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A Few Words About Time

by Fredrick Zydek

I cling to it like lint to a sweater,
or a cockle-burr to a sock.
It's a journey I did not choose.
By the time I decided against it,
I was already well on my way.

Time is slippery stuff. Before
you can name it, it's gone.
yet, who can deny these swollen
feet, these wrinkles etched
like trails to the hole in the green?

Old bones speak for themselves.
Something in me evaporates
each time I pass through a season.
Why are alarm clocks scary?
Who can believe the meaning of dawn?

Does time make a man or reveal him?
I'm tired of the long look back.
If time is an unhatched egg,
what is eternity? Why is the stuff
so damn annoying. The moon knows

but will not tell. Pity the moon
and all those things with answers.
Better to wade out into the stuff
butt naked. Sometimes seeing through
a thing, is to see nothing at all.

