

**2014 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Second Place: Antonina Malyarenko**

Wonders

It's funny how the wings of a plane prance
Its passengers, quaint sashays in a circus ring
While winds up high give rise to turbulence
And mountains under hum sonorously
Omniscient rivers start above those peaks
In clouds, heavenly kingdoms of ethereal kind
A multitude of little soft mystiques
Condensing, cooling as their lives unwind
How wonderful, the trilling of the dove
Beating its wings against the onward flow of time
Melodic cadences of drifting resonance
Time weaves the dove as grapes weave wine

A wondering mind replenishes its host
Inactive souls are those that thirst the most

Chaos

We're built like planets, aren't we?
Revolving periodically about others,
Thrown out of elliptical orbit once or twice,
Axial shifts in time and space, time and space.
Listen carefully to the soaring soprano of your heart
Stack and flue gases weaving in and out
In and out, vacuum outside compressing
Into solid atmospheric form, a physical divide
That separates from outer chaos

That's what it is, isn't it,
Chaos, wailing chaos
Minds drawn consistently to an entropic state of madness
That breathtaking irresolution which gives rise to art?
Yes! Present in our violent veins, it lingers
When we are welded, shaped from curious antimatters
The right, the wrong, the good, the bad
We represent the birth of contradiction
Not figurative, zero abstraction
Factories of insomniac diffraction

You

Alight with broken echoes of redemption
Two worlds collide in quiet, muted moans
Is there an antidote to unkempt, stark repression
That reaps the mind, then squanders all, alone

Potent attachment ripped my heart out wholly
Leaving me spent and reaching with both arms
Caressing anything you deigned to leave me
Not flesh of flesh but grainy, seamless scars

Translucent, inundated vials
Clear quantum proof of choices incorrect
I could not know myself; my mind was purged of conflict
With liquid courage and unerring conscience wrecked

You never welcomed gifts of honest yearning
Subordination built only for you
Your condescension felt like flames of hellish fires
Tip of a spear cleaving my flooded mind in two

You did not see the daily qualms I suffered
You could not feel the jaggedness you spoke
You did not taste the salt of tenebrous haunting
I could not surmount it whether I slept or woke

Take back your family, my wistful mindset
The caged bird with my soul in store
You own the past so give me back my present
A thousand gourds of happiness to pour

Cranberry Wine

You roll off my lips like cranberry wine
I, melting wax of Icarus
Falling into the ocean of your tomorrows, prostrate
Encumbered but by ceaseless waves of kisses

Little dancers of Degas, fixed forever
In evocative positions laden with reservation
Our separate music boxes, lavish taffeta kingdoms
Weaving lives through streams of burgundy

Nerve

A resilient vendetta
links our eyes with what we see,
though an omnipresent blindness
shrouds this brilliant melee;

if perception were to hinder
what sensation can't ignore,
soon enough an endless winter
would demand summer's encore.

There exists a youthful impulse-
mindless fragment of unrest,
reckless, sinful and unyielding
melody without a crest-
that lights alive without a murmur,
catches fire without a flame,
blocks out evidence of aging
in this selfish waiting game.

Every molecule of hindrance
suffocates the signal's scream,
madly muffled and malignant,
simmering, it sits and seethes

waiting for the side swept thunder
to erupt through axon thread
soon enough a careful whisper
pronounces the beacon dead.