

Road Movies

by Tim G. Young

Not so joyous but sad.
So many empty spaces,
pushing, shoving
but it's all missing.
Don't worry though,
you won't be able
to see far enough ahead
for it to make a difference.
Like no attempts are made to
fill an ashtray
but soon enough it overflows.
Like puddles when it rains,
like relationships in chains.

Run before the baby cries
down a crooked street,
searching for the straight life,
hidden behind broken windshield wipers.
Wipers crawling under your covers
late at night,
when the fevers strike.
Not so simple
to wipe away the sweat
until you dash out the door
smashing every beer bottle
dancing in your way,
drinking the rest
then she pulls down her skirt.
Inside her legs you breathe,
sigh, caress and yes, fly away.

Morning becomes morning

stretching muscles into the
shortest shadows windows can hold.
Look outside,
blue sky gathers like
green moss on the shady side.
Watch it grow,
its learned to go forever
right up to the very last moment
when the bell pings,
and she begins to sing
the sad reflections
wearing the shortest lives of all.
Gathered in the sad joy
of life ringing.

