

# Modern Fable

*by* Tim Young

there's looks between the covers  
and shotguns in the drawer  
there are lights above the pavement  
and cash in an old green jar  
there are muscle men in the circus  
there are travelers on the path  
there are flies eating shit  
there are rivers that run like roads

mama is cold in her grave  
as the grass bends down in the wind  
the sun plays off the grey stones  
the children don't know where to begin  
there's a monster under the bed boards  
there's a woman at the head of the stairs  
there's a man outside in the rain  
the newspapers will never learn to explain

so much traffic sits and snarls  
the gasoline burning like desire  
the windows rolling down  
the radio blares  
and it's impossible to keep off  
the accelerator

once she said you better run for your life,  
you better find a place to take shelter  
to hide away from the looks and the men  
who constantly waste their lives

one day a hard rock is going  
to break through the windshield

and sting like a million bees  
pouring in like raindrops  
only the pain will be so much pleasure  
and the distances travelled  
small in the scheme of things  
but running to finally hold you  
brings it all into perfect perspective  
and a cool drink of water  
melts flesh as the blood  
keeps pumping

a modern fable caught in the blink  
of an eye  
a roaring roar washing down  
the bourbon over ice  
the story compact enough  
to just fit.

