

2016 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention: Allyson Williams

Loneliness

Darkness spreads once the sun has set.
Owls hoot and crickets chirp,
while gnats gather at the dim light above the porch.
A lone flame flickers,
weeping,
as it sways against the wind.
The flame feeds on the quiet ohm
that settles across the sky,
laughing as the darkness sucks out
every last breath of light.

Wanting to spread itself out,
the flame grows as tall as the trees.
Screaming as it shoots above,
in satisfaction.
If only it knew,
that the stars are out of its reach.
Unable to be plucked out of the sky,
the stars beam down a light
strong enough to hold the flame back,
just enough until sunrise.

Interpretation

A portrait of men, all appear to look the same;
The orange, yellow and browns that color them
melt together like a smooth wave across the page.

At a closer look, each face is different;
a slightly different color, a larger nose,
the corners of some mouths lifted up.

A portrait of men where no two are alike;
Each color so different, a rainbow fills the canvas.
At a closer look, each man is the same.

Each in the shape of a small honeycomb,
that creates one giant beehive.

The Purple Dragon

Oh how my days were filled with joy,
when I saw the purple dragon.
He always stood by the old oak tree;
The limbs hung over his body,
covering it.
But looking close,
His purple fur shone where the leaves gaped.

I skipped to the tree and pushed my way past the branches,
eagerly searching for him.
I slid down his back, and lay on his tail;
played until the sky was black and
Mom called me in.

Then, he stopped coming.
I looked to the tree,
Searching for a sighting of purple fur.
I ran to the old oak, pushing everything aside,
past branches and leaves,
only to find nothing.
He never came again.

I often think about the days
when I played with the purple dragon.
Sometimes, I swear I see him out of the
corner of my eye,
Just watching.

Running

I stood out back,
where the frost still sparkled on the grass,
and the coolness lingered on my breath.
The sun, peaked over the horizon
while I fastened the buttons on my coat.
Sniffing in the light, I let the warmth
soak in, every inch of my skin.
My heart pounding,
I began to run,
And before I knew it, jogging became a sprint.
My legs carried me without thought,
without fatigue.
Then, my feet stopped pounding against the pavement,
but kept moving;
my body floated slowly up
towards the clouds.
Chuckling, I flew on,
not running from or to anything,
with a full view to myself.

Resilience

The rain, it follows her.
The drops that don't hit the umbrella land on her skin,
each one burning.
It pounds on her umbrella
until a small hole forms.
She starts to feel burning in her hair,
on her neck,
and the drops trickle down her face like sweat.
They burn because she knows she
will never be dry.
She starts to run,
hoping her speed will get her away from the rain,
if only for a moment.
The puddles splash,
soaking her feet as she runs.
Running until her abdomen aches,
and she falls onto a soft bed of grass.
The rain swells and drowns her arms and legs.
She lays there until the drops fall slower,
and a misty fog settles over.
The gray clouds break and
show a piece of blue sky.