

**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.