

Out the Window

by Tim G. Young

she lifted and threw her legs out the open
side front window of the speeding auto
her shoes flew from her feet
her toes waving in the wind
she brushed her hands through her hair
and bumped against the drivers arms
as he held the wheel
he laughed at her and her naked feet
she knotted her hair and placed a cigarette
in her mouth
the flame of the match was no contest
against the wind
she laughed and tossed the unlit smoke
out the window
ashes from the ashtray now caught by the breeze
flew up in ever widening circles above her head
and twisted like a garland around both passengers
as the speed increased
she sang a song so familiar she forgot
the melody
the sun slashed the windshield
the moon fainted like a shadow
at 3:33 the radio picked up a Dylan tune
the poetry wrapped its ropes around the couple
and silently sent them skyward

