

Wind Drinks Time Like Wine

by Tim Young

beer and potato chips
shrimp and red wine
and after there was enough of everything
time collapsed like a thin dime
creating such an explosive situation
what with all the fire and rain
that through all the extremely loud noises
there wasn't one chance to explain
but who needed an explanation anyway
who needed to be hurt like that
if the truth turned out to be lies
if the thin man turned out to be fat

but let's stop and take another look at things
could it be through our closed eyes
that we didn't really know what we were talking about
that there never was a surprise
that there never was really anything
like we thought it would be
as we lay there in the motionless hum
exposed like a bird in a tree
but then before the wind rose up
before the timid drops of rain
time came to sit once more
heard coughing through his pain

later he had the urge to whisper
something he had almost revealed to the wind
but since it was such a deep cold secret

he lost his nerve and the will to begin
so he sat there like a beggar
like a child about to cry
but never asked for anything
because he knew he would
never die

later falling through the hole in the beer bottle
we made a sort of a splash
the laughter rolled up like lightning
but the fire was not to last
and that's when the car roared back to life
pistons french kissing the fuel
delivering every ounce of effort
testing its strength breaking the rules
that's when the cry was finally heard
and the lights finally began to shine
through the void and the blackness
and into the face of time

so now it's time to stop and think
and to ponder the possibilities of hidden meaning
as if our souls were to rise above
and we all finally awake from our dreaming
awaking from our solitude from the fear when we dissolve
like a salty tear in a drop of rain
like a sun and the planets revolve
around a kiss on the cheek of infinity
stuck in a moment we all know so well
like time in a straight jacket
resists every reason every temptation to tell

