

in the sun

by Tim Young

an artist sits in the sun
moving fingers through long hair
behind clouds a shadow vanishes
long thoughts stand tall
descriptions dance in the distance
where's the phone?
email intrudes
smoke from a fire way over the hills
snakes like grey ribbons
while fire inside also burns
more like candles and wax
drifting slowly on flesh

a call to other galaxies rarely returned
mountains of graveyards
sit on the very tip
of the coffee spoon
anger, hatred, and love
dispensed from heartless machines
dipped in solitude
as sanctuary recedes
like waves on a beach
in the sun

