

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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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.

