

Time Forgot

{then}

the face between the bottles
in the mirror behind the bar
is a road map of a face
etched in line & scar

hear the barmaids bootheels beat
on the duckboard beneath the bar
as She pours his drink one-handed

while lighting a small cigar

She says "looks like yer going
but don't know exactly where"

& She's speaking softly thru a smoke ring
that quivers in the air

He takes a last drag from his drink

& a final sip off his cigarette

then proceeds to get gone

as far as he can get

coyotes on the sidewalk

chase deer thru the village square

tombstones are crumbling

concrete dust in the air

He wades off thru waves of fog

that roil the parking lot

turns his back & all

on this place that time forgot

{now}

There are bullet holes in the highway signs

that line the side of the road

a grease stain in the passing lane

looks like road-kill ala mode

hitch-hikers are hung

from power lines & poles

along wires strung

in crooked loops & rolls

neon lights in the distance

stay far away

& night never becomes day

&

the centerline is silent

straight as an arrow shot

that's where he aims his head

down this road that time forgot

{later}

He's got a head full of bobwire

the sky's full of black birds

He stutters & stammers

All out of words

To explain where he's going

Or describe where he's been

But the horizon speaks up

& says: "c'mon in"

So with a steady hand, sure foot

& keen eye on that distant spot

He disappears into the void

This man that time forgot