

# Day Slides Like A Drop

*by* Tim G. Young

early raindrop, vertical,  
inches quick and slow  
down tall glass window

seconds slide to minutes  
while my eyes move elsewhere  
until raindrop forgotten

the cream in my coffee  
comes together in my throat  
traveling to my stomach  
swallowed in anticipation

a late lunch evolves  
into pork loins  
with hidden blood vessels  
revealed under a microscope

instantly hail slings like  
six strings  
vibrations collide  
into particles so fast  
past steamy glass

later still  
wine parties with cucumber  
red and rich  
while Mame opens  
a new window

then in dessert fashion  
the real tree

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glows electric  
reaching out past nations  
and huge rock formations

but somewhere a corner of darkness  
is sitting very still  
and silence haunts the air  
like a ghost somewhere  
making memories  
through my blood and marrow

as wine changes to gin  
the tears begin  
their slow slide down  
a long strong face  
because Connie Francis  
has filled my cup  
and it runneth over

