

# In the Alley

by Tim G. Young

Living in the alley  
headlights crushed like dreams  
wet shiny streets  
glare like a black sun  
ripping me up like paper  
as i sink down into the  
shadows crawling like a worm  
past cold bricks  
centuries old in my blood  
covered my head once in the flood  
of memories rolled into  
a crazy joint  
but it wasn't drugs that made  
me dance in the damp  
it was a moment  
wrapped in the curious kalediscope  
of candy drenched illusions  
soaked in the hard rain  
and the rain poured like it never poured  
and splashed like it never splashed  
and pounded on my floor  
and it hurt so bad it hurt so bad  
my head dashed in all directions  
my heart began to think  
inventing dangerous rhythms  
mush too fast  
much too slow  
much too angry and sad  
for such a long time  
couldn't grasp my fingers falling  
never knowing where to let go  
but then when the candles came to life

flames flicking  
like tongues inside my mouth  
driving me to the brink of  
enormous orgasms  
spewing the most private parts  
of me into the most public  
spaces as if she was peering over  
my shoulder at my hand full of aces  
before i could raise and bet  
on the hand of my life  
then when I did I did  
past all the odds  
past a hole in my hand  
i could look through  
my vision expanding so far so fast  
looks like i'm going to be  
up all night  
pouring my drinks  
pouring my mind into tall glasses  
until finally the road ahead  
twists and turns into familiar  
shapes and the cold bricks  
turn into blue skies  
and bare feet dance on my back  
human touch taking the alley by surprise  
lifting the garbage  
higher and higher  
ever cold and wet  
for such a long long time

