

Silver & Suds

by Tim G. Young

my hands splash in to
silver and suds
in attempts to rinse
blues caked in grease
away for a while

lights never dim
at least not until the end
but by then
silver and suds
drained and put in place

where is the proper face
which might bear the weight
of the next billion bubbles
and the lightning flash of humor
conceived in yet another
macaroni and cheese

don't deny the happy customer
their place in all the unformed lines
never seen and absolutely
impossible to trace
until two feet lead directly
out the door

meanwhile exhaustion doubles, triples
and the play is always at home
like the catcher in the rye
might have said the very same thing
just keep temptation checked in back
of the freezer

