

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

*Richard Dinges, Jr.*  
**Spectrum**

She began in a flat  
image graded through  
shades of gray,  
a spectrum limited  
by our perception,  
a tadpole yet to become,  
to spread into  
a full three dimensions  
and discover where  
on the graceful  
arc of colors  
she belongs in a  
color blind world  
so ready to apply  
labels in black and white.  
Scrap Pile

A jumble of scrap  
tin sheets and rusted  
iron angles entangle  
in a lurid knot  
with dead weeds  
and gnarled dirty  
roots. A copse  
of stunted trees  
swallow by soft soil  
stops my daily walk.  
At midpoint, I pause  
to dig into shadows,  
a past I never lived,  
to discover a memory  
I have long forgone.  
Beat the Drum Slowly

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No ghosts, dust clouds  
rise on a brief cool  
breeze over dry  
gray hills shorn brown.  
Short stubble reminds  
of last summer's  
tall green grass  
under a bright sky.  
Lucent sun waxes warm,  
unaware that dusk  
falls and night droops  
long. Shadows lurk  
at memory's fringe  
and moon drops a pale  
haunt with a mirthless grin.