

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

