

# Of Life

*by* Tim Young

expect the unexpected rolling like a river down the middle of a small glass tube inside the eye of hurricanes blowing at 500 miles an hour leveling everything but the mountains stand strong and laugh out loud cause they know the cruel world will even laugh at them when the time is come and so the laughter continues even louder unabated strong and full of life

then

somewhere the juke box rises proud on a pedestal 50 feet high playing all 100 hits every day and all night long loud and strong set on reset so no coins needed so the music pounds reflects rebels flies so high and sinks so low no one can believe but the rock and roll believes in itself and stretches the imagination to the breaking point like the stretched slingshot overloaded with heavy rocks blaring in the face of conformity and banal breath of everyday insignificant headlines and media shufflers until the truth is leaked like a hole in the grand coulee dam of life

then

beware the slice of the knife cutting like a curious comet blasting through solar systems down the throat of the bad ass milky way shimmering so in love with itself all across the night skies dancing with suns and frozen moons and gypsies tramps and thieves having their babies in the wild of pitch black tents strung across the abyss like clothes pins hanging on to dear life of white sheets formerly stained with the monthly flow of new stars in the universe of life

then

take me down sir to the Mississippi swamp lands crossing crazy  
borders riding high at the fabulous cross roads of the robert johnson  
blues poisoned by an invisible rival drinking all his hootch in a single  
gulp dancing with all the wrong women unable to not spend time in  
the worship of long legs and high skirts swinging open like saloon  
doors back and forth back and forth coming together so much in  
love for at least 5 minutes or until all the solos have sucked what  
remains of the song into the sad holy whiskey bottle of life

