

2015 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Jolene Xin Wei Ng

Winter

The frost creeps in through the cracks,
Finding its way into every hole.
Flurries of wind nip away the warmth,
Isolating people in their caves.
Nestled by the stoking fire,
Made listless from the cloud of cold.

Sheets of white enfold the hills,
Layers of purity adorn the fields
Petite snowflakes like icing on a cake,
Sprinkled over the enduring evergreens.
Stand up and open the curtains,
Remember to embrace.
The rawness of nature,
A dreamy splendor.

Run outside and play,
Dance in this milky glaze.
The cold is only an idea trapped in your head.
Let go of the languor,
Find the child lost from the old days.
Feel the breeze tender against your skin,
Create sculptures and laugh today.
Sway to the rhythmic symphony of nature,
Transform your perspective.
Embrace this season before it melts away.

Uncertainty

Darkness stands still in time,
A monochrome horizon fills the void.
Silence is the only one calling,
Multitudes of people all imitating.
Fork roads divide the paved walkway,
Definite shapes fade to grey.
Ambivalent about the colors of life,
A fusion of sparks flicker around.
Seconds spent chasing mirages,
Seasons continuously run away.

Footsteps amble softly forward.
Harsh winds weave through the gaps
Of whispering leaves and shaky grounds.
No path is straight,
Listen to the heart beating.

Swimming

Stretch forward under,
flow with the crystal surface.
Breathe, see the sunlight.

Mischief

Building up a time in your mind,
Looking for the moment to play.
Inching on in subtle movements,
Leaning forward to entice the prey.

Like an orchestra conductor,
Bring in the percussion.
Dance your hands to the rhythm.
Emphasize every beat of the performance.
Swing your arms and increase the volume.
Play the strings, play the brass,
Listen to the resonance of the composition.
Eyes aware of the situation,
Allure the cheers of the audience.

Twirl your hair and lift your skirt,
When he turns, look away.
Smile gently and signal silence.
Prance off smirking,
Replay.

Breakfast

Sun overflowing,
Yellow soaks into raw grains.
Chilled milk warms the taste.