

# Weeds

by Tim G. Young

long string like brown grassy weeds  
wave to me as I speeding by  
in big buick

on cd I make  
john hiatt does not smash  
perfectly good guitar

my mouth opens in strong  
same support singing

automobile gives much strength to  
my being moving silent  
in my seat

cell phone and  
bottle water (quaking inside)  
sit close by

more shaky weeds  
laugh only to  
themselves but  
I see  
black ceiling  
follows me like shark

then rusty cage kicks in  
so will be breaking soon out  
of traps in head

so alone in night  
mangled in time

so crazy brave  
along all  
hidden  
enemy lines

want truth to fit  
like socks  
snug and warm

cancel the damsel  
in danger  
raise the sword  
from the rock  
flock to the edge  
of knowing  
the road goes

here in a complete capsule  
the ingredients for  
life slime to the surface  
no one agrees more  
than a cell divided\* \* \*

ahab answers his long  
question  
sees it  
sinking with the whale

pulled under  
not over  
when life began  
in earnest

slow pokes  
glide by

missing harpoons  
strung out in  
noisy blood letting

keep your goddamn  
hands on the wheel

nobody's perfect  
like age comes and goes  
seeing sometimes fades  
vision tied up in blind knots  
singing the song  
of the ocean  
entangled in the weeds  
so deep below

