

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

