

# Shiny Crimson Trails

*by* Tim G. Young

a man in silhouette wearing a hat  
steps out from store  
in rain

twilight encapsulates moods, images  
as light fades

he steps off curb  
into open door of waiting vehicle

automobile slides down black tape  
tail lights crying shiny crimson trails

no human is seen

windshield wipers play games  
demonstrating skills beyond measure

a CD player lasers latest recording  
into ears, dark parts, even muscle

silences roar like raindrops  
slapping themselves in head

endless night creeps  
into fond empty space

each moment encouraged  
like the last and the one before

black legs exit doorways  
like shadows almost hidden

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/shiny-crimson-trails>»*

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car parts glisten dancing along  
rear view mirrors lost in time

there is no speaking

only thoughts lost in  
lonely trails of red

like blood in head  
pounding towards next destinations

the music is over  
lush drunkenness climbs  
into back seat

hands remove hat  
sliding along narrow throats

rain swallowed like fear  
traces every crack

until wet streets  
reflect only green

no human is seen

