

Three Poems by Richard Dinges

Each Day

Each day passes
and they sit at dining room tables
blinded by glints from stainless
steel, look out living room
windows and blink at sun's
glare on chrome bumpers,
gaze into bathroom mirrors
that gaze back with no
recognition, wait for screens
to forecast tomorrow's
weather, next week's stock
market, this evening's
entertainment, pupils
adjusting to each shift
in light, absorbing
what they can, always
looking for more.

Frame

A career captured
by a frame
that does not hang straight
on an office wall
that contains an image
of achievement dated
in a previous century
adjusted each morning

then knocked awry
by afternoon
by vibrations
through thin walls
and thinner skin
only to be absorbed
by shadows
cast from distant
fluorescents and admired
by cleaning staff
who aspire some day
to hang their own frames
on an office wall.

Long Drive

Some long drives emerge
from clouds at cliff's
edge, a dramatic view
into eternity, a car
commercial with too much
trust in brake pads, not
an end but a thirty second
pause between epiphanies
drawn out over a lifetime
when you finally see
where you have been going
all this time, wishing
you could have seen more
on the way, wondering what
to do now, a simple
choice between pedals.

Richard Dinges has an MA in literary studies from University of Iowa and manages business systems at an insurance company. *Slant*, *Talking River Review*, *Cape Rock*, *Millers Pond*, and *Iodine Poetry Journal* most recently accepted his poems for their publications.