

Roger G. Singer

## HIDDEN

summer drift magnolias,

delicate morning rain,  
wet glazed roads,  
humid fat air

soaked canvas awnings  
settle out with the  
first part of sun

welcome heat, thankful shade,  
leaning back, white shirt,  
open collar,  
a drink and paper umbrella

sounds of distant traffic  
over a brown marsh

I'm hidden  
where I should be

## DREAM IMAGE

it was a gray tunnel

there was a man  
wearing an  
overcoat and hat

his back toward me  
walking quickly away,  
weaving to the sides,  
heavy steps  
raising dust from  
a crimson road

he was joined  
by a white bird,  
its wings covering  
the man

his image lost  
as the creature  
took flight

## THAT WAY

before evening  
there's an  
afternoon asleep

a recipe of gathering,  
irresponsibility

street corners  
the city breathes  
then exhales  
a boxcar moaning  
steel

old faces disturbed  
that youth is wasted  
as age burns the  
fire out  
then points to  
the past

laughing infrequently  
wondering what's left

digging into empty  
pockets

going this way,  
same as that way