

# It's Tough

*by* Tim G. Young

got the space heater going in the desert  
got a lot of space out there somewhere  
got a heater in my pocket  
and a photo in a locket  
and half a beer cozy with the keyboard

it's dark in here  
and over there too  
in Jack's Book he's so drunk  
he never knows what to do  
damn sad story

truth is if I had a locket  
what fucking picture would be in there  
probably the ghosts of my family  
all strung out across the great forty-eight  
praying for another breath

the future is so immediately the past  
it scares the shit out of me  
when it's so impossible to keep up  
and the easiest thing to keep falling back  
tough to write in this situation

tough to call a cab in the middle of nowhere  
no bright lights no diner's neon glow  
which for absolutely no appropriate reason  
brings to mind a quiver of arrows and a bow  
and then the sharp stick pierces the yellow target

sometimes my fingers feel funny  
even though they all look exactly like

my fingers should look  
but it's not about look but about  
how they feel now and then like a foreign land

clinging to a batch of desperate ideas  
dunked in the coffee like a cookie  
crumbs fumbling into the stew  
before the tongue can wrap around them  
and taste that desired sweetness

who knows what it really is  
did anyone divulge even a clue of an answer  
even a trip to the sewer might send sparks flying  
might wind around a red hot glowing element  
might sing an old song from memory

