

Still Dancing b/w Smokey Conversation

by Tim Young

couples holding hands in the dark walking
as my car slides by with joe turner
in radio singing
time laughs in the back seat
startles me as my hands fly around the steering wheel
like the heat blowing from the vents

can't see any faces as bodies move
in headlights shadows
counting a few steps
into silence of the street

the speedometer doesn't work
but the speed has already spoke
its profound movements past
every moment then and now
inside the rear view mirror

speaking volumes
at least as loud as any night
i've ever heard
blowing past my face
knowing nothing ever comes back
but now i'm still dancing

* * *P.S.* * *

smokey conversation

brings lightning
through the window

an engine stalls out
in the parking lot
the driver
tears her skirt
coming through the door

my friend bill
lights another cigarette
as i move ashtray
nearer to his arm

the raindrops on the glass
appear to glisten
while the girl asks the bartender
about her car

not much business
on a night like this
everyone just
quiet somewhere

the rain increases
making different designs
sounds and rhythm like dance steps

the bartender
lends the girl his phone
smiles through tangled hair
and touches his lip

my friend bill
stubs out his cigarette

the grey ash rests
then falls

voices like shadows
come apart
and back together
again all at once

