

*Something new • Something totally brand new • Like a fresh pair of running shoes • Pounding packed pavement on a Sunday morning • Coursing through smooth rocks • Unpaved roads to uncharted fields • Dew like rain drops spread across duvets of bread grass • And the birds break dawn as they turn their beaks towards you • Welcoming the sun to come • Like something new • Something completely raw and new • Like a basket of fresh vegetables and fruit • Table served for two • With cinnamon, honey and raisin oatmeal • Still scorching hot from the pot • Licorice root tea brewed to soothe • To quiet a raving sweet tooth • To awaken the laden spirit in you • To remind you that today is an opportunity to make last night's wishes come true • To polish the gem of another twilight moon • Into something new • Something pristine and new • As dry cleaned pillows turn from cool to soak • Opened pores • Sweat drenched, not from nightmares but adventures • And in that dreamland you were something of a hybrid beast • Part David, more Goliath • Mostly pharaoh, lesser Moses • Conquering walls of doubt that guard your fears of dying voiceless in real life • In this arena of nocturnal stardust you flaunt your scars and bike cycles becoming airborne just before giving into the gravity of your grandma's baby rose bush • Stinging with sin • Smelling of innocence • Swollen with pride from your moment of flight • Blinking your eyes into existence prior to slipping into slumber • Where you wondered if a forgotten prayer is better than finding peace in sleep • And cried because the sheep you keep in the back of your mind could not understand why your body felt weak from lack of knowing thyself • Willing thyself into something new • Something astonishingly awesome and new • Like white crayons on white paper • Written in poetry • Under twin lamps born on a sliver of dusk • Where 32 blue lines went blind from 32 brilliant rhymes • As if words could not have been manufactured to be used any better • For a secret admirer • Sent forth as a telegram • A covert love letter • The subject of your desire • Prompting a visit to the barber • Two middays earlier • And told her to sculpt you something new • Something novel and new • Like custom attire • Tailored for a rendez-vous • Mental notes reminding you • To buy a few bouquets of baby roses • To please her senses • As you wipe your lenses from the blanket rainfall that came perfectly on queue • Right before you knock on the door • And she answers with a genuine smile • And a sigh that cools your brow • Because you arrived right on time • To take her for a ride in fresh style • Cruise on that new bicycle • Through an urban jungle • Under a twilight moon • To that new saloon that serves fusion Thai food • Urging you to try something new • Something ever-lastingly new • Like dessert without spoons • Sitting at a cliff-side watching night owls jog by • And the silence of crickets finding their voice at midnight is the only romantic tune you both want to listen to • Sinking into each other's breath • Where each touch is a therapy session • Every laugh is joyous progression • To let down your guard • And kiss new skin into old scars • To heal • Reveal a part of you that Goliath and his crew has concealed • To feel like David when you finally become courageous • To speak • Like Moses • In that moment she parts the ocean in your lips to say • With absolute faith • I LOVE YOU • As if these three words • Have never been heard • Manufactured or used to create roads • Paved with poems • Towards something • Brand • New. © Jamaal Jackson Rogers –SOMETHING NEW- Commissioned Poem for Barclay McMillan 2014*