

Shiny Crimson Trails

by Tim Young

a man in silhouette wearing a hat
steps out from store
in rain

twilight encapsulates moods, images
as light fades

he steps off curb
into open door of waiting vehicle

automobile slides down black tape
tail lights crying shiny crimson trails

no human is seen

windshield wipers play games
demonstrating skills beyond measure

a CD player lasers latest recording
into ears, dark parts, even muscle

silences roar like raindrops
slapping themselves in head

endless night creeps
into fond empty space

each moment encouraged
like the last and the one before

black legs exit doorways
like shadows almost hidden

car parts glisten dancing along
rear view mirrors lost in time

there is no speaking

only thoughts lost in
lonely trails of red

like blood in head
pounding towards next destinations

the music is over
lush drunkenness climbs
into back seat

hands remove hat
sliding along narrow throats

rain swallowed like fear
traces every crack

until wet streets
reflect only green

no human is seen

