

Cracks

by Tim G. Young

the cracks in the concrete look like
rivers or highways crossing
from the air but only a few feet
below me,
a couple of beers, a patty melt
and the night turns 80 degrees
Imagine the traffic and the water
rushing
wide, fast, and slow,
so the fan blows, my mind goes
and my son helps me to see a thought explode
Standing on the banks and the
shoulder,
Stranded in the flow
of the horizon shining like a street light
wanting to go,
the traffic makes a woeful sound
but trapped in time
like an insect in amber.

