

Time

Time has given me more than she has stolen this year. This year, I love her. I will soon deliver an armload of new treasure, new science for you, but not now. I wish to reflect, and give you a small yet beautiful thing, precious and yet, insignificant: Time. She needs us you know. Who else could fill her empty days? Today I will give you Time. You may have my novel, no charge. *Time Saw a Fly*. Here, for you:

<http://blog.theultranet.com/2015/12/time.html>

I wrote this piece just last evening. A sweet year...so many new thoughts, and I feel more alive than when I was twenty, although the mirror...has a different assessment. My beard is beginning to whiten. Impossible, I am 15, at 52. How aged, is youth? It is a matter of time.

Time

The glass has tipped, the hour runs clear and bright before at last, it has fled. How sweet the taste, how full and rich, is even our pain, coursing but warm and full, pulse, each stroke of warmth and sound, filling the hollow places...within time. Time is perfect hunger, an empty place into which hope might cast herself, and imagine. We are blessed, to fill her. We, are hope's imagining, time's hungry wish...sated.

Into hunger, we may place sight. The shining brook, pure and clear, sheds glad voice, splashing and gentle, melody and echo, tone and folded ripple, spilled sun and emerald leaf, paint spilt upon silver mirror, perfect and vanishing, but sweet is the day, known and lost, tasted twice, in memory. So does time, treasure us, for it is we, who do fill her. Covetous and capricious is she, her breast now full of the seconds placed within my open eye, soon closed.

Petals of rose and warmth, part, dawn, tender bud of rouge unfolding, glowing and full, the dark arch, but sweet and full, morning, answer to all hollow questions, cast anew in warm blood and golden promise, spilling from the distant horizon, into time's hollow. So slowly, her pulse of gold does draw, across the arching sky, spending her bounty, into the valley, honied and full, of her over-pouring heart, lavishing and spilling, what is precious...golden sheets of bounty and warmth, covet crystal drops of ice, frozen marrow spilt, cut of prism and color, until all sharp corners have tasted her, now sweet and yielding, brittle clear, solved to liquid, shining and round are the tears of ice, she has tasted.

And each anguish, may fill my breast, so she might taste of salt, and know, of bitter want. Oh how full am I! For time does covet us, in spending. And each want, so turgid and pressing, may call unto hope, wanting and empty, and find new melody, to soothe the empty places. Oh how full am I! For time does covet us, in spending. And each year, does taste, and consume, covet and release...the precious moments, until, memory alone, remains...and is lost. Oh how full am I! For time does covet us, in spending. And into time, our hours do spill, and run, as water over rock and sand, shining and clear, then but sunken, and spent: lost...and so, double sweet. Oh how full am I! For time does covet us, in spending.

As wave does wash upon gracious shore, and swallow the banks which hold...so does she covet, and consume, that which is rare, and ever fleeting...so all hollow places, may again, be swept clean, and left: *empty*. Tasted, yet lost: and so, twice pure. So are we, before her.

Oh how full am I! For time does covet us, in spending.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at *Mind* magazine:
www.mindmagazine.net

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