

**2012 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Second Prize: Ian McDonald**

Bucolic Night

I relish in the speckled stars of night
To gaze upon bucolic skies and see
Reflections of a distant body's light,
The vastness of our spiral galaxy.
A cross wind blows and shuffles clouds due east,
Conceding to the glow of eventide;
A point of fire on which my eyes shall feast
Until the time in city I reside.

I somehow lost my scrap of pictured night
Through comforts forged of acrid, smoking stack
That forfeit dawn and dusk with graying blight;
Ambitions realized clog skies with flack.

A wish I cannot cast weighs heavy thought,
Discovering the price of what we've wrought.

The Edge of Thee

Standing shaded
under your vast canopy
my vision and hearing are blurred
almost unnoticeably
Ah
But progression is the way of life

Seldom now do I walk the edge of thee
A change is coming over me

Green fades
As Your leaves cease masquerading
They shiver in cool drafts
Fluttering to the ground
To be devoured by the soles of many
Yet I am missing

Seldom now do I walk the edge of thee
To Immerse myself in your diversity

Father winter quilts the world in white
Snow smothers all intruding sound
Leaving only the whistling wind
Playing notes off your bare branches
The change in season casts no silence
Only transforms your voice

Seldom now do I walk the edge of thee
To abscond with the world surrounding me.

Winter's chill has barely ebbed away
And already your domain
Is an ensemble of sounds
proclaiming the bloom of new life
but to me
it's a distant harmony

Seldom now do I walk the edge of thee
And hear the shadow of a melody

Alas
Mystery and adventure have taken flight
Responsibility has a childhood waned
Leaving me blind

And deaf to what a child may hear
Your voice your song has faded

Seldom now do I walk the edge of thee
Inspired by nature's poetry

Coined in Blood

I am with my brothers
In shining armor
Branded
With number in place of name

Bound to the service of others
I grant peace and amnesty
Breed power and corruption
Bring war and destruction

The passage of time
Shows in the scars etched on my face
I am unrecognizable

I lie now where I have fallen
My final resting place