

2015 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Third Place: Caroline Yuhas

Breakfast at Tiffany's

Silently sitting in a faded seat,
I stare up at you in awe.
Looking up, your gaze I meet,
But darkened glasses are all I saw.

Your face is forever frozen
In its ever youthful state.
Perpetually in the pose you have chosen
Nonreflecting of your final fate.

No blemish mars your innocent face.
No wrinkle creases your brow.
No hair strand from its proper place.
No waxy skin to turn your features foul.

Though the day has just been born
You dress in evening wear.
Black gloves, your hands adorn.
Black gown, your body bears.

A diamond crown upon your head.
A string of pearls about your neck.
To the store your feet have led,
A calming force when you're a wreck.

As you peer through the glass,
At the quiet treasure within,
What thoughts across your mind pass?
What memories bring that flat grin?

While people wake then walk to work
You humbly stand before this store.
What secrets lure you here to lurk?
What of this place do you adore?

Though you are forever there,
Upon the screen of white and black,
No response from you shall I tear.
The answers I shall forever lack.

I sit alone in that faded seat.
And although you shall eternally survive,
I stand and silently retreat
To enjoy simply being alive.



A Real Bear

The world is silent,
Quiet in its sleep
Only moonlight casts
A soft glow in one graceful sweep.

And there is the window,
Open just a crack,
The sweet sound of slumber
Emanating from the black.

The moonlight finds you
Sprawled across the floor
One among many
Lost and forgotten, wanted no more.

The beads of your eyes
Have long lost their luster.
Your nose, once brown
Now black forever.

Proudly, you once wore that ribbon
Crisp in its vibrant red.
Now it hangs around your neck
An ever present noose of thread.

Forever barred, you cannot escape.
And though you love her dear,
She has left you upon that floor
No time for things once so sincere.

Gone are the days when once you slept
Every night under her arm
When visiting castles, ships, or jungles
Without you was a cause for alarm.

Oh I know the pain you feel,
The sadness and the regrets.
Although you were once splendid,
Her love has left you as a mere silhouette.

You loved all the way through
Though your clothes are stained,
Your eyes scratched.
No stronger bond can be obtained.

Her heart has held you in its embrace.
To her you were truly real.

Now this source of those crystal beaded tears
Will only work to heal.

With this most powerful magic
You shall forever be
Real to not only her,
But to all you see.

And so I take you, sweet playfellow,
From the world you felt so lost.
The window is open
A canvas covered in the patterns of frost.

You look back, one last time
At the room with the girl
Curled up, under covers
Moonlight changing hair into pearls.

In my arms we fly to the forest yonder
With jade gates opening in an effort to greet you.
In a clearing, dance bears of all kinds
Chocolate brown, black onyx, and midnight blue.

Gone were the scratched beads of your eyes,
The torn leather of your nose,
The matted fabric of your fur.
From the toy, a Real bear now rose.

It is here that I must leave you
A Real bear on your own.
With that you left with a glint in your eye
To dance in the clearing where the moonlight shone.

Perhaps in the future
When many days have passed,
You will find the girl
Whose love for you will forever last.

Rollercoaster

We live our lives on a record track.
The same scratched disc of ebony black.
Never ceasing, never changing,
Over and over again it is playing.

We live our lives on a merry-go-round,
Watching the animals go up and down.
The same scenery passes in a blur,
With not a single thought to savor.

We live our lives on a frictionless top
And for nothing do we ever stop.
Without change our life goes by.
Too late to even warrant a try.

But a phonograph's needle can always bend,
And all songs will eventually end,
And on a top, friction will take its course
All with an equally shifting force.

Live your life in an amusement park.
As one ride ends, another is about to embark.
Keep not the monotony of your day
Let the novelty alone stay.

Castle of Yesterday

A weary man once walked through these enchanted trees,
The burden of life heavy upon his back.
Not until he passed this spot
Did he stop to see what his heart so recently lacked.

A man no longer walked this path,
But rather a boy took his place.
And lofty trees covered not this silent grove
For a castle now filled the space.

Proud prodigious pillars flanked the castle walls
Climbing up until they barely scraped the sky.
Then sprouting into a leafy roof
And sparkling fairies to the carpeted floor did fly.

A moat circled the castle, filled with ever-hungry beasts,
Threatening all enemies who dared to trespass this sacred site.
Invading armies riding in on fine horses and
Stealthy spies stealing in with the night.

There the boy sat upon his carved mahogany throne
With a plush green cushion padding the royal chair.
Atop his curly blonde head sat a golden crown
Intricately wrought with sapphires so fair.

Yes, there the man sat upon that mossy log
Looking at the string of daisies, decorated with blue flowers,
Clutched tightly in his hands.
Only a whisper of a forgotten hour...

And there the brook gurgled,
Framed by the boundless trees,
Flickering as the sunlight danced across its surface.
Only a castle of childhood reveries...

With a sigh, the man stood up.
No longer could he stay.
One more look to the place of the past.
Only a castle of yesterday...

Love Lost

Surrounded by a sea of mournful black,
My heart has sunk deep under the water
And I cannot bring myself to come back,
For you won't be there as my rescuer.
My life is now but a cold winter day,
A world of silent skies and endless white,
No color to take the blandness away,
No sun-kissed warmth to vanquish shadows at night.
The much-loved instrument of your laughter
Was all my parched ears needed to hear,
But now, not even sweet Orpheus's whisper
Can make you, forever gone, now appear.
 My loving words will remain unspoken
 For our true love is, like always, unbroken.