Moon Talk

by Tim G. Young

moonbeams unrecognized language
steadies my course
glares off and on my windshield
somehow communicates
among ancient mountain signposts

inside a tiny dancer dances in the sand
allowing imagination to sing
loud out loud as
speedometer fails to register
any proper speed
since the moonlight
will only acknowledge
so many revolutions per second

the night meanwhile hums
as clear as the shiny stars
answering everything the moonlight
can only hint at
but does so often
sometimes it's like writing it down

where are the moon and the stars really
just outside my window or
tucked inside
a speeding dream so fast
and far away

answers almost play on my lips

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as distances converge
and play a highway tag
among tires and the hard road

and in this transitory dream
eons of lights play like tips
of candle flames
burning their telepathic
messages into singing stanzas
unleashed into the screaming quiet
of another countless night