

Three Poems

by Dr. Roger Singer

Never Arriving

In his wrinkles are miles traveled.

Under firm nails is dirt from many unnamed places.

Thick hair blown by many winds over lonely roads.

His shoulders cast shadows from tired walking; feet are sorely calloused from many places.

Looking, searching, his eyes find new paths with the different faces.

He moves on, never arriving.

With Song

The notes rattled like chains in his head; souls marching, singing the pain of long days lost to labor and another man's dream.

Tears jaggedly cut over dusted cheeks coursing rivers equal with oceans when added together for years lost.

Dust and sand kick up from under the shoes of the man who sings a working song.

Quietly Breathing

Sleep slurred with the voice in darkness; tired eyes retreat behind curtains of linen shields at night.

Silent moving lips tell stories without speaking;

