

## I I

in time's a noble mercy of proportion  
with generousities beyond believing  
(though flesh and blood accuse him of coercion  
or mind and soul convict him of deceiving)

whose ways are neither reasoned nor unreasoned,  
his wisdom cancels conflict and agreement  
—sahasras have their centuries; ten thousand  
of which are smaller than a rose's moment

there's time for laughing and there's time for crying—  
for hoping for despair for peace for longing  
—a time for growing and a time for dying:  
a night for silence and a day for singing

but more than all (as all your more than eyes  
tell me) there is a time for timelessness