

# 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

