

# Beyond Steps that Falter

by Tim G. Young

It's a trick to try and say this  
It's not easy creating a list  
which might reveal my true intentions  
or open the door to even more questions  
but since I'm moving in that direction  
I'd like to buy a little more protection

It makes me wish sometimes  
I should have become a spy  
working for my country  
embedded in the FBI  
entangled in certain developments  
way beyond my control  
but able to survive a Blitzkrieg  
and its agonizing toll

But now if you're looking at me  
what is it you really see  
An image inside a shadow  
A stream whose depth is shallow  
Or a soldier in a starring role  
a man who won but sold his soul  
or a bird in sky singing the blues  
a deer trapped in my headlights  
with no idea what to do

And the women all around me  
in their perfect pretty dresses  
align themselves like peacocks  
losing their feathers losing their senses

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/beyond-steps-that-falter>»*

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But if I'm really on my own then I'm  
dancing with my mother  
So I might indulge in my victory or  
I might stand still and shudder

I might wish I was anything  
other than I really am  
I might wish I was logic  
a current flowing over a dam  
I might wish I was a hurricane  
blowing like I was going to die tomorrow  
I might wish I was a piece of flesh  
quivering in the rain and sorrow

I might wish I was anything  
including some dust on the shelf  
where maybe I might blow away  
unseen like the coming of rust  
Or maybe all my wishes  
were just crumbs out on the trail  
where I could barely ever find them  
but might lead me down  
along a shiny silver rail

But no I'm only an elegant liar  
based in the depths of my tracks  
so involved with the industry of it all  
that I would find it impossible  
to even think of looking back  
Yes it's only looking forward  
that makes the most sense in my brain  
and so I've put my list in motion  
and hope I'm never asked to explain.

