

# Dos Equis

*by* Tim G. Young

dos equis ambar  
sits cool and dark  
by my side  
south of border  
cerveza  
begins a slow dance  
round the circle  
of my head  
feeling the  
summertime heat  
drifting like a log  
with no feet  
lighting fires in  
the dark woods

red double x  
soothes me deep  
and i'm not explaining  
i'm not dreaming  
i'm not complaining  
i don't want to

the sip driving me faster  
and further  
on the raging highway  
blowing past cops  
and sirens  
my engines moving  
like a son of a bitch  
horsing around  
inside the glove of  
high speed

i can't hear you anymore  
i'm too far away  
i'm beyond things  
where i used to be  
i'm inside things before  
where i couldn't see

the sun sinking gold  
into tomorrow's mold  
while the stars drip  
in freezing cerveza  
lifting hopes and dreams  
across the baked sky  
of delicious universe

to swallow to swallow  
brings the  
happy occasion  
so sharp in focus  
until memories flood  
the open gates of  
the ocean  
wrapped in a bottle cap  
sold to the man  
with a visa card  
tied so tightly  
round his neck

so he cries  
so the beverage  
throws him  
into fits against  
the drunken sky  
until the moon erases

all but the good  
all but a reason  
floating inside the  
dark dos equis

