

# Moon Talk

*by* Tim G. Young

moonbeams unrecognized language  
steadies my course  
glares off and on my windshield  
somehow communicates  
among ancient mountain signposts

inside a tiny dancer dances in the sand  
allowing imagination to sing  
loud out loud as  
speedometer fails to register  
any proper speed  
since the moonlight  
will only acknowledge  
so many revolutions per second

the night meanwhile hums  
as clear as the shiny stars  
answering everything the moonlight  
can only hint at  
but does so often  
sometimes it's like writing it down

where are the moon and the stars really  
just outside my window or  
tucked inside  
a speeding dream so fast  
and far away

answers almost play on my lips

as distances converge  
and play a highway tag  
among tires and the hard road

and in this transitory dream  
eons of lights play like tips  
of candle flames  
burning their telepathic  
messages into singing stanzas  
unleashed into the screaming quiet  
of another countless night

