

2013 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Third Place: Somya Sharma

A Poem about Poetry

Maple wood finish, your auburn staccato resonates in the room
Needle-beaked and faster than a torpedo, the air is your fuel
You are light as a feather, heavier than an anchor
Oh, poetry. Oh, poetry. You are to me as the sky to the plants

that don't even realize how connected they are.
Staccato noise, as emotional as your child's graduation
Your hum soothes me so, violet and green beauty.
Oh, poetry. Oh, poetry.

You are the change I wish to see in the world.
You are the curves that run the hills and
color of the easter egg than signifies my childhood
and the crunchy grilled texture that I taste at a Summer Barbeque.
Oh, poetry. Oh, poetry.

Listen, now, is there somewhere where you could use your music
to mend the hole that you broke into the side of my house,
bell-shaped and utterly entitled?
Oh, poetry. Oh, poetry.

Like Honey

You taste like honey on Thursday Morning
freshly picked from the beehive,
behind that Vermont Summer Cottage
where we first discovered our hidden trail.

A scent so strong and particular,
you touch me like the pivot of seasons
twisting me about and sending me on
a new way and onto a winding path.

Smooth golden droplets of succulent warmth
you give me just the right amount of flavor. Atop
a rather plain day, showing me color, you
kiss me like a sunset resting on a freckled horizon.

Even when I peel back the lid of my yogurt container
and pour honey at dawn with my morning coffee,
I can smell the evergreen and can feel the back of
your neck and can taste the memory I hold.

In the most unusual of ways,
You taste like honey on Thursday Morning.

One Summer Day

One summer day,
I began to see the sun and the moon as one thing
I began to see my legs and my arms as one thing
I began to see my past and my future as one thing
I began to see the tree tops and the tree birds as one thing
I began to see my weakness and my strength as one thing
One summer day.

A Peach Softness

A peach softness overcame me
like the first wave of summer.
It held me in, and streamed me out,
giving me the whole world all at once.

I could smile as big as the pacific ocean was bright.
Tenderness armored me from the world
a brushstroke of love gave me all that I cared for.

With patient grace, my left arm reached for the moon,
as my right held onto a wild flower from the deep blue.

Lust of all the senses unraveling,
and limitless color - a child was born.
Into a land of experience beyond
anyone's wildest dreams -
a life of unimaginable flavor.