The ghosts of our pasts

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stunned into boredom

by all they think they’ve seen

know only children’s pieces

and i, searching

deluded to believing

in the existence of the one key

that will fall all into place

feel the touch on my wrist

from a time not of time

of a spectre of spectres,

whose world is an uncrested flood

carrying all

from the not quite forgotten

to the not yet now,

when solutions spill daily

from the blind egos

of genius at work