Day Slides Like A Drop

by Tim G. Young

early raindrop, vertical,
inches quick and slow
down tall glass window

seconds slide to minutes
while my eyes move elsewhere
until raindrop forgotten

the cream in my coffee
comes together in my throat
traveling to my stomach
swallowed in anticipation

a late lunch evolves
into pork loins
with hidden blood vessels
revealed under a microscope

instantly hail slings like
six strings
vibrations collide
into particles so fast
past steamy glass

later still
wine parties with cucumber
red and rich
while Mame opens
a new window

then in dessert fashion
the real tree

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glows electric
reaching out past nations
and huge rock formations

but somewhere a corner of darkness
is sitting very still
and silence haunts the air
like a ghost somewhere
making memories
through my blood and marrow

as wine changes to gin
the tears begin
their slow slide down
a long strong face
because Connie Francis
has filled my cup
and it runneth over