

**2013 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Mary Haapala**

Window Pane

The window is crying
she doesn't know,
of life's ebb and life's flow,
the way all things go.

The window is crying
in the middle of the night
when her blinds are shut tight
to keep out the light.

The window's crying
the big tears of her pane
speak softly my name
as they race towards her frame,
but I go as I came
and the window's still crying.

Lost Memories

Before, you were a colorful bird
singing from the branches of the world.
You were a fall wind,
ruffling the leaves and grass.
You were a ripe tangerine, a seashell,
a fragrant sprig of oregano.

But when you flew toward the horizon,
you became little more than a memory,
a fading puddle, a rainbow pool of oil.
You became that speechless moment when hands must be held,
a silent white mist descending on a valley,
a handful of sand, a layer of frost on once-clear glass.

But still I remember
the song of that migrating bird,
the notes as clear as morning air,
as strong as the rising sun.
Somewhere in the sky there is music
and a bird's heart soars with the melody.

Recess

Leaves are schoolchildren
tumbling across the pavement
during their short reign of freedom.

The older children gather in cliques in the alcoves
but the young ones play under the autumn sky.

Their game of duck-duck-goose
gives away to a huddle of laughter
until they break free in a spurt of tag.

Then, when their time is up
they drift back towards
the old white school building
dragging their feet all the way.

Threadbare

Pockets are prison cells
where treasure and trash alike
come to dwell,
come to stare unblinkingly
into the linty darkness.

Trapped in this limbo
for an undeterminable amount of time,
these inmates have no real future,
and no means to recall
their pasts in the pressing gloom.

Mere cotton grips each inhabitant like shackles,
strangling their desire to live.
Their only chance of escaping such a life
is a hand that'll reach into such desolation
and lift them into the free world.

Snow's Revolt

Snow drops from the sky
like ash from a volcano,
smothering, crushing, suffocating all below.
The grass blades panic,
vainly attempting to keep their heads
above the rising tidal wave.

The dying leaves shudder,
clinging close to each other, until the flakes
shove them to the brink of decay.

Even the trees, stripped of their august array,
are mobbed and soon bow in defeat.
The boulders submit in stony silence,
and the pond, although armored,
proves defenseless against such an attack.

And even the mighty pine tree cries,
weeping amber tears
that freeze on his antiquated bark,
remembering the day when the small
remained enthralled, and the mighty
stood tall.