

# Drifting

*by* Tim G. Young

it's all a bit like the quiet steam  
drifting to nowhere off my microwaved  
hot coffee in the sunflower mug  
a bit like the sun creating shadows everywhere  
it can possibly touch  
and if i lean forward  
the sun plays on my eyes ever as warmth  
ever as the brightest light  
also above but so below the sun flies  
the small airplanes humming like locusts  
drifting off to nowhere

now the afternoon can't help but stretch  
nearer and nearer to the dusk and evening  
when it will do no good  
to lean my eyes into the sun that no longer shines

the creak of black leather in my jacket  
the moist sips from my mug  
somehow ground me to the cement floor  
littered with pebbles in my crowded garage

having found the golden shaft of sun  
i plant my chair plant my body  
incurring the wrath of the empty page  
until my pen dissolves its ink  
between the printed lines

on the next page i see indentations of words  
written on the previous page  
so strong into the dusk  
i have no doubt i am seeing so clear

before the inexorable fade into  
indistinguishable

except now the stones in the drive  
become so deliberately turned upside down  
by the arrival of a lady driven jeep  
delivering packages from amazon

after a quick wave  
the silence of the sun shadows  
and afternoon  
play on myself my clothing  
like fossils in hard rock

