

# Silver & Suds

*by* Tim G. Young

my hands splash in to  
silver and suds  
in attempts to rinse  
blues caked in grease  
away for a while

lights never dim  
at least not until the end  
but by then  
silver and suds  
drained and put in place

where is the proper face  
which might bear the weight  
of the next billion bubbles  
and the lightning flash of humor  
conceived in yet another  
macaroni and cheese

don't deny the happy customer  
their place in all the unformed lines  
never seen and absolutely  
impossible to trace  
until two feet lead directly  
out the door

meanwhile exhaustion doubles, triples  
and the play is always at home  
like the catcher in the rye  
might have said the very same thing  
just keep temptation checked in back  
of the freezer

