Is it True about all the Lies

by Tim G. Young

Is it true about all the lies?
Thinking I can make a difference
while all the waves roll right back
into the sea.

An empty bottle speaks louder than words, he thought, wiping the one drop of moisture from his mouth. He put the bottle in the trash and went to the oven, set the temp for two hundred twenty two degrees, turned it on and opened the door. The heating elements clicked and groaned.

Is it true about all the lies
Running myself into the ground
waiting for the good life to be found
turning into just another rhyme
especially when it takes too much time.

Sitting quietly, fingers playing on the top of his cheekbones, soft but firm. It was the noise of the wind outside blowing like gales through tattered sails, flapping, cursing at one another for ignoring warnings like the sunshine growing ever so weak and pale. And everyone rattling sabers but no one carrying a big stick.

So look out my window
see that cat in the tree
He's doing his best not
to laugh too hard at you

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/is-it-true-about-all-the-lies»*
Copyright © 2016 Tim G. Young. All rights reserved.

and all the bad jokes
His smile wishes for the rain to
come again another day.

He wrote, wrote, wrote with the sharp eye of an eagle, the sun's shadows climbing up the walls. It was a long cold lonely winter and the light faded fast. Mostly there was no one to talk to and a bottle of whisky seemed like an extravagance he wouldn't let himself afford. He never mentioned the word fear but if he did then all the lights in the house would automatically turn on.

Remember your old friend Billy?
And how he used to tell you what
color socks to wear?
Sitting in the yellow school bus
Where's Billy now?

For better or worse the ghosts remembered every detail. They laughed at all the jokes and played like dust in the wind. They had nothing to lose. They lived on different and stranger levels and could make lightning fast adjustments and turn directly into a carnival if they had a mind, even if they didn't.

Moving along the highway
reading all the signs
 don't ask me to go your way
because I won't do what you tell me to.

In the end the rain blew out, the sun found a new home and a bottle of whisky sat freshly opened on the cluttered desk. He furiously scribbled notes to himself about the next things to be done, the letters large and fat. It was finally another day but echoes of past memories continued to shatter present illusions. He couldn't grab a hold on his thirst. Is it true about all the lies, he thought.