

Roger G. Singer

SHARP CORNERS

I hear the
drowning in my head
where turbulent waters
behind the eyes
swell and wane
coursing to the sides
with pain pressing
against judgements
serving proof of
a prisoner locked
within the gray lines
without a key
as the story is
replayed between
the walls

BEAUTY

full of youth,

holding the hands
to future places

joy without price,
the song loved

walking into
the back side of
shadows

cashmere and sun
rain and flowers
wind and violins

the beauty
of the same path

merging,
gold and silver

UNOPENED

beneath a
washed out sky
with the city
on my skin,
I wander
without direction
within a crowd
of silent faces,
each the embodiment of
complete and confused,
like the unsent letter
or the present touched
but unopened