

Roger Singer

## TRYING TO GET OUT

There's rain  
in the desert  
where lizards  
and one eyed dogs  
live  
on the  
wrong side of the  
tracks  
and bars with  
tired neon's  
blink onto  
cactus and sand  
where nothing  
comes alive  
except  
lightening and  
dry winds  
as we try for the  
right way  
leaving behind  
what tries to  
hold us back  
in the desert  
where even the  
water has no place  
to go.

LOST

The desert

a roar  
of silence

bland colors  
crooked shapes  
life absent

an innocent  
appearance

tempting  
footsteps and  
greedy eyes  
to wander like  
dust

random inspecting  
overturning  
a stone

looking back  
or was it there  
it all looks the  
same

no water  
no shade

lost

## JUST BY CHANCE

eventide appeared

its calmness  
balanced between  
back and forth  
waiting for  
a command  
a higher power  
stars and moon  
and maybe the sun

to exact the  
perfect template  
a framework of  
directions unspoken  
unrehearsed  
a play performed  
on the world stage  
unimpeded  
mostly unnoticed  
until it begins  
to move

as it always  
does