

True Middle

Motorpsycho

This life..
Unfulfilled for so many
The reflection of automobiles
Like the slowly expanding mercury of a thermometer
Crossed sideways from the tinted sunglasses
Of a large, bearded man on a street corner
Staring blankly off into the distance
The remains of his half-eaten ice cream stick drips slowly
Drop by melting drop
Parachute-less onto his white tennis shoes
A luminous sphere of lights grows stronger from behind the hill
top
Standing in the shower with plugged ears
Letting the water hit the base of the spine
Then up and finally over the top of the head

The sound of a car passing
But there just ain't no insurance policy for a life wasted
A woman goes deep into the forest
Squats down above the leaves and pine needles
And pees on her fingers
Causing sparks to fly and ricochet
Illuminating the shadows stowed in the heart
The ones we secretly prize but never admit to
Not even to ourselves
That special moment
When we set aside our indulgences and excesses
It's then and only then
Life's mysterious, and seemingly unconnected coincidences
Begin to take shape in a meaningful way