

The Power

by Tim G. Young

*the power in a glass of wine
entwines beyond logic and skill as
the power of the mind
pours slowly into the glass
the glass shudders like the
hurricane of time and
time melts like chocolate
running down the face
to trembling lips*

*looking through the doorway
the clock comes into view
at one in the morning
the silence of the hardwood floors
blisters into fragments
into splinters of life
piercing each moment
beyond blood and sinew
into mysteries not fully
imagined*

*once there was a little boy
watching the endless
waters flow
wondering at the depth of it all
caught in the middle of a
moment unable to explore*

*the power of a glass of wine
reminds time of so many
different paths
some overgrown some worn*

*to the bone
others
never noticed*

*finally silence becomes
the glue holding it all
inside a painting of peace
until finally peace explodes
and the power of it all
rains flooding the dry wash
rinsing the air
breathing in the
everything including the
emptiness of the bottle all
now discarded*

