

Roger G. Singer

DESPERATE WALK

while walking among
the overcrowded
and clotted sounds
of urban restlessness
I discovered a
diner beneath
a tired
red and blue
neon flashing
“open”

a place
where dreams
trespass reality
while drowning
in the water
of night,
confessing the
wisdom
of secrets
when the heart
is breaking

CONTINUING ON...

so goes the
poem
with a few words
carefully chosen,
not perfect
like spring
or first snow
but a thread of glances
stirring silent eyes
and listening ears
to reflect on
places
in exile
or the
familiar
where
stories take
shape
and songs
transport

A SHORT PICTURE

she was Edna
he was Jack

her heart
and words
held him

he was a
feast of thoughts,
a jungle of vines

she danced
in dreams
through seasons

they softened
the air between
them

she was his
muse
and he...

well, he was
Jack