

## 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 booteels 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**