

Time

(thank you to Rickie Lee Jones)

isn't linear. A convoluting helix, its
taffy twists swirl: a tornado's central
nucleus. There is stillness within
movement & DNA reeling into
all of our lives...

What's that rappin'at your window,
pullin' at your shirt tails,
sittin' in your closet?

Open jars, sift through envelopes,
stretch forth, an antennae-----

Pulses tunnel chasms. Resigned rings well
as they were meant to: moments, sea spray,
falling here, falling there...

Time breaks gravity, suspends destiny,
& flies on out.