

Roger G. Singer

SPEAKING INTO NIGHT

ragged chains of
cloud puzzles
softly drift
overhead
merging into
the horizon
and beyond
like dreams
hoping to
become real
as shades
of night
fold in
quietly covering
everything

OBSERVING

he saw her
style and poise

and the parts
within

the soul
searching for
escape

the spirit
bargaining with
higher powers
for fair
weather
past here
to somewhere

that's what
he saw

IT'S YOU

the illuminated
soul

a shadow fallen
into a river of
wind

turning carelessly
against the
pressure of a
spirit from
within
where the heart
breathes
for the expected
calm
of when we
meet again