

## **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.