

The Untold Story

by Tim G. Young

I'm a summer movie,
I'm a cardboard box.
I'm caught up in some tentacles.
I found a door but never knocked.

I kept a journal
for so many years,
I've forgotten
everything I wrote.
I fell down
in the soft cement,
and dropped my anchor
like a boat.

I crashed into the red brick wall,
I moved from Florida to Maine.
I ran over a dog once fast
but I didn't feel any pain.

Sometimes in the mountains,
I get lost on the trail.
The sun and the wind confuse me,
when suddenly I turn at
the sound of a stick
because the woods
know how to use me.

I dropped my hat
on the corner once

and some kid ran over
to steal it.

But I raised my voice
and he made the choice
it was the best idea
to return it.

But now the movie's over
the bad guys won
and the sun faced the wind
as it was crying.

Then I made it back home
where I live all alone,
hey you can't kick a guy
just for trying.

