

I Bought New Candles

by Tim G. Young

The candles and my brain
flame
like a torch
but not too much torch
feeling like a service
flames still
candles strong as steel
hold all feelings
in hope
a crack in the dark
a smudge of light
on the horizon

straining all over
the far of its reach
painting the walls
with unheard music
in a cold dark club
smoking drinking
the unfiltered water
and whiskey
climbing a sharp shifty
staircase
glistening with ageless time
wrapped in forgotten
rotten newspapers

