

**2012 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest  
Third Prize: Anna Jenks**

**Freeing Night**

The dream faded to a close – slipping away as  
I flew one moment and swung the next and I slipped  
back to sleep, if I was  
Ever truly awake.

But the night was still –  
hours on either end  
not yet time for day,  
too late to say,  
Instead lingering—

The stars refracted into new ideas on my mirror  
Bouncing under the quilt, sewn with silk threads of memories  
Dancing on the history of long braided hair  
I absorbed the aurora,  
sliding into the vortex of stairs and electric pathways,  
Projections of my naked soul flitting through the window panes.

The darkness communicating with only  
Me. The one who soars.  
Connecting in black that which I know in white  
for in a way it surrounds  
But yet I am free in the night.

## **Snipped Thoughts**

### ***Light***

1. Patterns named while in darkness
2. A fake view of life. Close your eyes to perceive.
3. A harshness eliminating freedom or a tender curve of the arm to lay in
4. The window calls my name
5. Spectrums to be cracked if only a prism were around

### ***Focus***

Blue eyes, bent brow, paper, and a pen clicks

### ***Motivation***

1. A dream left back home, hard wired to your brain
2. A poster on the wall, revealing enough to make you laugh about your plans.

### ***Cubicle***

Tacks break through walls to see home in a pinhole

### ***Diagrams***

1. The paper on which to blame your faulty vision of the world
2. The connections and line by which we make minds touch

### ***Engineering***

1. Creativity through connections
2. Tactical meeting – Ten minds in a square, spinning ideas to find the prisms of failure
3. Questioning, confusion, answers, lists—safety glasses in polos fueled by a mother liquor of reaction and releasing valves. A transmitter fails and storage leaks into the world. An operator radios to follow the line – the engineer asks about the controller, while drawing black limits onto the white cubicle wall.

## Foam and Fall

White glistening seas pass by  
leaving  
the skyline of innovation,  
the seaport of fresh markets,  
and the blue skies  
fill  
meeting where the fall sun glints into the eyes—  
the autumn angle forcing the iris toward  
a rarity of clarity into the heavens.

Foam floats behind the power  
gliding over the surface  
frothing into the pumpkin whoosh of an espresso machine  
and the bittersweet white and brown bubbles tell me  
I am in the Sound  
of a banjo player echoing  
through the fruit and painted corridor  
where gray skies should seem out of place  
and colorful kayaks dot the sights of the state of Evergreen  
forests on the point pricking in to the sun's territory  
refusing to round out or face  
the color change of fall-  
a contrast of ruby and green,  
orange and emerald,  
the scent of fresh fall and spice,  
salted air and spray,  
crisp apples and creamy foam.

## Air

Awaken in the morning to judge the mood of day  
when snow melts out of turn, who is it to say  
if grass peeping through is start of spring or nay,  
the bitter taste of freshest fall when the cold has set its way.

The frost moves past and pressure drops: a kiss on stranger's lips  
longing for a lover's hug and new life in an eclipse—  
instead finding the change where quilted fabric rips  
and the bite of night of winter skies where warmth no longer sits.

The jingle of the branches playing distant seasons' chords:  
be it wind or snow, or storm, or shine, the signals all ignored.  
If a single soul would feel the air- no longer fortune teller's ward,  
and a farmer could know his fate by how the eagle soared.

The commoner no longer sees the time in angled light  
but is trapped into a pattern by hands circling their might  
instead he should learn to know the rise and fall of night  
and understand how mack'el clouds are nature's rain invite.

Instead of being told—what we know and how we've sinned,  
We must find ourselves in stagnant air and simply trust in wind.

## **Art Room on the Shore**

### *I.*

The dried imprints of rainbow colored lives  
Attempted on a blank page  
Fall upon this table-  
Only trying to find inspiration  
That is just outside the door.  
What is the color of pure reflection  
Of wind-swept, chilled, or bright?  
If only to snatch it.

### *II.*

Each day a new personality  
But left in shambles to the memory  
Open now to complete or interpret  
Each page a new perception, inception, layer  
Here now gone  
Moment unfinished  
Pieces of the brain –  
Each individual on one long thread of blue – dancing through the mind  
Only trying to find inspiration  
Fall upon this table –  
If only to snatch it

### *III.*

Standing under a vaulted roof or a sun swept porch or on the exposed shore  
Creativity is in the floor boards – take a step, root yourself and  
The fresh moment of a head first dive into new territory  
Each idea – a different mind, a different moment.  
That is just outside the door  
Feed off the walls, the materials and minerals,  
Scraps left by those before you  
Of space and line,  
Of past and time,  
Of wind-swept, chilled or bright?

### *IV.*

Photos snap,  
Catch the running, flowing colored waters  
Pastels smear into  
The dried imprints of rainbow colored lives  
New inspiration or just getting to work  
The mirror, a window into the black  
Expressing the mood of the lake  
Fragments, shattered prisms –

Some completed, the real too real, the abstract perfectly so  
Attempted on a blank page

V.

Waves follow long after the wind stops

Repercussions of the gong

Grow to the sky

Vibrating against my clear, calm, shore

To rise with the east horizon,

The waves – always toward me, the wind it comes here

I shall capture all.