

## A Call to Our Time

Where is one to rest themselves  
If not upon desert outcrops and crumbling shelves?  
For what should one close their eyes  
If not their own latent mother's lullabies?

Where in our being time permits,  
We see in *being*—loveliness,  
But whensoever it does not,  
Our futures fall to chanting clocks.

For if grand plans have us forsaken,  
What then is left for expectation?  
'Round death are circled nihilists;  
To more interest is insignificance.

In passed times stars encircled us,  
And later still they'd lose their way.

With "why" forever on our lips  
On our minds *forever* sits  
"Of course."

Still, never, by my soul, should I stop to think:  
Does one put text to microscope  
To study imperfections  
In the printing of the ink?

Thinking, At Once, Forgetting

Runes and film share bond  
In remembering times without us.  
My youth was filmed,  
Yet I don't remember  
Unwrapping toys in late December.  
But nonetheless, my youthfulness  
Sits easy in the minds of family members.  
Yet I cannot, even with thought,  
Remember times passed years ago.  
As if I, born again,  
Began life at thirteen, and once thirty,  
And twenty, and ten—rebirth mires life.

Memories do not comfort me.  
They flee, stealing personality.  
—And still aged, reflecting—  
I cannot help but see  
The fleeting help of memory.  
Who am I once without it  
—With it—I forget whose  
Personage benefits it,  
And the lived-in pieces I speak upon  
Rest, while forgotten parts live on and on.

Ravings of a Divisive Man

What you call a gust, I call a wind.  
There's impetus, now we begin:  
Sit alone in a room with white walls—white paint.  
Find a mind unraveled, its thinking "never-quaint"

What is here is all now; as ever will be  
Soon to come, time is past-present-ever-running

—Is there point to a sprint when the ground runs beneath you?

Slow me down hands of time. Give  
Pause to my words.  
Leave their meaning in dust left by  
Other runners.  
Then once, just once,  
I'll stand alone in a field,  
As air rushes past in a windy display  
And give time to thoughts of other gusty days.

## Thoughts on Place

Just a place, like any other.  
Countless eyes have grazed its color,  
But none too deep,  
Never too deep.

The center of a world whose resplendent luster,  
Its truest attraction,  
Lies in its breadth of place  
—Its distant, calling action.

If but sought out,  
A world awaiteth thee;  
Couched in texts not known to me,  
Dormant in fields, falls and springs:  
Life's lovely lack of centrality.

But here and now,  
This time, *this* now,  
We hide 'neath life's unwieldy cover,  
But it's just a place,  
Just like any other.