

Hunter Ellis

Jasper Jones

I can see him over yonder,
with no goal he just wanders,
slowly strolling over the landscape,
coming into view his frame taking shape.

No need to be startled or frightened,
closer now his stature is heightened,
merely seeking common advice,
of a matter in which I am wise.

Inquiring into my evening's plans,
holding out one of his hands,
my eyes meet his and lock,
time sounding of a grandfather clock.

Hair from under his hat rumpled,
inside my pocket a paper crumbled,
where did I go wrong this afternoon,
that fate and Jasper Jones might
commune?

Motioning to sit down nearby,
I realize of this I mustn't abide,
thoughts now contain only retreat,
my pocket containing the paper sheet.

Holding the paper crumbled,
my mind racing, jumbled,
I realize the key to my plight,
the sheer brilliance strokes delight.

Having had enough of this game,
I retreat from my prior fame,
the conversation's façade now gone,
I show him the list, purpose forgone.

Scrawled in heavy-set type,
he begins to read the tripe,
staring ahead, face filled with dread,
now one less member of the party Red.