

(1) Honorable Mention

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HOW I REMEMBER YOU

I watch winks of sunlight scoff at the sky,
listen to your wide voice
singing into impending darkness.
You sing a subtle melody- soft as jingling coins.

Your soprano a rainbow of joy
over a pot of begonias,
or a glass of green tea.

The homeless man-the one in the mall;
wears a ratty army jacket,
pants a canvas of filth,
feet laden with scabs.

His beard a pasture of white neglect;
he speaks to the mannequins
voicing the timbre of bees.

He limps the breadth of the mall
rummaging through steel mouths of vending machines.

When he finds abandoned coins in the last one,
they are silver jewels he stashes in a pocket.
I watch him swagger, swing his crutch like a baton,
direct your melody in the direction of his next meal.