

A Quiet Noise

by Tim G. Young

the sun is quiet like the mountains,

the birds except for their wings,

and quiet too the silent sky

bellows blue, and clear

my insides make no noise

digestion in a crawl,

blood moving the invisible current

too quiet, maybe.

still time spits in my eyes,

rolls around and removes its clothes

shining like a baby's behind,

so there's no notice

when the noisy wind picks up,

tickling the sun

like a river streaming white and gold,

breathing every last quiet drop

in silence.

