

Three Poems by Richard Dinges Jr.

Labor

My trees droop
from fruit's burden,
bitter black walnut
meat and tart apple
a prick beneath
tough skin. They
wait all year
to bear this one
bounty, sagging
sadly toward earth
to shed seeds
across barren ground
before lifting limbs
toward a heartless sky.

Homesteading

Those homing home,
never having gone
beyond a horizon,
follow a horse's
ass. Tail fight
flies and steel
bites deep through
concrete prairies under
sun's blank glare.
World spreads wider
than dirt clods.
Slow steps plod
toward home buried
in blocks of sod.

Traffic

Passing cars part
air, disturb dust
into wanton waves
and awaken weeds
in random idle
waves, a brief
interruption to wind's
shift in seasons.
Trees care little
for passing cars,
drop shadows and
leave indiscriminately.
Darkness breaks out
into headlights and
stars. Moon glows ashen
witness, grinning
and distant and waning.

Richard Dinges Jr. has an MA in literary studies from University of Iowa and manages business systems at an insurance company. *Toasted Cheese, The Cape Rock, Miller's Pond, Hurricane Review,* and *Erbacce* most recently accepted his poems for their publications.