

Richard Dinges

Born

When clouds part,
sun blinds and I
want to rise
into sky's blank
shield. A wisp of fog
implies an idea.
Memory hovers,
a fragment ignited
in sun's heat.
Momentary brilliance
sparks my rise
to shine before
clouds close in
again. I settle
back into gray
shadows with my
own warm glow.

Frayed

Cicadas scratch
sky-blue chalk boards,
rasps and clatter cover
a dog that yelps,
lost beyond trees,
frantically clawing
at gray wisps
frayed by a chaotic
breeze. Somewhere
this side of evening
between earth's slumped
shoulders, a horizon
stretches beyond fingertips
and stars, and dreams.

Building a Coop

Pine lumber sawed
and separated,
to dust and rib cage
walls, destined
to roost guineas
at night. Daily
they emerge, launch
into wild trees,
from one wood cage
to another. Long limbs
crook, others plumb
straight. Under sun
or hidden from stars
and coyotes, they
cling to grain,
their safety and hearts
always in trees.

Connections

Just before dusk
after a cloudless day,
light shines
bright and soft,
long shadows cross
between horizons
west to east,
east to west,
no separation
between horizons
for that spare
moment between
what should be
or once was
and will be
again after
a long dark night.

Destination

On walks home from
school over cracked
concrete along thick
oak trunks, or under
open blue sky unhindered
by saplings, or between
a highway and ditch
in which lurked trash
and skunks, somewhere
along those paths
between school and home,
I grew up, unnoticed,
always in a hurry,
one foot in front
of the other, to go from
one place to the next,
until I arrived,
turned to look back
to see how far I've come.

Richard Dinges has an MA in literary studies from University of Iowa, and manages information security risk at an insurance company. *Avalon Literary Review*, *Home Planet News*, *Olentangy Review*, *Studio One*, and *Gravel Magazine* most recently accepted his poems for their publications.