

# Wind Drinks Time Like Wine

*by* Tim G. Young

beer and potato chips  
shrimp and red wine  
and after there was enough of everything  
time collapsed like a thin dime  
creating such an explosive situation  
what with all the fire and rain  
that through all the extremely loud noises  
there wasn't one chance to explain  
but who needed an explanation anyway  
who needed to be hurt like that  
if the truth turned out to be lies  
if the thin man turned out to be fat

but let's stop and take another look at things  
could it be through our closed eyes  
that we didn't really know what we were talking about  
that there never was a surprise  
that there never was really anything  
like we thought it would be  
as we lay there in the motionless hum  
exposed like a bird in a tree  
but then before the wind rose up  
before the timid drops of rain  
time came to sit once more  
heard coughing through his pain

later he had the urge to whisper  
something he had almost revealed to the wind  
but since it was such a deep cold secret

he lost his nerve and the will to begin  
so he sat there like a beggar  
like a child about to cry  
but never asked for anything  
because he knew he would  
never die

later falling through the hole in the beer bottle  
we made a sort of a splash  
the laughter rolled up like lightning  
but the fire was not to last  
and that's when the car roared back to life  
pistons french kissing the fuel  
delivering every ounce of effort  
testing its strength breaking the rules  
that's when the cry was finally heard  
and the lights finally began to shine  
through the void and the blackness  
and into the face of time

so now it's time to stop and think  
and to ponder the possibilities of hidden meaning  
as if our souls were to rise above  
and we all finally awake from our dreaming  
awaking from our solitude from the fear when we dissolve  
like a salty tear in a drop of rain  
like a sun and the planets revolve  
around a kiss on the cheek of infinity  
stuck in a moment we all know so well  
like time in a straight jacket  
resists every reason every temptation to tell

