using all the goodies in my pack.

So, you see my love why I must go
Why I must be off to the garlic show
New Denver is where I must be
The Garlic Fest has captured me.

Doug MacGregor

Ode to Garlic

As medicine or part of a romantic dinner,
Keep vampires at bay or work as blood thinner,
Your scapes change the fate of my soups, salads, and roast.
And your jellies smother my ham, eggs and toast.
You are the Marilyn Monroe of the vegetable clan,
Give comfort and heal from a bowl or a pan.
Puslinch, Chesnuk is music to my ears,
as long as I draw this stinky breath
You will always be near.
The end of your harvest finds us at Hills,
Where sales of our Great Garlic will help pay the bills.

Sondra Haglund & John Watters

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Oh precious bulb, we love thee so!  
Without thee, how'd the cooking go?  
Hope you are on each and every breath,  
Who knows? Perhaps you could cheat Death?

*Fam. Bucher*

Mirror Mirror on the wall  
Who is the fairest garlic of all?  
Mirror thanks you for the question  
you ask  
Now I shall take the answer to task  
Garlick, so beautiful, with purple  
veins pink and mauve;  
Can't wait to saute you on my steak  
Garlic so creamy, iridescent and smooth,  
I adore you and you fit my groove  
Garlic braided with flowers and twine  
I do so want to make you mine!  
Who is the fairest, now you ask?  
It is and it isn't a difficult task  
The answer is they are all sublime  
Do come hang out with me on my wall for a time  
Your magnificent reflection  
I will mever forget, Mirror loves you all, darling garlicks,  
So please do not fret.

*Sharon Wisnowski*

*London, ON*

## **Ode to the Garlic Weight Loss Plan**

T'was the night to clean garlic  
We gathered around  
And stared at the bounty  
That came from our ground

The heads fine and shapely  
All purple and white  
The stalks green and sturdy  
We smiled at the sight

With string, knives and scissors  
We sat at the table  
The heady aroma  
Made us feel unstable

The heads were all dry  
And ready to use  
And we polished them up  
To enhance their deep hues

Brushed dirt off the root ends  
And trimmed off dead skin  
Some stalks were for braiding  
The rest tossed in a bin

The heads were all sorted  
By weight and by sizes  
If we entered these babies  
We'd win all the prizes

The ones not so pretty  
We peeled for our use

Popped a few in the blender  
To make garlic juice

Some heads got a roasting  
Some raw cloves got nibbled  
Our tongues searched our chins  
To clean where we dribbled

We munched and we worked  
As the hours quickly sped  
And once we were finished  
It was past time for bed

I climbed 'neath the covers  
All snug and content  
My head on the pillow  
Made hardly a dent

I started to doze  
When my stomach and bladder  
Made me jump to my feet  
To see what was the matter

When what to my rumbling gut  
Should appear  
But a series of bursts  
Coming out of my rear

I rushed to the can  
With no time to spare  
The garlic was rushing  
To my derriere

All the cloves I ingested  
During our cleaning party  
Mixed up in my stomach  
To make me all farty

It went straight to work  
Cleared from head to my toes  
The only thing angry  
Was my sensitive nose

My bottom exploded  
With lightning and thunder  
As my body ejected  
My garlicky plunder

And when it was finished  
My skin started glowing  
My cheeks were all rosy  
My tears stopped their flowing

A new sense of calm  
Settled down on my body  
And I knew I was done  
With this stint on the potty

My step appeared lighter  
My heart pulsed with new vigour  
I just lost ten pounds  
And gained a new figure

The garlic did more  
In one single night  
Who knew I'd lose weight  
When I took that first bite

So to all I exclaim  
With my friendliest warning  
Eat garlic all night  
And lose weight by next morning

*Cindy McCallum Miller*  
*Thrums BC*

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I love Garlic

Garlic is beige, garlies not blue  
I love garlic and garlic loves You!

Garlic is fun and easy to grow  
And helps with things like gout in your toe

Garlic is not just for the wealthy  
It can keep anyone's heart healthy

Garlic is great, it's not just a rumour  
It can retard even a tumour

Garlic is yummy and fun to eat  
Baked or raw it makes a nice treat

Garlic is good, garlic is right  
So be sure and take home some garlic tonight

*Wendy Clarke*

Garlic makes caesar salad sing,  
it jazzes up MOST anything!  
It waits to shine in any dish,  
Use it generously as you wish!

Garlic decorations on the wall,  
Symbolizes the coming of fall.  
Now's the time to plant some more,  
And there will be more to adore!  
In your soup or “sand,”  
Even right from your hand.

Garlic has medicinal powers,  
Sometimes needed in the wee small hours.  
Garlic in excess, your breath will taint,  
Don't breathe on others, they may faint!

*Cecelia Frenette*

*Nelson, BC*



## The Garlic and the Rose

Of a valiant Garlic  
A tale I now recite  
Of bravery and sacrifice  
Of knowing wrong from right

The roses stood alone  
Unprotected from the bugs  
Who came and munched and gnawed on them  
The creepy little thugs

They cried, “Oh please protect us”  
But their anguish was for naught  
For the flowers and the shrubs nearby  
Were more concerned with rot

Then came the valiant Garlic bulb  
The stinker and the rose  
That grew around the roses  
And the pests, in terror, froze

“you stay away”, the Garlic said  
“The rose she is my friendliest I'll nourish and protect her  
Until the bitter end”

They have a saying, in garden speak  
That everybody knows  
“Roses love the garlic,  
And the Garlic loves the Rose”

*Christina McCann, Forest Grove, BC*

## I Love Garlic

I stopped by the Hills  
Garlic Fest for the day  
It's now held down New Denver way.  
About the Garlic, this  
is what I have to Say!  
“Oh, how I savoured  
My love as I lay,  
After a delightful  
Rocamboles  
In the hay!”

*C. Maxfield  
Nakusp, BC*

Oh pungent rootiferous one,  
Adored as you shoot forth under  
early spring sun.  
As summer sets forth  
you display leaves like a torch.  
Under hot summer Sunday  
you are placed one by one  
To cure your succulence  
in each clove of magnificence.  
All winter long you provide,  
with all grandeur aside,  
this gift of the earth  
and flavour of the sun.  
I serenade your marinade;  
and may no salad go undressed.  
You put gusto in pesto  
and with you steak is best.  
You bless my kitchen from you  
braid up on the wall;  
And if your neck be soft  
you would still stand tall.  
To colinary you are exemplary,  
To medicinal you are exceptional,  
To olfaction you are satisfaction,  
And to this festival you are  
digestable.

*Michael Wisnowski*

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## Anticipermidulgence

You are my desire. My craving,  
My want.  
Fresh and ready.  
Must we seek eternal our  
Breathy rendezvous?  
Dammit! Why can't I be alone with you tonight?  
No matter, I shall still devour three –  
Yet, it is danger, for all  
olfactories should be spared  
our tumultuous joining.  
Our affair reeks of the purest form.  
For you, I could easily kill –  
(with my breath.)  
LEave no doubt, our love will  
Always grow.  
There is not other.

One love, all cloves –  
I will meet you again tonight!

*Ava Wright*  
*New Denver*

**2011 HILLS GARLIC FESTIVAL  
GARLIC THEME POEM CONTEST ENTRIES**

First Kiss

Domed bulb, like a minaret,  
pearls in a paper sac,  
fragrant with the earth's repugnance for creatures of evil intent.  
Vampires stay away, and worms,  
and sap-sucking insects of all kinds.  
Not I. I mince you to make glorious  
my roots, my fishes, my little lambs.

Your hot bitter bit on my breath is a test: who remains, beguiled?

My one true love.

– *Unknown author*