

Modern Fable

by Tim G. Young

a modern fable caught in the blink
of an eye
a roaring roar washing down
bourbon over ice
the story compact enough
to fly

there's looks between the covers
and shotguns in the drawer
there are lights above the pavement
and cash in an old green jar
there are muscle men in the circus
there are travelers on the path
there are flies inside the laughter
there are rivers the sun can't catch

mama is cold in her grave
as the grass bends down in the wind
the sun plays off the grey stones
the children have not yet sinned
there's a monster under the bed boards
there's a woman at the head of the stairs
there's a man outside in the rain
it's confusing
but he's not to blame

once she said you better run for your life,
you better find a place to take shelter
to hide away from the looks and the men
who will never find the answer

one day a hard rock is going

to break through the windshield
and sting like a million bees
pouring in like raindrops
the pain all too happy to please
and the distances travelled
small in the scheme of things
will run to finally hold you
curious to see everything
like a cool drink of water
melts flesh mingles with blood
pumping ever pumping
until the drought becomes a flood

