

2013 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Fourth Place: Gregory Azevedo

Bedroom Window

There is a window with no blinds
Because I love
To find the moon
And let the sun find me

Daylight subtly animates my room
Pouring in through the window's bounds
Waking me up politely
Telling me the day's mood
That becomes my own

I lay in silk feathers and wavering dreams
Slowly recognizing the white wooden frame
Tranquil
My eyes repeat the phases of the moon

I look out to see the world
Through this lens, from above
So that I can see the beauty
Of the morphing picture that is
My window

An original piece
I get to see the true sky blue
Or the snow before it's adulterated
The leaves that have not fallen
Dewy life, rare colors
And cars

Great fears draw awe
Through the pane
Lilac thunder and twirling winds
The raw pink sky of a midnight blizzard
Showing me violence

Obfuscations are a treat
Rain droplets blend the colors
Snow piles upon the sill
Refracting light leaves its sting
On my eye

But I can still see
And feel the incredible forces
That can permeate solid glass
And somehow leave no mark

I watch a new moon's sunset now
Because I love
That the sun has given me time
To ignore the unseen artist
And smear my own creation
On a borderless canvas

Green

Did you know that you could buy a color?
The most vivid color
The color of spring
Trees, grass, broccoli and a sunset's green flash
Hybrids, geckos, mint leaves in lemonade and
Life
Stop thinking of Saint Patrick's Day!
Emeralds, American money, wealth
You kill for this
Would you? Would you? WOULD you?

STOP

You have no business buying a color
Relieve this right
But do not forget
There exists a shade
Of true green
Exactly how I see it

Green is my mom's favorite color
I love her for what she has taught me

Notes

You should see
The yellow pad
Square
With rounded corners
And lines you'll never see text on

On my iPhone
Inside I keep a million secrets
All the speeches I wish I said
The songs I wish to hear again
All the sorry letters I spent hours refining
The guest lists I never made invitations for
All the business ventures I may undertake
The countries I must visit

And then there's the folder
That I open reluctant
Where I try to discover
The meaning of life