

Strange

by Tim G. Young

Words are looking ever so strange today
like a hole in space
a wind in a cloud
a face superimposed over a mountain

Strange is looking strange today
inside a hollow root
bearing down on pressures too strong
inside a scrabble game
loading guns for the highest mark

The highest mark not found in my pen
or in the corral with all the horses
found to be found staying far away
from all that is lost and often not thought of
looking deep into the glass not filled

There must be an escape route
paved into the ancient mountains
of a youth taught to fly in a
brand new world unleashed from
tight ropes and strangled sounds
living in the roaring roar
of such bulldozed dreams

Flying around lost rings in a circle
singing the standout choruses
finally demonstrating real power
in vocals released at the very last moment
before disaster sings another note

