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## Time's Needle

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# Time's Needle

by John Nizalowski

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The wagon rolls behind me,  
autumn leaves rattling  
like old Egyptian bones.  
The dry sound of time—  
fallen maples gone,  
stars, meteors, Tibetan flags  
transformed to threads  
and finally to dust.

My daughter in the wagon—  
her coming decades gleam  
like shining towers.  
This very day,  
she threads  
her first needle—  
quick prick to her finger,  
a bead of blood,  
the lost brother  
blanket wrapped and buried  
in the New Mexico earth.

Now she reaches down,  
clutches the leaves  
passing by,  
catches the years,  
the rattle of time,  
the thread of ages,  
the sun in her blonde hair,  
the stars,  
invisible beyond blue sky,  
shine in her eyes.  
Nothing is hidden,  
for she has sewn the thread,  
time's mistress  
riding the chariot  
of a million years.

