

2017 Roger M. Jones Poetry Contest
Second Place: McKenzie Zael

Poem #1 on Typewriter

We had no choice but to cave into our morose selves
as the stupor of disconnectedness bound us to
lonely carousel days.

The thought-less distant music chased behind me,
stroking the indifferent air like black mental
fence posts on the side of the street.

Grey cats paw us as we lie on the floor,
raging and reaching into the solitude of a common skin
(we are motionless in its enormity).

Children scream and run between our outlying halves.
Kaleidoscopic alertness was the ultimate denouement
and we were glued beneath its swell,
contorted into distorted versions of who we thought
we had become.

Your breaths seethed against the beating.

The lightly-flighty nothingness of today reminds me why
I chose to stay, though I coruscate with mosaic
patterns of carnivals that drag the heavens
through tunnels of falling leaves.

The figures are roaming, jumping, flying, evolving in
their respective avenues.

We are interchangeable while we circle,
sprinting forward for a sight of the other side-
future, past, present?

We spiral and whirl in a forgotten frenzy of motions,
But I stand still.

April 14th

Walking into the
Unknown,
I am weightless
like the way a bug
skirts around the
surface
of a springtime pond
just after dawn
when all is still,
and the amber shell of slumber
cracks.

Maritime

Shifting coastlines mimic
the fluctuating weight of time
and how we fall into
the sway of its tides
in the meeting space of the sweet shore and
swelling sea.

Songless and vulnerable,
its pressures creep
eerily
out to a seamless horizon, pulled by
the tides of everyday.

Any span of time is unavailing
in swiping away dreams
(we live within them-
endlessly).

Our redolent reveries
bask and ignite
in the weightlessness
of a sun-soaked seashore
until there is no spot of moisture
to stifle their ease.

The watery weight of Time seems to evaporate completely,
but the swell rushes back to us,
shoving the sand off its feet.

We feel it again,
the sand falling through the hourglass,
drawn by the tug of the sea.

Grains of daydream are washed away
from our heads (and hands)
while the waves crash recklessly against us

No longer infinite,
we are humbled by Time.

Flicker

The flame inside of him
did not die
with a final, warm glow,
but slowly.

It was the kind of death of a flame
that remains unnoticed until a chill runs
through the air
and you can no longer
feel
its warmth.

The History of Tomorrow

Happiness sets in like the harvest moon.

I do so miss the days of darkened splendor,
and a mystery of colloquial misinterpretations.

I glare over my shoulder as the bruised echo hunts:
a haunting of dilated pasts
and unforeseen strikings of the clock.

The stinging familiarity of the precipice is dawn,
convulsing with the transpirations of the day and
hurling up from below the events that will flush immortality to sea.

Instead the afternoon light focuses on the lack luster promises of tomorrow
and in its glow the days melt into the unknown and long forgotten.

So we set paper ships asail to an incoherent sea
where the mysteries of silence fold into the horizon
and fall, scintillating into all.