Roofers
--Lynn Alexander

It must be hard on summer days
on the roofs of other people's houses,
up to their elbows in tar and nails,
under a sweaty sun.

They sit like gods looking over Corinth,
above it all, on the apex of the world,
all seeing, past the houses and garages
of the good people of the city

who say their prayers of thanks to god
for the roofs over their heads
yet never for the roofers
who toil so high above them

and do the heavy lifting,
not for thanks or praise
but only for a glass of water
and minimum wage.

Robes
--Lynn Alexander

On the back of the door
our robes hang side by side,
yours, manly plaid
mine, plain white.
Now, by nightlight
I notice how the arm
of yours falls over
the shoulder of mine
and the robes hold each other,
only to fall away when the door opens
and you enter the room.