

# Sounds from the Sun

*by* Tim G. Young

Sunlight on the pages of my Elvis Costello book  
like a yellow light in a dingy basement dressing room  
too moist and too hungover from the last past thousand bands  
learning to keep a taught guitar string

As the sun waned I stretched out on the bed  
wrestling with my phone attached to the night stand  
where I stood for hours in the rain and sun  
hoping the correct amplification would tear into my brain

It was a lovely day all the horrors in deep hiding  
leaving me, leaving all of us, a chance to wonder why  
in the complex silence of the crowded words on the page  
next to the stage  
dripping distinctly into the pit of a synapse  
grounded in an electrical storm of huge proportions  
slashing through every restricted area

And out of the blue or grey or silver come the wicked  
winds announcing their arrival from distances  
unknown and never really appreciated  
until  
until the sun careens off the decibels like powdered sugar  
from a white cake banking in a sharp left turn  
past the groaning bar stools practicing their private dance  
in front of the mirror moving their feet in an imagined ballet

Still the story twists and turns indulging in such a mad red  
plot undermining all existing infrastructures  
turning chords and melody and lines of communications  
into orange parfait wiggling past the most outrageous moves  
splitting both legs (naked legs) in world crazy dance

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UNTIL the wiry string is bent near bursting but  
living large in the finest sustain able to crack all  
chromatic eggs in their proverbial baskets but sending  
ear drums back to the manufacturer for every major  
adjustment set in motion by such potent vibrations  
to begin with \* \* \*

One guy in particular paid strict attention  
to the movement of the pages  
the movement round the edges  
riding the tour bus popping in pills and cassettes  
forver on the rewind  
sitting in the farthest reaches of the rear seats  
held under by headphones

Then the beer infused vodka struck a giant leap  
for mankind in the soft wild rushes of a tender caress  
on the left side of her ass demonstrating the smoothest hands  
but who would know who would tell  
it wasn't news anyway not really

Or the video and King Kong is climbing the Empire State  
the height strong as the night but it wasn't the airplanes  
that got him  
you've got to hold on tight to what you have  
and never let it go  
you've got to appreciate every little moment  
while you're breathing in deep responses  
in the thinnest of air

Finally he returned to the same old theatre where the  
tour had begun in the first place

but the seats had been torn out along with the fly system  
and all the back stage parties everyone dying for a  
glimpse or a touch or another drink

And now the dancing sun half roared into retreat  
the flesh on the bones aging like  
the meat on a steak  
while every minute is captured  
every hour sent to the ceiling  
every day wrapped in the controlled fires  
of an ageless silent healing

