

empty

by Tim G. Young

feeling empty as the
bottom of a bottle
dry as a bone
in death valley alone
raging at the stars
can't afford
to drink in the bars
so the bars
rise up around me
leaving me to waltz
through the night
like a candle
flame threatened
from all sides
terrified of the
faintest breeze
please please please
let me run away
drift down the highway
float atop the midway
dream in technicolor
pixels a million
to the inch
screaming in surround sound
left behind to fall down
still the emptiness
weaves me like a blanket
no strong stitch
to block the cold
no time saver
to stop the old
man from marching slowly

right down the drain

