

Smoke and Stars

by Tim Young

In the midst of things
a whirlwind
smoke and stars
beer in bars
high beams slicing
blackness enticing
as distant lights
all must shiver
before joining in
a Milky Way river

These ideas slaughtered on the block
red blood flowing from a rock
careless wind whipping
bare skin
leaving hard learned tracks
is it such a sin
as a single match
sparks and burns just
before the light is spurned

Then silence grabs me
by the throat
thrown off course
but still afloat
silent drift
ignoring boundaries
feeling lost
while space surrounds me

So usual doesn't matter
when galaxies shake and scatter

filling the entire sky
like one idea in mind
like a single drop in time
allowing oceans to speak
returning the strong to the weak
including every tiny speck
and all the stars
alive or wrecked

Like smoke attracted
to a magnet
the way now is clear
the path as bright
as the darkest night
when stars knew
to be gathered here

