

# Curves

*by* Tim G. Young

the railroad curve  
rounded like her shoulder  
followed that line  
past the tall water tower  
bending my mind  
like the light  
in a tunnel  
following that rail  
another hundred miles  
as the light meets her eyes  
it automatically smiles

and the smiles light the way  
when the wind blows the darkness  
and the darkness forced to hide  
makes the light seem endless  
and the curve in your back  
leaves the world far behind us

