

# Soft Voices

*by* Tim Young

soft voices singing somewhere in the black back of  
rising tensions crashing with the waves inside  
loves refusals and betrayals  
join hands in the dim lights  
spilling every drink on fresh pressed clothes  
of linen and smooth perfect cotton  
while nighttime drinks its fill across sorry  
candle light drifting like fog through minds  
numbed but caught in forever thought

morning kicks up another sad sight  
into swollen eyes inside a high fever  
burning its way through everything  
standing in its way  
blood brothers and loving sisters  
unable to escape myriad traps  
one inside the other

soft voices singing somewhere  
live like the melody of centuries exposed  
suddenly all in the middle of the truth  
bringing lightning and thunder  
across the sacred universe  
waiting so silently waiting

her eyes imploring compelling  
arrive with no restraints  
galloping forever in illusions  
untamed but filled to the gills  
within the imagination of  
new stories and new life  
strewn everywhere

