

2010 - 2011

CBC Writing Competition

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Spring

Spring days sweeten with the
cascading winds

luring and snatching flower petals
as they drift into the chilly meadows

painted a blush of jade
under its blanket of ice

that freezes beneath the hands of time
and the tears falling from the sky

that pummels charcoal pavements
and licks the boots of bustling crowds

eager to escape
the dreary rainy day.

Artemis and Apollo

When moonlight howls to the wolves
quivering below brittle stars,
sultry Gemini, the twins of anguish weep
with their bones bleached white.

Quivering below brittle stars,
the throbbing pomegranate suns
with their bones bleached white,
scorch their souls upon the ashes of a chariot.

The throbbing pomegranate suns
deny him mercy, while her arrows remain twisted and bent.
Scorch their souls upon the ashes of a chariot!
Scrape his blade of bone across the dawn!

Deny him mercy, while her arrows remain twisted and bent.
When moonlight howls to the wolves,
scrape his blade of bone across the dawn.
Sultry Gemini, the twins of anguish weep.

X marks the Spot

They uncap the pen
and like the Kraken
it squirts inky x's
tainting her with its
black tar

marking the deep crevices
and the smooth hills
smearing the landscape of skin

The needle is rough
and the poison seeps through
as the tweezers, the scalpel,
the sharp edged saw
with its crocodile smile
lie in wait to snap, shred, and
deceive

The feast begins with the
removing, slicing, and slurping
of the heavy metal beasts
as the monitor beeps
tentative, then fast

beep, beep,
beeeeeeeeeeeep

she awakens to the blurry reality

Her eyelids drowning in stitches
and waxy sticky bandages

blink

a nervous tense pause
emerges
like an air bubble blown by a carp

as they
wait
nervous and unsure

But then she stands
reborn again
they clap, whistling
in awe
at their creation
at the beautiful lady
at the modern day Aphrodite

Candy

I pluck out
the sweetness
and roll my tongue
into a jail cell of
taste

the taste of the passionate sun,
of rainbows
bursting into heavy rain
drops,
and yet it feels as tender as the moon's
glow

a glow that burns my cheeks
as they flare and strike
against my teeth
playing my mouth
like an African
drum.