

middle of the night

by Tim Young

Crazy to sit here like this in the middle of the night surrounded by a chill and the silence of a billion stars. Getting lost in the distances and confused by the length of my arms poking into darkness.

I crave a sandwich and a tall glass of milk in a well lighted kitchen with a kitchen smell where there's a round table covered with a tablecloth yellow and blue. And a red candle glows.

And the little white lights way up high sparkle like the eyes of a big black bird.

And the bird is flying through the dark all the way into the night.

Then a moment arrives to move the billion stars into my little white bag. It's too heavy to pick up so I push it under the tallest tree I can find. The tree sighs and shakes his heavy head.

It's crazy in the middle of the night. I know the tree will kick the bag open. I know the big black bird will sit on my stars and claim them for his own.

2.

I danced in the jungle with my foot a'shaking. The beat more than I could bare. The wind was a'blowing. The trees were a'bending like the road I drove

in on. Nearly lost my life twice to speed and whiskey. And all I could feel was the

road under me. It felt hard, the road under me.

3.

Even in the middle of the night they still talked about a risky moon. A moon rich in gold. A moon like bacon, crispy and wrinkled. A moon tossed against a tall black wall. He swore it was higher than the sky and colder than winter.

Then the moon cried real white tears splashing into moon like memories covered with the ancient dust of lost love. The crying echoed like thunder and split the night in two. And one half raised a glass and the other blew a billion kisses.

