

# Road Movies

*by* Tim Young

Not so joyous but sad.  
So many empty spaces,  
pushing, shoving  
but it's all missing.  
Don't worry though,  
you won't be able  
to see far enough ahead  
for it to make a difference.  
Like no attempts are made to  
fill an ashtray  
but soon enough it overflows.  
Like puddles when it rains,  
like relationships in chains.

Run before the baby cries  
down a crooked street,  
searching for the straight life,  
hidden behind broken windshield wipers.  
Wipers crawling under your covers  
late at night,  
when the fevers strike.  
Not so simple  
to wipe away the sweat  
until you dash out the door  
smashing every beer bottle  
dancing in your way,  
drinking the rest  
then she pulls down her skirt.  
Inside her legs you breathe,  
sigh, caress and yes, fly away.

Morning becomes morning

stretching muscles into the  
shortest shadows windows can hold.  
Look outside,  
blue sky gathers like  
green moss on the shady side.  
Watch it grow,  
its learned to go forever  
right up to the very last moment  
when the bell pings,  
and she begins to sing  
the sad reflections  
wearing the shortest lives of all.  
Gathered in the sad joy  
of life ringing.

