

Weeds

by Tim G. Young

long string like brown grassy weeds
wave to me as I speeding by
in big buick

on cd I make
john hiatt does not smash
perfectly good guitar

my mouth opens in strong
same support singing

automobile gives much strength to
my being moving silent
in my seat

cell phone and
bottle water (quaking inside)
sit close by

more shaky weeds
laugh only to
themselves but
I see
black ceiling
follows me like shark

then rusty cage kicks in
so will be breaking soon out
of traps in head

so alone in night
mangled in time

so crazy brave
along all
hidden
enemy lines

want truth to fit
like socks
snug and warm

cancel the damsel
in danger
raise the sword
from the rock
flock to the edge
of knowing
the road goes

here in a complete capsule
the ingredients for
life slime to the surface
no one agrees more
than a cell divided* * *

ahab answers his long
question
sees it
sinking with the whale

pulled under
not over
when life began
in earnest

slow pokes
glide by

missing harpoons
strung out in
noisy blood letting

keep your goddamn
hands on the wheel

nobody's perfect
like age comes and goes
seeing sometimes fades
vision tied up in blind knots
singing the song
of the ocean
entangled in the weeds
so deep below

