

## Passing Through

In our macabre sense  
of self, we are more  
water than earth,  
more space than particle,  
more shallow breaths  
of air than heated vents  
of lava, more hope  
and prayer than practical  
application of effort.

Someday it may all  
come apart, when clocks  
fail time and that  
atomic tick loses rhythm.

For now I will feel  
the sun pass over my  
skin and not the rays  
that pass to the other side.

Richard Dinges, Jr. works on his homestead beside a pond, surrounded by trees and grassland, with his wife, two dogs, two cats, and five chickens. Inscape, Nebo, Young Ravens Literary Review, Neologism, and Oddball most recently accepted his poems for their publications.