

2013 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Third Place: Anitha Menon

Entropy

I want (i want) to be young like
Those daffodils we weren't allowed to pick from the garden and
Like the sticky-sweet fingers you braided
My hair with and
I want to see the Blue-blue of the sky in your eyes again.
(How could anything be so blue?)

You asked me once if a Maple tree's heart breaks
when she watches her seeds spiral away (she didn't even
Say goodbye!)
You wondered if they think of her.
I would.

I wish it would happen in reverse.

How spectacular would it be to see one million winged children
Double-helix back to their mothers!
How spectacular would it be if the universe would infinitely divide and fold on top of itself
until it was as small as your fist and
How spectacular would it be if all the skies could concentrate into my palm?
(Even they could not be *so blue.*)

Untouchable

I watched you climb up
The Neem tree by the river.
You are the only
Boy whose arms are strong enough,
(Yet whose hands are soft enough...)

*We crushed Neem leaves up
To preserve my bride's fair skin.
She is my only.
Girl, hasn't someone told you?
You are much too dark to love.*

Black Holes

You could derive all of mathematics
From the sine waves of her hips.
They held equations I couldn't quite solve.
Sunshine
Collects in the ellipses of her eyes.
Even light couldn't escape her gravity.

How those ellipses grew when
I brought lilacs to her recital.
He held her by the waist as I gave them to her
(What had he brought her?)

Later, I'll hold her hand and watch
The droplets accumulate,
Accelerate to the floor.
He had a taste for girls who weren't her.
I guess, because I can't imagine.

I'll mumble into her dark hair
You're so beautiful.
Newton never met us.
She never reacts.

No, she's governed by other laws,
By his half-sorries and kisses.
He's so magnetic.
How could she resist?

Any physics text will tell you:
Black holes swallow light.
But why does no one tell you?
So do pretty girls.

The Living Room

You asked me
If someone could love
Multiple
People and
I wished you had said "two."
As if it mattered.

Now I think
I can still *smell* you,
So I think
I smell *like* you now.
I'm starting to think I'm right.
No one else is ever here.

Duende

In a primal sense, she's haunted
Not by ghosts—by things she's wanted
And the mind she took for granted.

(They told her *looks don't last forever,*
Time's your mistress, if you're clever,
Without wondering, whatsoever...

Can one truly trust the brain?
(Do *you* know its grey terrain?)
And so her mind became her chains.

Genius is the darkest magic,
The Devil lurking in the attic,
Not a gift—no, something tragic.

The Duende cast its wicked spell,
Obsession cast her down its well:
She yearned to win *against herself*.

If a soldiered war is brutal,
A war of one is endless, futile,
An elegance that had proved fatal...

For *she* had been her own collapse.
If only she had known, perhaps...

Desire and reality never synapse.