

**2015 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Alexa Peltier**

The scent she wore

Like the scent she wore,
aromatic.
Balanced and sharing,
orbitals aligned.

Like the ring he gave,
Metallurgic.
Pure and whole,
Defined.

Resonance, bondage, Chemistry—
Organic love entwined.

Twisted Bricks

We search for a whirlwind
Waiting to be struck by the window that will lead us to clarity:
The one that will send us headfirst into our dreams.

But instead of being handed a heart,
It's stolen.
And we're given a brain.
Only to lose our minds.
The courage we seek
Is buried underneath our innumerable failures.

And we search so hard for our yellow brick road
That we forget where we're going.

Snowfall

At eight, I'd look forward to December.
To see the snow again and know that there was a chance—
A chance for my wish to come true.
I would flush ice cubes down the toilet.
My sister would freeze spoons to place under our pillows.
And we'd both turn our pajamas inside out.

At eighteen, I dread the snow.
To drive to college on icy highways and see the accidents—
All of the accidents that line the road.
I stay cooped-up inside the house.
My sister watches Netflix all day.
And we both long for summer.

At eighty, I will wish for past winters.
To see my friends again and know that I would have time—
Lots of time to build snow castles.
I will feel the aching of my bones.
My sister will be far away.
And we both will wish to be eight again.

About the lake...

There is no place on earth where I feel more at peace
Than the lake on a summer afternoon.
I'm not sure if it's the waves that rock our old Century
Or the way the sun reflects off the surface of the water.

It could be the way the engine hums
As my father guides our boat through the labyrinth of canals.
Eventually, we end up at our usual place on Harson's Island.
Buoys are unloaded and square knots adorn the seawall.

As I look towards the horizon,
Bright sails share the sky with cotton clouds.
My sister laughs as waves splash over the bow
While her hair tangles in the breeze.

Continuously, cresting and crashing,
The waves never cease.
One thing about the lake is that it always
Has a way of knowing how to bring us together.