

Time

14 October 2022

Walk here on this beach with me,
where time is, in the evening of
its missionary gaze, the goal to save
all who will hear. Walk here with me,
where gods can die, and often do.
Walk here, but slowly. Know those waves,
the ones you've learned how not to hear.
You'll hear them now, so gently falling down
upon all things. So time falls, so it goes,
and so we go, into the crypt of time,
where all days are reborn, are born, and die.