

**2010 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Aubrey Parker**

The Queen of Hearts has lost her Tart(s)

The Queen of Hearts
Is throwing poison darts
At the wily Hatter and his Hare
Who have hung about her a harrowing snare
Of younger days in Wonderland
Before the coming of the child
Counting crimson coins
For work done to others' loins
Dressed in tantalizing cherry red.

She'd like to shoot them both down dead
Before they let loose their tittle-tattle
Of when the flawless Queen of Scarlet
Was nothing more than a shameless, bankrupt harlot.

Her fears are rightly justified,
For when news reaches the giant Jaberwock,
So full of fearsome flame and fire,
Who, no-less, has already passed it on
To both the Walrus and the wood-working squire—
One a fattened Buddha god
The other a sacrificed son—
Both leaders of religious hegemony,
Each grabbing as many credulous Cockle Shells
As greedy paws can muster up
From the high-tide ocean swells.

Soon enough the lore will pass
To good ole Tweedle Dee and Dum
Who, without reservation—
Or any sort of sense, pride, or hesitation—
Will speak it back,
Right out loud,
For all the world to hear,
Their words a swift and severely slaying spear.

The feisty Feline and the codeine Caterpillar
Have surely heard the gossip now.
"The Queen's a what?"
"I'll give you one good guess: it rhymes with Flirty Boar.
This scandal's not to disappoint,

Or cause a snoozy snore.
The King's a mess—
Frozen from shock in life's big game of chess..."
"Oh please, sir, do tell more!"
The Red Queen sits alone
Locked in her tall, steel tower
Feeling completely heartbroken and quite sour.
She can't believe her story's out.
Only a matter of time till she's swept off her feet.
The whole court certainly knows by now.
A bitter fate she's sure to meet.
Damn that bastardly Hatter,
His gamble has paid off this time,
Listening to that power-hungry Duchess
He discovered merit to her rhyme
Telling of the Queen's lustful indulgences well before her prime.
Awaiting the coming guards—Oh what's a girl to do?
When life has got you by the reins
And no longer will anyone listen to you.

Knock, knock! At the door,
It's come at last,
The time to face our demons of the past.
What's done is done,
Lament no more, admit our faults,
For death comes to each and every one.
Repent sinners, one and all, to stand before the pearly gates.
"Open the door, Knave,
Let them come.
Accept that our garrison's been overrun."

But wait, what's this?
Oh Lord, can it be?
What a shocking turn of events—
Why is the dim-witted rabbit standing here?
In his shimmering ivory state,
Despite his oversized watch,
He's always late.
But no matter, now,
For today he brings the countryside buzz
Joy to her bejeweled ears—
As all turns out, the deed's not done.
The dirty news—it has not spread?
"But why, for who?" The Queen ponders aloud
Shock clear in her deafening tone.

“Your majesty,” he cowers, keeping her at bay.
“No one has heard the chatter of the Hatter
Over the din of their own narcissistic vanity—
The King of Hearts is oblivious to historical events,
The Mock Turtle melancholy in his solitary lonesomeness,
The Do-Do would have liked to have spread the word—
You know he hates you so—
But his stammer remains undistinguishable by the Common Country Joe.
Only the Duck, the Lory, and the Eaglet
Can understand his b-b-b-ba-ba-banter
But b-b-b-ba-ba-birds of a feather flock together,
And we all know what little bird-brains say does not matter.

“The White Knight is busy chasing himself in the forest again,
For the Red Knight does not exist in all of God’s Grand Creation,
Except as a figment of the white man’s imagination.
As for the White Queen,
She’s merely a lamb,
With no merit to her name.
The Dormouse has slept through it all again
And the Cheshire Cat has gone on holiday.
The Polo Flamingos have gone on strike,
The Lion is still as cowardly as he ever was in Oz,
And the Unicorn refuses to believe in fairy tales—
Including the Red Queen’s illegitimate child.

“Do you hear me, my Queen?
We need not lose our heads!
For the rumors all have faded now—
No one believes in this fabled girl,
Pshhhh—Alice and her looking glass.
The catalyst of your doom,
We’ve done away with her, you see.
Drowned her out, stolen her breath,
Disposed of all the pesky evidence.

“Let sleeping dogs lie,
And you lie along with them,
For in this day and age
Not a one of us wants to hear the truth.
For only then may we continue on
Adhering to the status quo.
Life is much simpler when I worry about I
And You worry about You.
So with that Madam—
Before anyone gets suspicious

(not that they would)—
I bid you adieu.

About Me

I'm the cross product of two lefties claiming to always be in their right minds.

In addition to the "you" replacing her "I", the "h" in my mother's hippy has a screw loose and is swinging dangerously close to yuppy. My father resembles the unlikely love-child of an anarchist and a socialist and it's a well-known-fact that he wishes he never had to come inside. My puppy rings a bell on the door when she has to tinkle and my boyfriend reads vampire novels in the bathtub. I have no real god-parents, but I love my fake ones more than words and my 14-year old cousin has no idea that I'm his biggest fan. My dog has a thyroid disorder, my grandma wears a toe-ring, and my grandpa says garbage trucks sound like dinosaurs in the morning.

I'm allergic to cold water and I can't stand cucumbers. I'm 2-for-3 in eating contests and, whenever possible, I avoid stepping on cracks. I have skinny arms & a hollow leg, and I like holding hands while wearing mittens. I make up songs when I'm not paying attention, I forget common words when I am, and I doodle on tablecloths with my fingers when you aren't. I love thunderstorms and good coffee, I wish skin were transparent, and I think they should be called, "week-beginnings," not "ends." I (almost) guarantee that I can burp louder and spit further than anyone you know. My life is filled with subtitles and my dreams are in color.

I'm an adrenaline junkie, I scarcely get lost, and my life goals include driving a zamboni, standing next to an entire NBA basketball team, & sticking someone with an epi-pen. I don't know what I want, but I do what I don't. The glass is half full and you should finish it before you start another. I've been called; "loyal as a pup," "unpredictable as a firecracker," and "slow as molasses." Quirky as shit and not much of a swimmer, but I'd say that:

I'm one-helluv-an-oops.