

2014 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Allyson Williams

The Cold Black

The cold black echoes:
It rings in ears and shakes the spine,
And swells up,
Bruised and broken,
Alone.

The silence screams:
It sucks out the air and gasps for breath,
Pulsing like a heartbeat,
Every beat slower than the last,
Weeping.

The melody rests:
Covered in roses and lilacs,
Longing to be remembered,
But always forgotten,
Peace.

Stumbles

I'm gliding,
skating on smooth ice, until
I fall.
I can't get up, my legs glued to the surface beneath me.
So I crawl,
drag myself a good distance until I can lift my legs
from the sticky ness.
One leg up, two legs up,
I skate again.

I'm gliding,
skating on thin ice until,
it cracks.
First a small crack that I ignore,
until it grows into one giant hole that encircles
where I stand.
I collapse into the icy water.
Before my body is numbed a hand pulls me out.
I've never talked to him before but he emanates heat,
and brings me back to warm hands and pink lips.
I can't repay him ever, and he knows that.
Still, he helps me onto a thick ice sheet and lets me go again.

I'm gliding,
skating on a new surface,
hoping I don't fall.

Remembered Ice

The sun begins to set and the surrounding lamps light up. I lace up my skates.

The outdoor rink, the ice smoothly spread across, dotted with fallen snowflakes. Laughter

echoes, filling the gaps in between skates pounding and blades gliding--each mark is imprinted on

the ice and creates an array of stories and pictures.
The scent of it fills my nostrils

and covers every inch of my body
that once knew every story and sound of the ice;

scrapes and edges vibrate from the surface.
I remember who I once was,

the skater, so graceful, agile, elongated
and extended across the ice.

Let the innocence of the ice still live on:
in a quiet corner on the shelf.

Nothing but Gray

Her eyes reflect a spectrum of light:
an array of colors that brightly glisten,
painting the picture of her life.

The mirror she holds reflects back,
the rainbow seeps onto her hands
so soft, but cold,
icy as the pale blue of her eyes.

She sometimes wonders about a world of black and white.
Giving up the pink of the tulips, yes.
And the purple of her favorite sweater.
And the yellow that echoes from the sweet sounds of her laughter.
No more.
Looking back at the girl in the mirror.
Nothing but gray.

Your Hands

Your hands wrinkly, bent from arthritis,
are so tired from years of knitting.
Your left hand grabs a pencil while your eyes scan my homework.
Your hands know all 84 of the ivory keys that sit in my living room,
know how to work needles against yarn,
and know how to correct my grammar in papers.

You are the ice rink I knew so well,
the icy air filling my nostrils as I breath.
You are the joy I feel after landing a tough jump,
embracing me with your arms and smile;
encompassing me with success and pride.

“Do you like my paper?”
She smiles and places one hand on my back,
“It’s perfect. Except for line 38, look over that sentence structure.”

I laugh as she reads her revision aloud.