

InSiDe

by Tim G. Young

dreaming in my cartoon life
the car lifts its legs
a hundred feet in the air
while jet propulsion
lifts me up and over
all the pokes in front of me

i'm able to pop out from behind
the wheel laughing like a banshee
taking the corners at speeds
beyond belief incredibly
sharp turns
hanging on my head
where the hair used to be

locked in the locomotion
dancing with little eva
twisitng the night away
hungry for the pizza
in imported shoes
with the laces on the side
black and white
no racial divide

shaking all night
only to get away from
the pressures of the day some
left their imprints so deep
inside a shattered soul

looking inside where the birds sleep

waiting to hear one little peep
knowing the song lies ever so deep
inside some rhyme
i just can't keep from myself

and it's true it's so lonely out here
out there where science
touches the stars
out here where a beat so bold
can break
into a vision even television
can't lift to its lips and sell you
for nineteen and ninety-five

no no it's a heartbreak
an achy ache
impossible to scratch or
reach for the painkillers
like the hours that will wither
like the winter begins the shivers
reaching for the hot water
boiling like jack flash
in the rocking pan
in the heart of man

how clever when i find you
melting inside your igloo
wearing every blanket
every garment grandmother ever sewed
covering each and every toe
and all the joy there was to know

but inside there lies the beauty
the rapture and the cutie
bubbling spicy in the mirror

like laughter called to duty
cracking all over thin ice
never allowed to repeat more than twice

living in the heartbreak hotel
moving whiskey to the well
sharing every trip
that went to hell
never mind the cat and the bell
never looking to buy or sell
only dipping into time
which will someday tell
the truth

