

# Smoke and Stars

*by* Tim G. Young

In the midst of things  
a whirlwind  
smoke and stars  
beer in bars  
high beams slicing  
blackness enticing  
as distant lights  
all must shiver  
before joining in  
a Milky Way river

These ideas slaughtered on the block  
red blood flowing from a rock  
careless wind whipping  
bare skin  
leaving hard learned tracks  
is it such a sin  
as a single match  
sparks and burns just  
before the light is spurned

Then silence grabs me  
by the throat  
thrown off course  
but still afloat  
silent drift  
ignoring boundaries  
feeling lost  
while space surrounds me

So usual doesn't matter  
when galaxies shake and scatter

filling the entire sky  
like one idea in mind  
like a single drop in time  
allowing oceans to speak  
returning the strong to the weak  
including every tiny speck  
and all the stars  
alive or wrecked

Like smoke attracted  
to a magnet  
the way now is clear  
the path as bright  
as the darkest night  
when stars knew  
to be gathered here

