

Curves

by Tim G. Young

the railroad curve
rounded like her shoulder
followed that line
past the tall water tower
bending my mind
like the light
in a tunnel
following that rail
another hundred miles
as the light meets her eyes
it automatically smiles

and the smiles light the way
when the wind blows the darkness
and the darkness forced to hide
makes the light seem endless
and the curve in your back
leaves the world far behind us

