

In the Alley

by Tim G. Young

Living in the alley
headlights crushed like dreams
wet shiny streets
glare like a black sun
ripping me up like paper
as i sink down into the
shadows crawling like a worm
past cold bricks
centuries old in my blood
covered my head once in the flood
of memories rolled into
a crazy joint
but it wasn't drugs that made
me dance in the damp
it was a moment
wrapped in the curious kalediscope
of candy drenched illusions
soaked in the hard rain
and the rain poured like it never poured
and splashed like it never splashed
and pounded on my floor
and it hurt so bad it hurt so bad
my head dashed in all directions
my heart began to think
inventing dangerous rhythms
mush too fast
much too slow
much too angry and sad
for such a long time
couldn't grasp my fingers falling
never knowing where to let go
but then when the candles came to life

flames flicking
like tongues inside my mouth
driving me to the brink of
enormous orgasms
spewing the most private parts
of me into the most public
spaces as if she was peering over
my shoulder at my hand full of aces
before i could raise and bet
on the hand of my life
then when I did I did
past all the odds
past a hole in my hand
i could look through
my vision expanding so far so fast
looks like i'm going to be
up all night
pouring my drinks
pouring my mind into tall glasses
until finally the road ahead
twists and turns into familiar
shapes and the cold bricks
turn into blue skies
and bare feet dance on my back
human touch taking the alley by surprise
lifting the garbage
higher and higher
ever cold and wet
for such a long long time

