## empty

## by Tim G. Young

feeling empty as the bottom of a bottle dry as a bone in death valley alone raging at the stars can't afford to drink in the bars so the bars rise up around me leaving me to waltz through the night like a candle flame threatened from all sides terrified of the faintest breeze please please let me run away drift down the highway float atop the midway dream in technicolor pixels a million to the inch screaming in surround sound left behind to fall down still the emptiness weaves me like a blanket no strong stitch to block the cold no time saver to stop the old man from marching slowly

right down the drain