

**2010 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Robert Turer**

C.C. Little

Sitting, waiting, weary-eyed,
First bus arrives.
Hissing, squealing, roaring,
Rearing to move an eager crew—
Unlucky few
That braved the night and longed for shining sun.

Anxious, nipping at the bit,
Business crew sits,
Waiting for their caravel.
Repeated tugging of the straps
Of their backpacks
Welcomes the thundering blue.

Evening, creeping cautiously,
Met raucously
By inebriated chants and young romance.
The anchor soon shall be released
Upon the streets
Her mighty engine sleeps.

Black Strat

Shimmer, crust,
Metal alloy turned to rust,
Glistening.
Ears intently listening
To songs that warble waver.

Shine lacquer,
A nocturne never blacker.
Nature's grain
Bears perpetual sustain
Through never ending tension.

Browning screws,
Aging connective tissues,
Mighty bolt,
Neck to foot to signal volts,
Her heartbeat amplifying.

Plectrum strums
Rhythms through her carved wood lungs,
Metal cords
Louder call on her accord:
Chorales of sweet aggression.

Raindrops on a Laboratory Window

Entrapment borne of raindrops on a pane
of silver, sliver window 'cross the moat
of laboratory tiles scratched, scuffed, and stained
by feet that skate across the hall: Dragging. Scraping.

Entrapment borne from etchings on a plate,
and endless lines to filter with a comb,
the parchment dyed with digits, bits, and shapes
that can't be followed through by someone new.

Entrapment borne of needless self-disdain
and guilt for crimes that ne'er were committed
can be released by mimicking the rain.
Flow, stick, and finish duties that remain.

Puppy Love

He scampers for attention like a pup.
His paws excoriating master's skin;
They stumble, shoving tables, knocking cups.
Intentions fair, "Good Dog" produced no grin.

Men too, like dogs, will often step too far.
My master's eyes, distilling salty brut,
Embarrassed by the mutt, departs the bar.
Confused, misguided canine follows suit.

But will his snout be rubbed in filth he placed?
His master, calmly cloaked in equal's guise,
Dispels with guilt and cups his whiskered face.
His guilt-struck jaw is raised to his surprise,

And kissed, disarming guilt and shameful rue.
Affirmed, alluring puppy love renewed.