

## 5 Poems for Contest

### 1: A Walk to the Grocery Store

Sugary sweetness like the tangerine,  
like the bright beams of sunlight soaked in by my skin,  
bubbles up inside my gut like fizzy pop,  
like butterflies,  
like sparklers on the fourth of July.

Buds, like flower buds,  
stuck inside my ears  
spread tingling feelings like nectar,  
on the fragile legs of buzzing bees,  
humming different frequencies,  
flying all about inside my mind,  
flitting here and there,  
moving as they please,  
moving me with ease,  
and moving on,  
leaving behind sweet fragrances.

Fresh air floods my lungs  
and fills my body up with energy.  
Stale air flows back out and leaves  
a happy new-clean feeling  
sparkling in my fingers and my toes,  
my lips and my nose,  
a blooming new-free feeling blossoms into a rose.

Cracked, dry cement lies stretched out in front of me  
like some great red carpet rolled out so long ago  
that now has lost its pigment,  
dried and cracked up into bits and pieces  
in shades of gray  
going nowhere in particular  
from somewhere far away.

But the road is sweet to me, today,  
the faraway is clear  
and where I'm from, I know for sure,  
that I'll be there again.  
I'll travel on the same old road,  
though it's never quite the same,  
and I'll end up right back where I was,  
'till I take the road again.

I'll be a different person when I take the road again,  
the sweetness might be gone away,  
the sun might hide its rays.  
The road might chew me up one day  
and spit me out the next.

But the road is sweet to me today,  
like every little thing,  
from buzzing bees  
to cracked-gray roads  
to people passing by.

And when the sweet explosions of the moment fade away,  
and when the brightly colored feelings turn to shades of gray,  
and when the world outside feels clammy, cold, and dark,  
I'll hold tight to these memories  
engraved upon my heart.

## 2: A Casual Read

“Hit me up when you’ve wrote a book,” they say so casually.

Why not open up a sandwich shop  
and take two halves of stale white bread  
and stuff cheap factory meats between, instead.

Everybody wants a sandwich,  
everybody wants a pamphlet  
with a guide to all the flavors,  
secret ingredients,  
to them mere trivialities.

Rather that than meet the muscled bull,  
the grinding gears of the factory  
that ground him into beef,  
or the man that works there overtime  
with lifeless half-there eyes,  
casually cast aside.

“No, please, make me a sandwich,  
it’s easier to eat,  
maybe not now but when I’m hungry  
it could be a tasty treat.”

Fuck you and your appetite,  
I couldn't give a damn.  
Hear me clear, you gluttonous fucks,  
I'm not your sandwich man.

### 3: Chapter 1

Huddled nervous-like around the small entrance door  
Fervently absorbed in their own onanism  
I realize I am one of them and step into the ill-lit room.

“Why not?”

I declare to seeking, furtive eyes  
And a crack appears in their uncertainty.  
Now they crowd in like herded sheep,  
Like hibernating beasts roused from winter sleep,  
Now they've found a new place to practice onanism,  
Even safer here, inside.

I flip the switch,  
Lights on, everybody ready now.  
Teacher walks in promptly, unaware,  
Class starts now.

“Let's start with Chapter 1.”

I shake my head.  
Little does she know,  
This class starts at the door.  
I'd never tell her that, though,  
It's just too sad to say.

How could I say,  
“Let's start with the door,  
Let's study the lights,  
Let's smash each others' phones

And rub dirt in our eyes,  
Return to planet Earth,  
Before we journey somewhere new!”  
No, I couldn’t say all that,  
Not to a bright-eyed young thing  
Filled with passion, positivity,  
So certain we were ready to start with Chapter 1.

#### **4: The Chameleon**

Eyes are everywhere  
Painted on the walls  
Peering through the windows  
Sunk deep into the skin  
Like the fangs of some phantasmal beast  
The chameleon doesn’t budge  
Just lets them dissect it  
Pierce its flesh  
And rip its insides out  
While it desperately  
Yearns to become the floor  
The wall  
The window  
But can’t escape  
Betrayed by its own guts  
Stained with crimson red  
The stares come from everywhere  
The lump beneath the sheets  
Dreams of death

## 5: **White**

The pale skin

In the mirror

On the door

At the entrance to

the small, square,

Eggshell-white room,

Glowing in the morning light

like ivory.

A solitary man stands there,

Reminiscing of white pillars

Built just for him,

Built in his image,

Built by one republic,

One nation,

Under God,

Indivisible...

with Liberty and Justice

for ALL.

The nearly see-through hairs

Sprouting from his freckled arms

Stand on end

And a grimace stains the mirror

with a sinister shade,

Until a cloud passing low

Blocks the morning sun

And his sinister grimace creeps into an eerie grin,

Beaming even brighter than the morning light,

than his ivory skin,

Because the image in the mirror has disappeared

And he is left in his bliss,  
In his invisible skin,  
To forget that the world  
was made for him.

And he forgets the white pillars,

And the

Eggshell-white room,

And lays down on the fuzzy, scratchy,

Comfy carpeting

Always cushioning the bottoms of his pale,

Uncalloused feet

And smiles so wide that the injustices of millions could sink into the dimples in his cheeks.

And the mirror hangs steady.

And the door stays locked.

And he curls up in a ball to sleep off the light.