

Mysteries

01 August 2018

O stolen time,
wandering there by the sea,

what will you do with me?

Unfurl your grasp of life,
make plain the age again!

No sooner does one cope
than some new younger hope
steps in and whisks fidelity away.

O vanity of vanities,
great necromancing age!

Tear down thy veils with rage
if that will set you free,

but I will not be free.

For there is still truth in old books,
and the walls will not fall for sly looks.

Indeed, there is room at all tables.