

# blowing

by Tim G. Young

there's an electric fan angled above and behind me and it is blowing  
there is piped in music in the grocery store where i work  
the moving air from the fan touches my bald head and triggers a  
silence  
in me  
not only of noise, speech voice, but also of movement  
the piped in music is the pounding piano  
of a tiny dancer softly, slowly  
elton wrings the melody from the words into the silent but pulsing  
air  
there is memory, golden, pure and stinging like a bee  
there is everything and nothing mixed in an anything but lethal  
cocktail  
the moment should ring like this for a lifetime for at least another  
minute or more  
but it all dissolves like the soap bubbles racing down an open drain  
if I could only stand this still for as long as i could stand it  
for as long as there was time to do nothing but stand there  
and feel the tiny dance in my hand  
but i can't do that  
i can only do so many things and none of them actually seem like the  
right thing to do.  
if there is a right thing to do. how ridiculous  
is a dream stuck on my head like a hat that the wind can not remove  
glancing out at the world from my tiny spot  
i see only what this world has to offer me  
and after a while it is not very much.  
it is not even anything i want or need  
it is simply the vision i am able to perceive  
after a while i forget about the fan and the song has ended  
even as the piano remains in my mind.  
then i turn around and look the other way

it's familiar and i've been there before but i don't care  
since i never quite see exactly what i want to see.  
except i do see time captured in a jar  
resting for however long something like time may rest  
it's a balloon but it is doomed  
moving from everything that is dull  
to the land where there is nothing but everything sharp.

