

# in the sun

*by* Tim G. Young

an artist sits in the sun  
moving fingers through long hair  
behind clouds a shadow vanishes  
long thoughts stand tall  
descriptions dance in the distance  
where's the phone?  
email intrudes  
smoke from a fire way over the hills  
snakes like grey ribbons  
while fire inside also burns  
more like candles and wax  
drifting slowly on flesh

a call to other galaxies rarely returned  
mountains of graveyards  
sit on the very tip  
of the coffee spoon  
anger, hatred, and love  
dispensed from heartless machines  
dipped in solitude  
as sanctuary recedes  
like waves on a beach  
in the sun

