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Two Poems

by Roger Singer

Moon Silver

A low moon, smiling full,
casts silver blankets over my
backyard. Darkness swells into
corners where sounds dissolve
into a flat silence.

A lone shirt on a clothesline
with arms walking, imitates a dancing
life; breezes fill the yard like children
playing.

The window prints my nose cold.
My bed refreshes me with its warmth.
Moon silver licks the wall next to me;
covers crawl to my neck

Once Blind

Dreams behind her eyes closed down,
pulling the lights into dark.
The place of her standing fell to her knees,
flat the ground; hard beneath her.

Grief heavy, she bowed to night,
lost to the signature of familiar objects.

Her fingers fanned flat the eyes useless
to sight. Vigorous rubbing failed
to recover the pain growing inside;
soft cotton whispers wished for death.

Prayer pleads mercy at the altar of fear.

Roger Singer, who attained his doctorate of chiropractic from Logan College of Chiropractic, St. Louis, Missouri, has had more than 450 poems published in magazines, books and on the internet.

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