

# BQB Poetry Contest

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*Boutique of Quality Books*

**BQB**

*Publishing*



**Today's New Writers;  
Tomorrow's Best Sellers**

# WINNER OF THE BQB POETRY CONTEST

## "Fingers"

By Leslie Sullivan

Creases of his fingers  
are stained black  
from work, coal, asphalt, hate.  
Skin over his equine muscles  
and over his bones  
stretches red from fifty-some years  
of sun blows, unscreened.  
My baby hands would not  
stretch round the callous trunks  
of his fingers so I held only his thumb  
as he read Bible stories  
and told me of a little girl  
walking in the woods  
finding a kitten.  
And though impressions  
of his fingers, of his fists  
of his shiny leather belt  
were left on my skin  
too many times,  
his hands bled love.  
The skin of his fingers split,  
knuckles cracked,  
so my hands could stay supple  
buried in pages,  
stained black too but with ink.

# OTHER SUBMISSIONS TO THE BQB POETRY CONTEST

(In alphabetical order by poet's last name)

"No title"

By Stockport Survivor (Anonymous)

What direction is the right way to go?  
which path shall i take, to let the love flow?  
which route is it that leads me to the land of the free?  
i want to go home, head out of this fake reality..  
I want to witness the heavens with my own seeing eye,  
i never want to see evil, murders, or hear again the sounds of a cry,  
i want to feel loved, see compassion, Breathe in the real fresh air,  
i want the human race to become one, and all start to properly care.  
I want the one world race to view each other as the family we are,  
not walk past a needy person, or drive on past in your fancy car,  
its not about how rich you are, people should never judge,  
And forgiveness is everything, we should never hold a grudge.  
I know this may sound like a millions miles away from here,  
but eventually everyone will rid of that fear,  
and allow the change that will come within them one day,  
i just hope it comes soon, forever i shall pray.

## "No title"

By Stockport Survivor (Anonymous)

Today i went crazy, but all for good fun,  
crazy in a good sense, not a crazed killer with a gun,  
i kinda stood still, and didnt move nor talk,  
then started randomly dancing, and doing the moon walk... I dont know what came over  
me, as i did this is the center of town,  
some people stopped to watch, overs gave me the frown,  
Some just walked on as though i wasnt even there,  
and others gave a clap and shown a side that they care.  
When my little boogie stopped and came to a halt,  
i apologised to everyone, and explained my fault,  
i said to them all that i had a reason to what i just done,  
so i got your attention, just by having a little fun..  
So now i have your attention there is something else i wish to say,  
why is it i can do a daft dance for you to notice, but the homeless you walk on past  
everyday.?  
I stated that these people have suffered enough and for them to be ignored is inhumane  
and vile,  
where these people have nothing, but to gain some help they have to all go that extra mile.  
These people are hungry, cold no shelter, no where to go,  
they rely on us the people, but you never want to no,  
you never want to hear them, just avoid them at all cost,  
which proves to me the love between the people has vanished, got lost..  
We have been brainwashed to believe materialism is a more value than love,  
that strangers in need we can ignore, brush them off, give them a shove,  
dont care for no one else, their problems are just not yours,  
so you do the un human thing, and slam shut all doors..  
But just have a think and for one second place yourself within their shoes,  
and watch people walk on by not help or care, as you feel your heart bruise,  
as the loneliness kicks in the emotions all come out,  
but there is no one to turn to, to hear you problems out..  
So one thing to the next its a problem after problem, but never a cure,  
your so hungry and cold, sleeping rough outside an abandoned building door,  
so turning to crime to steal a little food and drink,  
your pride has now fully gone, there is so little time to think..  
Now after you pictured this, i hope a small percentage has changed within your thought,  
and all this walking past people, you will now abort,  
and start to show your real human side,  
and allow yourself to be that person, a needy person has to confide.  
Love is the most valuable emotion we was gifted with from birth,  
use it to its best ability, you will see all that its worth,  
and believe me you will realise materials are not all they seem to of been,  
and that the route of love in life, will bring you only the best you could ever of seen...

## "Succeed"

By Leandra Diaz

Try to make a name for myself  
but working to succeed  
wasn't working  
and I believe it was because  
I was working to be  
your definition of "succeed"  
So I write without a deadline  
and I write when inspiration knocks  
and I don't wince when perspiration drops  
because I sweat out the concentration  
and rely on the flow of life  
Wordsmith to many  
now I take my words from written to spoken  
and attempt to perform poetry with emotion  
Standing in front of a crowd  
with a microphone on a stand  
nerves start to kick in  
and I can't control the shaking of my hands  
I feel my complexion begin to rose  
and the words I need to speak  
cannot be found  
vocals are muted  
until at last... a sound  
hearing myself speak  
sounds so strange to me  
this public is going to smirk and hate me  
embarrassed are my eyes and they will deceit me  
allowing themselves to fill up with tears until one  
makes its way to the surface and destroy me  
publicly humiliated I will be  
but wait  
This isn't for the wide eyed audience  
this isn't for the doubtful, the cynics  
this act of courage and love of words  
is for me  
I am me  
I succeed

## "Lacewing"

By Dr. Anissa Freeman

Lily Lacewing, so dainty and small  
Can you do me a favor?  
Can you help me at all?  
Look in my garden and all around  
Do you see what I see?  
Yes, the aphids abound

Why yes I can help you, I'd be more than happy to  
My wishes are simple, here's what you must do  
Simply make me a home in your beautiful garden  
When the aphids start pleading, not one will I pardon  
I like dill and fennel and Queen Anne's lace to munch  
Those plump juicy aphids will make a great lunch

Those sap-sucking plant lice are going to think twice  
About coming to live in a garden this nice  
Us lacewings are here and we're going to stay  
No more worries for you, we'll keep them at bay

No pesticides were used, no insects were hurt  
My garden is anchored in the richest black dirt  
I can't thank you enough for all you have done  
Say no more Mrs. Anderson, this was so much fun  
Your organic gardening is second to none

## **“Gems of Amber”**

**By John C. Hunker**

Tears from a tree a few million years ago,  
Represent the ones that flowed freely years past,  
Maybe in another millennium,  
Our tears...  
Will be cherished as well.

## **“I sleep on sheets...”**

**By John C. Hunker**

I sleep on sheets that have absorbed the blood and ink of a bonding moment that can never be taken away or erased.

I sleep on sheets that have witnessed a loving massage of newly discovered oil that will forever bring smiles of knowledge.

I sleep on sheets that felt laughter vibrate itself throughout souls of those who are happy.

I sleep on sheets that contain the dried moisture of those who did not allow gravity to rule.

I sleep on sheets that secured breaths of whispered passion.

I sleep on sheets that ended a drought of trust.

I sleep on sheets that caressed skin of those who caressed.

I sleep on sheets that hold the secret of time.

I sleep on sheets that allowed friends to glide on overlapping paths while remaining on their own.

I sleep on sheets that captured a long overdue reunion between entities that have been lost at times.

I sleep on sheets that honor the bond that God created between those who know love.

For one more night I sleep on sheets that will inspire pleasant dreams of a long awaited reality.



## **"I Wish I Could Love You"**

**By Swati Jain**

You say you can't get enough of me, every time we meet.  
You keep asking me to meet tomorrow, when we have just met today.  
Your hands cannot get off my body  
And your lips kissing me all over, all the time.  
When I said that I won't come to you again,  
You pulled me towards yourself with a force so strong.  
I wish I could love you the way I want.

I wish I could reciprocate the feelings, but I'm afraid I can't  
Because you haven't won my trust, yet.  
There's so much love I want to share with you, that you will never look beyond.  
Honestly, my feelings are no different from yours,  
That I can even bare my soul with you tonight.  
I wish I could love you the way I want.

I know your dreams are, what you are living for,  
I don't understand how I hinder those dreams of yours.  
I live my dreams and you live all of yours.  
I will always be there by your side, to lend you support.  
I wish I could love you the way I want.

If you promise me that you will never leave me alone,  
I can break all the walls inside my heart and hold your hand to be only yours.  
Because I love you which you will never know.  
I picked up fights with you by right which you never mind.  
You complete me by filling up vacuum in life.  
I love and cherish every moment I shared with you.  
I wish I could love you the way I want.

The very thought of losing you, brings tears to my eyes.  
But I'm sure that this is leading nowhere.  
So I guess, it is best for both of us,  
To separate our ways before it gets too late.  
I wish I could love you the way I want.

## **“Value of Self”**

**By Swati Jain**

I am a voice longing to be heard,  
I am a thought worth spreading,  
I am a bird waiting to spread its wings and fly,  
I am a life yearning to live at will,  
I am a soul full of energy,  
I am a human who wants to love and be loved,  
I am nothing but hope in everyone’s eyes,  
So I will never let anything damage my peace of mind,  
Because I am not just for myself but for mankind.

## **"BLOOD MOON"**

**By Mickey Moncrief**

Miles of land went dark.  
Dogs began to bark.  
It made my heart race.  
It felt as if I was staring evil directly in the face.  
But something so dark and beautiful was made by our Lord and Christ.  
Stole million's interest like a bank heist.  
Started slow, but went by so quick,  
What a cold morning to pick.  
They say it's one of four,  
So there will be more.  
Change feels like its coming soon.  
All due to April 15ths blood moon.

## "No title"

By Denise Porter

Once upon a time...I loved you so much that it pierced through my skin and crumbled my bones and turned me into ashes and when the wind blew it flew me into a world where you was the holy God that I worshiped and prayed to every night

Once upon a time... it was at your feet that I bowed to even when my knees bled and I'd weep in agony and you showed no mercy to the peasant sedated under your sick and twisted love spell even when in your heart you knew it wasn't right

Once upon a time.... it was my fault for trusting and my fault for lusting and my fault for dreaming of a happy ending with you when I couldn't understand why was I being punished for loving and I'd cry all night

Once upon a time...I looked in the mirror and didn't recognize who was staring back at me this lost little girl trapped behind the glass pointed to the hole in her chest that she told me you left and at that very moment I saw the light

Once upon a time.....I never had a time again because when I looked down at my heart there lied a unhealable wound standing behind me you held a gun and my fate and pushed me into a better world finally my happy ending I no longer felt pain on that entire flight

## **"Betrayed by Snow White"**

**By Christina Stopka-Rinnert**

When the marriage ended  
Bitterness swelled,  
As single parent  
Arguing with anger  
Anxiety  
Depression  
I cleaned  
Picked up pieces  
Arranged old house  
Into new home.

Snow, you did not  
Fully prepare me  
For this existence,  
For this battle.

Where are the promises  
From childhood  
Of knights in silver armor,  
Savior prince riding to rescue,  
Happy-ever-afters,  
And dreams come to sweet crimson fruition?

Nothing here played out  
According to your fairy tale ending –  
Only drudgery of existence:  
Hands deep in tepid dishwater  
Back bowed to mop grimy floors  
Endless summits of laundry  
Silent, repetitive meals  
Sting of parenting alone.

Snow, I realize  
Each story is unique  
And you had your own troubles –  
What with the Huntsman  
Set for murder,  
And a Queen  
Hungry for your heart –  
But your story

Leaves no room for true life

Princess, do you know  
What to call someone

Who becomes an orphan parent,  
Forced to raise little ones alone?  
Is there a word to describe  
The isolation, the immensity,  
Of sole decision-maker?  
Your tale provides  
No guidance,  
No view on this.

Little by little,  
My saga will end, too,  
Though not with heroic rescue.

Instead, story shifts  
Only with the passing of time:  
Maturity launching children boldly  
Into futures of their own making  
As I eternally clean  
Pick up pieces  
Make another home.

## “Grace, After Ten Years”

By Christina Stopka-Rinnert

When the gavel fell  
Heavy in the judge’s hand  
Declaring our freedom,  
I said grace.

When he’d abducted my kids,  
The car broke down,  
And I was hours away,  
I said grace.

When we sat in a quiet hospital  
Waiting for the surgeon,  
Son on morphine high with broken arm,  
I said grace.

When we found family  
Round a boisterous bon fire  
And were held again in brothers’ arms,  
I said grace.

When we were ten hours vanished  
Tucked safely into hotel sheets –  
Warm and giggling –  
I said grace.

When we packed our things  
Trudged through snow  
Fled in the night,  
I said grace.

When he threatened his last  
Made my heart stutter  
And hands shake,  
I said grace.

When we believe  
We are forever safe,  
I say grace  
And grace  
And grace.

## **“She and I Dance (for my daughter)”**

**By Christina Stopka-Rinnert**

Walking wire tightly strung  
High over cavern  
Of her despair –  
We tango  
Above the dark abyss

Placing one foot  
One thought  
Carefully, deliberately  
In front of the other  
Tip-toes measuring sway and give  
Calves flexing  
Soles moderating options –  
Each movement  
Catching breath  
Understanding  
Any minute shift  
Of precarious balance  
Will topple us  
Into the fracture.

Demon anxiety  
Haunts her –  
Cursed genetics  
Stealing her swing  
As it does mine.  
Together  
We own this wire  
Moving up and down  
Forward then back  
Bestowing and clutching –  
Palms slicken  
Hearts careen  
Eyes lock

Her trials  
Become mine.  
I murmur prayers that  
Stabilizing sway  
And weight of wisdom  
Will balance  
Buoyancy of inexperience.

She and I



Maneuver over obsidian void  
Manage the wire,  
Sashay lightly over cable:  
Find our footing,  
Shimmy to the other side.

## "No title"

By James Testerman

Years and years since I've let thought to print,  
Sacred readings often leading the shadow.  
Humble timings and discouraging times,  
Even the words seem distorted.

Missing the point of the absence, I dive right in.  
Flooding distortions often confused and pained.  
I think the sun will shine brighter after I release the writings in my mind.  
Thinking and then thanking the time I lost to be experience.

I don't know the thought to say or how to write it.  
The words come so easily but meaning is lost and flat.  
Minutes have passed and years are trapped within  
I desperately long for the release of expression with no boundary.

What will they read, no what would they see?  
What will I read or what will I see.  
What? No not what, but rather who,, I wonder who will they see?  
No, not that, more so, who Is it I will see?