



September 2018

Silencer, Green Apples, October Sunset, Last Day, Birds and Trees

Richard Dinges Jr
None

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dinges, Richard Jr (2018) "Silencer, Green Apples, October Sunset, Last Day, Birds and Trees," *Westview*: Vol. 34 : Iss. 1 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol34/iss1/28>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Green Apples

Tempted by gravity,
apple tree limbs
bow low, weighted
by green fruit only
a bit of blush,
too tart for me,
green apples a taste
I outgrew long
ago, when a bite
was a dare, and
bellies ached late
at night, when moons
hung heavy and sweat
was more than salt
that stung wide open
eyes that looked for more.

Last Day

Gray hair and bald
pates clash with office
attire, suits passe,
now a casual
mix of khakis
and jeans. Words stutter
on jowls and eyes lose
focus from crows
feet. Keep you face
stoic although cheeks
sag. Nothing lasts
forever. After all
the cake is devoured,
pack your box
and go gently
into the parking lot.
No one watches
from a wall of windows
at your back.

October Sunset

A purple horizon
abandoned by sun
tempts too far
a walk through dried
pastures, brittle
stems crunched by
my rubber soles
and dog's fleshy pads.
We both seek something
in shadows that grow
from naked trees,
find only a clear
path back home
toward windows
that reflect a distant
purple horizon.

Silencer

Guineas and hens
are quieter today,
with the red rooster
gone. He was such
a cock, drew blood,
a crippler, a loud
crower who awakened
the dead. They part
for me when I enter,
eye me, witnesses
to my dread act,
he who removed
their tormenter,
stay just beyond
my reach, my power
to silence, to disappear.

Birds and Trees

If you believe, birds
speak from trees. Unaware,
we hear trees sing
sweetly, calling an audience,
a feathered following
gathered in shadows.
Before leaves burst,
birds erupt from limbs
and gnarled fingertips,
fully formed in flight,
learning their voice
to practice in spring
and sprout their own
to fill the tips of wings.