



Roger Singer

ONCE A SUMMER

the song
of autumn
circles the
closing of
the cottage
as I remember
sun warmed shirts
a soft morning foot
into a slipper
misplaced towels
pockets with sand
and night walks
into relaxed air
where quiet shadows
gazed upward
past sleeping birds
and owls speaking
of “who”
to a star
I know by name

OUR NAMES

cloud shadows
silently pass
over your eyes,
brushing out
the winds of
unanswered
prayers
as reflections
of us
drift down
from above
onto paths
where rain
cannot quench
the fire of
our words
from the years
of tides
lifting to
the surface
our names

PASSING SHADOWS

Shadow #1

the fault of grace,
the elevation
beyond believed
into the uniqueness
of forgiveness
full and completed

Shadow #2

uncertainty
pauses within
hidden layers
of fear and
disappointment
secured in
the middle of
always between