

Another Land

by Tim G. Young

In another land
and another dimension,
looking backwards
where the music
sometimes comes.
It seems like
an accident
but it rushes just
the same.
And it crashes into
gardens of flowers
crushing giant stems.

The chords then
ring flat like
squeezed through
a sponge
dripping in their soil
not content
to ever rest.
Spending every ounce
of energy
carelessly,
needlessly,
never coming to
an end.

Then if midnight
calls an orphan

so far away
his eyes will never
close,
or reach the
purple sky.
For the broken
heart lasts longer
than the courage
of a cry,
and crying never ceases
such is the
nature of the beast
when the bloodshot eyes
collide with rain
in another land.

