

gospel

by Tim G. Young

the tinny beer can fell from my desk
and exploded over my head
it raised up like a dragon
fire and smoke breathing
like a thunderstorm on acid
the black and green meshed
inbetween like a smoke screen
in the future the explosion
will be remembered
and will be well-written about
by beer manufactures
and beer drinkers alike
though of course never knowing the truth
of how the fire and brimstone
didn't actually explode
but hovered over the heads of
many more people than one
true, it was a storm
of raging flames but the
actual destruction was minimal
still since years have passed
the memory evolves
into a fable
a warning glued to the front
conspiring to raise the story
to the heights of gospel

