

Homage to Jack

by Tim G. Young

Beat, man. Fucking big beat world, turning on a mad string
following a sad sun

through the red neon

beer lights inside the snazzy jazz blowing like the holy storm right
up my nose.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

And I drove that beast until the tires smoked and reminded me of
the weed we

burned like the

incense and candles turned sweaty orange as they dripped on my
face still

gleaming from the

cunt juice I so carefully drank, except what I spilled, an hour ago in
the back seat

of the beat 47

Plymouth balling down the snow shrouded mountains tripping
behind the holy

pool halls of Denver...

