

**The 2001 Editors' Prize Contest Winners**

**Christine Delea  
First Place**

I Love Men on Prozac

I love men on Prozac with their calm,  
James Dean smiles and dreamy  
novelist eyes. They don't make me guess

how much they paid for their new stereo  
or why they never want to return to  
Atlantic City, especially during winter.

They don't share their secrets,  
their minds like cool springs of purified  
industrial water, so long polluted

we are now surprised to see it so safe  
and clear once again. I love men on Prozac  
for their steady hands steering

supermarket carts, their focus turning  
from fat content to additives.  
They never notice if I don't laugh

at their jokes, and they always appreciate  
my remote glances out windows,  
when I appear forlorn and intellectual

simultaneously. They understand my  
need for sleep, and I never have to push  
away hands groping for me late at night;

no booze-filled storms, just bedroom  
eyes and a quick kiss good-night.  
No harsh words in public, and I never

need fear hard fists and torrid scenes.  
I love men on Prozac for all  
the surprising ways they don't love me.