

# Still Dancing b/w Smokey Conversation

*by* Tim G. Young

couples holding hands in the dark walking  
as my car slides by with joe turner  
in radio singing  
time laughs in the back seat  
startles me as my hands fly around the steering wheel  
like the heat blowing from the vents

can't see any faces as bodies move  
in headlights shadows  
counting a few steps  
into silence of the street

the speedometer doesn't work  
but the speed has already spoke  
its profound movements past  
every moment then and now  
inside the rear view mirror

speaking volumes  
at least as loud as any night  
i've ever heard  
blowing past my face  
knowing nothing ever comes back  
but now i'm still dancing

\* \* \*P.S.\* \* \*

smokey conversation

brings lightning  
through the window

an engine stalls out  
in the parking lot  
the driver  
tears her skirt  
coming through the door

my friend bill  
lights another cigarette  
as i move ashtray  
nearer to his arm

the raindrops on the glass  
appear to glisten  
while the girl asks the bartender  
about her car

not much business  
on a night like this  
everyone just  
quiet somewhere

the rain increases  
making different designs  
sounds and rhythm like dance steps

the bartender  
lends the girl his phone  
smiles through tangled hair  
and touches his lip

my friend bill  
stubs out his cigarette

the grey ash rests  
then falls

voices like shadows  
come apart  
and back together  
again all at once

