

The Street Singer

by Tim G. Young

The Street singer heads down the highway
The highway heads down the road
The interstate intersects above the high rail
The overpass rests miles down the trail
Inside the Street singers heart
The blood flows at ninety miles an hour
A race has begun
Before the melody escapes from clenched teeth
He holds on to dear life
The Street singer has choices to make
And many exits to choose
Number 298 Number 909
Choosing the wrong choice might mean a dead end

Instead the Street singer sails his boat
Down the river winding like the twisted road
He has left behind
He doesn't mind
The journey and the street
All about time
About time the Street singer sings
Lost in his reverie
Driving his boat like a fast car
The sail meeting rubber soul on the road
The noise of tires and rudder
Drowning out every missed chance to pass
Every road stop
Shrouded in the pale veil of tired vending machines
Spitting out quarters
Flying into the guitar case
Of the Street singer

The Street singer gathers up his coins
and counts up to a hundred before
The last G string stops vibrating
Then back to the highway
The highway back to the road
The winding river becomes clear
In his rear view mirror
The mirror records every second elapsed
Since the journey began
He holds his own hand
Looks at it and sees the years
Gone slowly by but more rapid than the 18 wheelers
The Street singer sometimes passes as he sings

The Street singer stops for a hamburger
While waiting he spills the coffee
The cup lays on its side
Hugging the counter
But the waitress removes it and brings another
The Street singer makes a song
The waitress plays a significant role
She stands on the shoulder with her thumb in the wind
The Street singer picks her up
While she shows the way and the
Light up ahead glows Motel
She takes his hand and guides it
He's been on this road before
In a second the lights are over
When the sheets begin to sing

The Street singer hangs on every word
He is accustomed to and plays the correct chord
At exactly the right moment
The sun falls on his face
The race for about time is complete

But his eyes still move faster and further
Down the left lane than he can possibly hope to see
The mountains move from left to right
There are no signals ahead

