

after

by Tim G. Young

when the mirror cracks
my eyes won't cry
it's a perfectly
respectable (romance)
between her and i
know exactly
what it is
and that's so cool
i feel a chill
but so soon
i'm warn(m)ing up baby
you take me
and slide me in the oven
where i'll burn
for hours
loving my cousin (asking for something)
but you know
the sun still shines
and if the hill
is still there
then i'm still going
to climb
aboard the mystery train
chasing my love
across the endless
tracks sipping coffee
drinking in the back
loading my dice
with heartache and pain
spinning these tales
in the mind
of the train

shaking my fever
to the edge
of the night
holding myself
away from the light
amid dangerous designs
to regain my sight
and fail miserably
but in the trying
i cry
drinking the smoke
the truth and
the lies
all such a jumble
a puzzle
a lock
a mystery solved
if i open
the box

