

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

