

PARK

by Tim Young

Sitting by the fountain
Hair slips into surgery
Lancing old wounds
Staving off infection
Through my eyes
Sun blast the proof
Of the silhouette
Startling lack of detail
Shadows from a star
Never too close
Never too far
The female by the fountain
Almost a whisper
Ancient chords in my ear
Struggling for a moment
If I was there or I was here
Other voices tucked into the breeze
Then blow off like dead, yellow leaves
But face and hands
Gather warming rays
When blue skies flirt
With yellow haze
And deepness hurts
And blood is boiled
And all my clothes
Are ripped and soiled
Yet night's arrival
Is delayed by a switch
The tracks very shiny

The signals
Need to be fixed
The rest
Is all in slow motion
The surgical hair
Has cut a deeper shadow
Light forced to beware
But there is no ticking
Time simply a memory
The black birds
Lifted then dropped the clocks
Spring fell further behind
There is a corner of the mind
A corner on its way
But not quite blind
So vision begs, screams and pleads
Rarely receiving what it needs
Then the light plays tricks
And hovers in each moment
Learning important
Last licks
Like the mind
Is an envelope
Sliding lives into heal
But then all must escape
Before the flap
Is sealed

