

Poetry Series

**Autumn Jones**  
**- poems -**

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## Autumn Jones(10/07/1992)

I have been writing poetry for about four years. My writing style has change dramatically from when I first started. I used to be focused on rhyme and or long poems. Now I try for the most succinct write with only a few exceptions to the rule. I would probably say that they tend to be abstract as well.

# A Fork Is Licked

We've come to a fork in the road.  
Let us not take it so literal,  
It might prick...someone

Yet in day! In it both!

However, view it from the peripheral:  
Reasons have been so picked  
To prove this fork has been licked.

Autumn Jones

# Confused By The World's Rhythm

Same old voices in the sound.  
Chromatic tones lost  
in the rain still coming down.  
An optical glimpse of an iridescent blend.  
Clouds shift above my head.

The shade of the world is a bit chemical.

Scintillating hearts  
Take far too long to figure out.

Isn't it evidence?  
...the world goes round.

Autumn Jones

# Cosmic Poise

I created cosmic poise:  
A system of swirls  
Bright as iridescent pearls  
At the bottom of  
A still pond.

Touched it with a fern frond;  
The water rippled like sky  
Liquified, balanced  
Night.

Autumn Jones

# Death On A Stick

It could be worth asking for,  
Suicide in slow motion.  
They know you'll come back for more,  
That you would leave behind all emotion.

You'll come back needing more.  
Willing to pay whatever price.  
Living will be one heck of a chore,  
And you'll never know how to think twice.

Life will be one heck of a chore.  
Losing pieces of yourself,  
Forgetting who you were before.  
Just a product on the shelf.

Forgetting who you should be  
And feeling even less than apathetic.  
Your health failing like your family.  
Thanks for choosing Death on a Stick!

Autumn Jones

# Destructive Puppet

A puppet,  
pushed and pulled by  
invisible strings.

Laps up sand;  
eats away the earth.

Autumn Jones

# Hidden

Though at all times it may grin,  
Even gracious lace unravels when  
It's caught by some prickly thorns.  
And Pretty flower petals  
Still wilt onto the floors.  
But monsters with curled horns  
Will stay behind closed doors

Especially when they're stung by stinging nettles.

Autumn Jones

# It Was Not Supposed To

It was not supposed to make you laugh.  
instead, you lament,  
coat the memories with laminate  
so droplets do not soak through.

Autumn Jones

# Love And Happiness

You leave me with the calm tingling pleasures  
Of the sun, that which serenades my heart.  
The magnitude of your rapture measures  
Far wider than my arms can reach apart.  
No size of wealth could offset the treasures  
That we discovered from the very start.  
Friendship and love will lead us many ways  
But if only for the rest of our days...

Autumn Jones

# Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, Mirror on the wall:

You only portray  
Thinner, outer beauty  
Echoed on your surface  
So that if you are disturbed  
It shatters into sharp serrated shards.

Unlike you, my self is  
Multi-dimensional.  
The basics of 'who I am'  
Shift constantly-  
Kind of like Earth's tectonic plates.

Yet my core  
Is deeper than your  
One-planed face.  
Values is a root  
In my life's dirt.

My identity is  
Outside of surface beauty.  
I am more  
Than the relection  
In your eyes.

Autumn Jones

# Neighbor

Laid down in the other bed,  
then changed your mind:  
Decided to be neighborly instead!

Autumn Jones

# Road Rage

beating on my steering wheel,  
you burn me;  
make me want to smath the rash  
you leave behind.

I cut you off  
with foul language  
And show you my pet bird.

Autumn Jones

## Smaller Pieces

It was not supposed to break away so bad.  
I used the paste.  
It held at first.  
I walked away to let it dry.  
More, smaller pieces covered the floor  
When I last saw it.

Autumn Jones

# Swiss Cheese

Banging on the door  
Leaving splintered dents  
But no strength as holes  
In my soul leave my like swiss.

Autumn Jones

# They Crumble

'These are not tender moments, '  
she said.

And

he said,  
'There are no tender moments  
anymore'

Autumn Jones

# This Expanse Before Me

Expansive mass of wet  
that hugs many shores  
with curling fingers,

I see the way you carve  
different names  
into the contradicting sands.

Yet you convince me  
to look beyond the horizon.  
It is true: you are deeper than you appear.

Autumn Jones

# To Go Our Separate Ways

Come undone, yellowed,  
Frayed.  
Dead split ends curl away.  
Fingers spread.  
No words to say.  
Light is night, dark is day.  
Lose it in the acid,  
Acrid ashes.  
Tend the fire;  
Smoke swells for beauty.  
This is simple, ugly,  
Infected. Left it  
Dirty, maimed, drained  
Of blush.

The silver lining tends to dull  
As we separate our ways.

Autumn Jones

# Trouble Me Not

Trouble me not with your words of sorrow.  
I know not either what comes tomorrow.  
Only that the sun, wakened by the moon,  
Starts to fall down by the strike of noon.

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