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