

2018 Roger M. Jones Poetry Content
Third Place: Chris Kuenzer

The Machine

The device clicks
The machine shudders and awakens
Humming and buzzing
Gears and belts sluggishly start
Fatigued and worn from years of toil

The machine needs to breathe
The fans slowly begin to turn
Spinning and whirring
Wearily coughing dust
Gathering speed with each rotation

The machine needs a flame
The ignition reluctantly agrees
Snapping and popping
Finally, success
A tiny flame clings to life

The flame needs nourishment
The machine gently feeds it
Burning and Growing
Steadily adding fuel
Fire roars from within

The machine continues to churn
The gears and belts plead for rest
Begging and complaining
Performing their tasks with melancholy
Wearily they endure

Until
The device clicks
The flame dies
The fans begin to slow
The machine rattles to a halt

The air becomes still
The machine sits in silence
Waiting for the order to start again

Muddled

The strands of yarn are my emotions
Tangled in disarray
Sitting in piles on the bedroom floor
Hoping to form something beautiful

I closed the door to hide from you
Learning to work the threads on my own
My fingers fumble and tremor
Clumsily practicing my new skill

Two long days in solitude
Creating the misshapen squares of olive and grey
One striped and one muddled
The yarn forms a simple pattern
But elegance lies in function

I boxed and wrapped the modest gift
Carefully creasing each edge
And finishing with silver ribbon

I head south towards you
My gloveless fingers frozen to the steering wheel
Traversing the seven hills I know so well
They gently remind me to take my time

Streetlights illuminate my path
Guiding me towards the bridge
Its camber forces the headlamps into my eyes
I squint to avoid their harsh gaze

The disheveled bricks slow my pace
Through the narrow neighborhoods
I trace the route we walked last spring
While waiting for the bread to rise

Your home rests under blankets of snow
With sidewalk and stairs freshly shoveled
My boots crunch the salt as I approach
Shivering from anxiety and the cold

I clutch the box in my left hand
And rap the paint-chipped door with my right
I hope you like it
I hope you like me

Solace

He sips his drink, she's done with hers
Sitting by fire light.
Content to talk and share their thoughts
They bask in pure delight.

He teases her, she cracks a smile
They banter with each other.
She looks at him, he looks at her
At ease with one another.

She knows him well, he knows her too
Together every day.
They're linked by common goals and dreams
And share in work and play.

A perfect match, so it would seem
To someone from afar.
Despite the bliss, they must stay friends
She's happy where they are.

He thinks about his love for her
His heart begins to sink.
Because he knows the way he feels
Is not the way she thinks.

He knows that if he can't move on
His heart will never heal.
But yet he stays, because he loves
The way she makes him feel.

He masks his woe and misery
And shows a false profile.
But when she laughs, he starts to find
Solace within her smile.

Tech Comm: A Collection of Haikus

Purpose Statement

The purpose of this
Report is to present our
Methods and results.

Contents

Summary, Intro
Experimental Methods
Results, Conclusions

Memorandum

As you requested,
I have finished the report.
Please see attachment.