



September 2018

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

Richard Dinges Jr  
*None*

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## 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>

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## 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.