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

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/wind-drinks-time-like-wine»* Copyright © 2016 Tim G. Young. All rights reserved. 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 \sim