

# Black Night Takes Bite

*by* Tim G. Young

The Black night took a big bite out of the creamy coffee.  
The caffeine struggled upstream like a salmon.  
The moon rolled over on her back and laughed.  
The copper colored candy wrapped itself in a twist tie nightmare.  
All the King's horses ran to a smashing stop and shit together.  
The angels coughed and popped another benny,  
They knew the Black night was not running away.  
Even though all were speeding through time,  
Like a shark through the deep blue.  
A promise lay on its side, yawned, and waited for the lights  
To turn green.  
The traffic hummed inside heads, brains, and muscles.  
A terrific rush blasted through fears and frustrations.  
Nothing was safe from the time that forced itself into  
Each and every new moment across every curb and street corner.  
Then the lights turned green but were shot out  
In a single smash by bullets raining down hard and fast.  
The air crowded with hot pellets burning even the angels  
If caught in the hail.  
The Black night reached under his shiny silk jacket  
And touched the steamy leather of his holster.  
The cool design of the pistol  
Slid out as smooth as a wisecrack.  
All faces sensed the urgency of the moment.  
Money was made to spin, run and hide.  
Everything that ever was crouched and shivered  
Like infants afraid the moment the night light  
Is extinguished.

Across town, a canary sings bright.  
The wind reminds itself of a fresh shower.  
Another world and yet another world

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Build resistance but play in the same field.  
The Mocking bird lights from wire to wire  
Then suddenly it's too late to sing.  
It began to sound as if someone had jumped  
Out of the window.  
It began to sound as if something was terribly wrong.  
It began to sound as if the Black night was creeping,  
Destroying boundaries by a sheer slip of the tongue.  
Mothers pulled blankets over the heads  
Of shivering children.  
Fathers put their papers down.  
The stars made quick for the emergency exits  
While the moon continued to snicker.  
Clouds had been eliminated.  
Rain had taken on new meaning.  
The forces that forced began to look at  
The next train out of town.  
The Black night ordered a bourbon whiskey straight up.  
The punch to his throat reinforced  
His clarity of vision.  
No one along the long bar dared take a breath,  
Until finally the bartender winked.  
Then the building erupted  
With real passion uncoiled like a rattlesnake,  
Spitting venom into eyes, ears and nose.  
All afflicted rose to the occasion and bought  
The house a drink.  
There was no more crying  
There was no more hiding.  
Everything that ever was began to take one step  
Forward.  
The Black night smiled turning slowly  
Into Dawn.

