

# PARK

*by* Tim G. Young

Sitting by the fountain  
Hair slips into surgery  
Lancing old wounds  
Staving off infection  
Through my eyes  
Sun blast the proof  
Of the silhouette  
Startling lack of detail  
Shadows from a star  
Never too close  
Never too far  
The female by the fountain  
Almost a whisper  
Ancient chords in my ear  
Struggling for a moment  
If I was there or I was here  
Other voices tucked into the breeze  
Then blow off like dead, yellow leaves  
But face and hands  
Gather warming rays  
When blue skies flirt  
With yellow haze  
And deepness hurts  
And blood is boiled  
And all my clothes  
Are ripped and soiled  
Yet night's arrival  
Is delayed by a switch  
The tracks very shiny

The signals  
Need to be fixed  
The rest  
Is all in slow motion  
The surgical hair  
Has cut a deeper shadow  
Light forced to beware  
But there is no ticking  
Time simply a memory  
The black birds  
Lifted then dropped the clocks  
Spring fell further behind  
There is a corner of the mind  
A corner on its way  
But not quite blind  
So vision begs, screams and pleads  
Rarely receiving what it needs  
Then the light plays tricks  
And hovers in each moment  
Learning important  
Last licks  
Like the mind  
Is an envelope  
Sliding lives into heal  
But then all must escape  
Before the flap  
Is sealed

