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Poem Collection

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Abstract

This project is a collection of poems written for an Honors Contract in Creative Writing. The beauty and power of nature lay the foundation for these pieces while the use of vivid imagery, free verse, and fixed form engage the reader.

Honors project mentor: Greg Luthi, Professor, English

Galloping

A low rumbling
swells in the ears
of blond-haired grain.
An angry eruption of dust
bursts from the brim of the horizon.
As the cloud sweeps across the plain,
a muscular figure emerges from within.
The creature's thick neck is held high,
and its locks spread like flames
as its strong legs bear the
speed of tumbling waterfall.
We take pride if we tame it,
having no understanding
this being belongs to no rider.

Lonely Beacons

While salt carries its fragrance
through foam and spray,
I look towards the distance
and see only a shade of blue, gray.

I was built here to warn
explorers of the reefs
that are known to have torn
voyagers from joy to grief.

My job is lonely, but I know it's best
if people stay away from me.
However, I must confess, I am rather depressed
for the world around me is so empty.

How I wish my spiral ladder would be climbed
by someone who would appreciate my light.

As Told From the Dock

As the day begins to close its curtains
the moon peeks out
for its next act.
A shade of dark indigo frames
dusk, speckled with tiny, white freckles.
Where trees once stood now
black silhouettes of veins fan
the darkening sky. They are not those
of a horrific cinema; on the contrary
they are majestic mysteries.

A halo encompasses each
one of these shadows with
brilliant, yet soft oranges.
Only gravity knows
what is lake and what is sky,
something that I cannot recognize.
Does the sky reflect the lake?
Does the lake reflect the sky?
Does the tree line rest above me?
Or, perhaps, the birds' flight
has always been inverted?

Elephants Never Forget

Red, sticky ink stains
the body's wrinkled
skin lying motionless in dirt.
The hunters cheated,
took the creamy-white
arch they needed,
and left the carcass to rot.
The victim's family
wraps their loved one's
arm in their own
while the crinkled creases
underneath their own eyes
become wet with miserable
sorrow for their loss.

Ultimate Airfoil

The sky is as blue as a robin's egg,
pretty, however rather blank.
But wait, I spoke too soon.
There goes a splash of life.
It cuts through the air rapidly,
its twirl giving it moments to glide.
It is silent, but quick and round
like the satellite dish
my dinner is served on.
It puts on quite a show.

With Sprinkles on Top

Chewy, squishy, rainbow, colors,
in more sizes than one can image,
are bundled in boxes and plastic wrappers
taunting little innocents.

In more sizes than one can image,
fruity, sour globes of flavor
reflect toothless smiles
drooling with anticipation.

Fruity, sour globes of flavor
by beans turned into creamy bars
can be freed from see-through jars
for a fee of treasured pocket change.

By beans turned into creamy bars
is a label that reads:
“Danger. May contain nuts.”
Looks good, no sign of cavities.

Koi's Legend

Fins like paper fans fight
against the rugged current.
As they breach, a fountain
of glass explodes
like the seeds of a dandelion
from the wind's breath.
On and on swims the unrelenting
until its scales become those
worthy of a dragon.