

Drifting

by Tim G. Young

it's all a bit like the quiet steam
drifting to nowhere off my microwaved
hot coffee in the sunflower mug
a bit like the sun creating shadows everywhere
it can possibly touch
and if i lean forward
the sun plays on my eyes ever as warmth
ever as the brightest light
also above but so below the sun flies
the small airplanes humming like locusts
drifting off to nowhere

now the afternoon can't help but stretch
nearer and nearer to the dusk and evening
when it will do no good
to lean my eyes into the sun that no longer shines

the creak of black leather in my jacket
the moist sips from my mug
somehow ground me to the cement floor
littered with pebbles in my crowded garage

having found the golden shaft of sun
i plant my chair plant my body
incurring the wrath of the empty page
until my pen dissolves its ink
between the printed lines

on the next page i see indentations of words
written on the previous page
so strong into the dusk
i have no doubt i am seeing so clear

before the inexorable fade into
indistinguishable

except now the stones in the drive
become so deliberately turned upside down
by the arrival of a lady driven jeep
delivering packages from amazon

after a quick wave
the silence of the sun shadows
and afternoon
play on myself my clothing
like fossils in hard rock

