

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

