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Time Out

Sam Lackey

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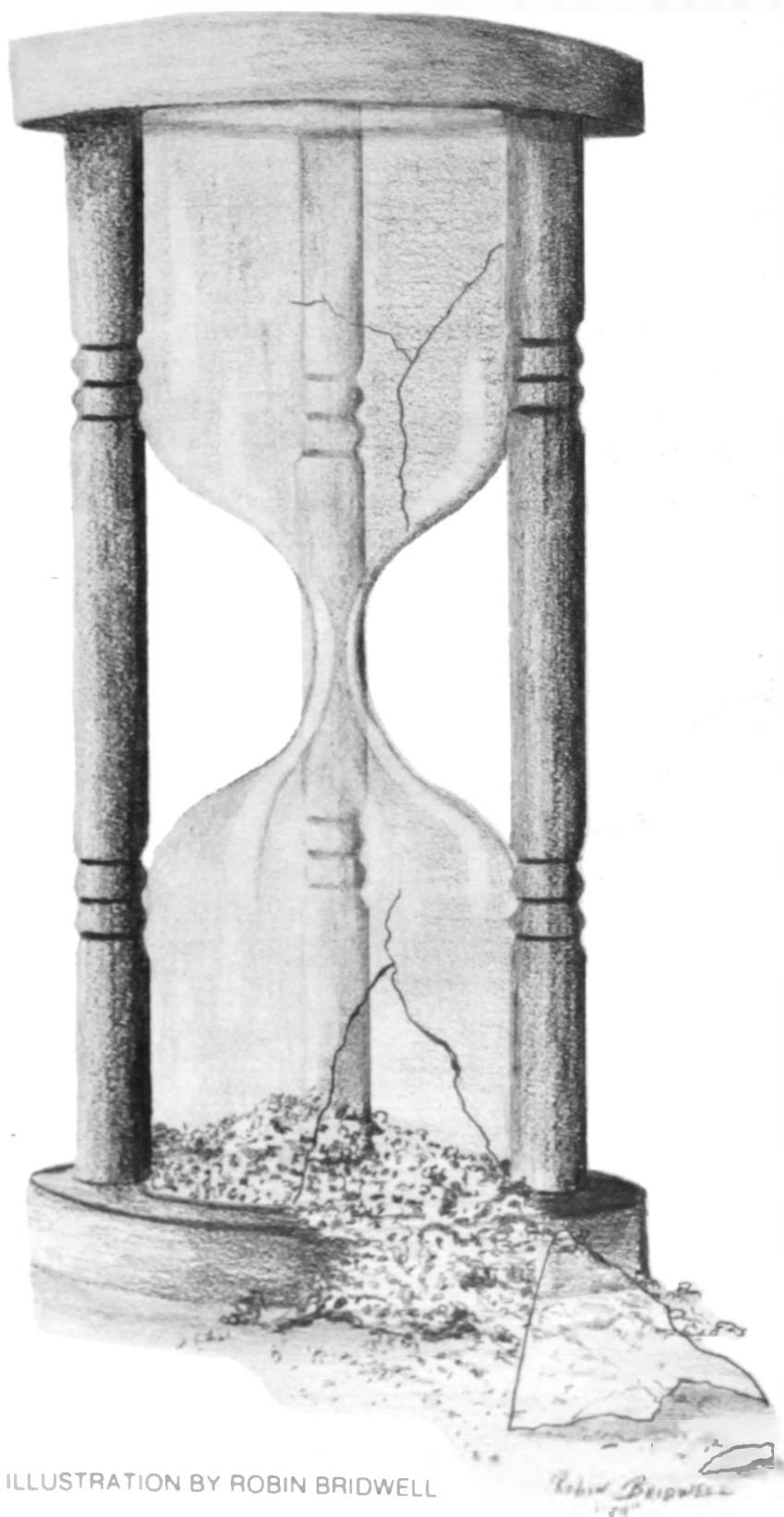
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TIME OUT



— by Dr. Sam Lackey

WHEN I WAS YOUNG,
TIME CAME like wild GESE
Sliding in to land--
All silent, sane, all in one piece.
"Now time flows. . .glitter. . .
In a digital stream,"
Along the banks of Washita.
POOR ZENO'S CHICKEN CANNOT CROSS THE ROAD
With infinite decimal points to peck.

So we have but a thin, smooth dust
Of time--
Divided far too finely now
To scratch--and no good thing
To grind here in our craws.

Half-way to target now
Our arrows pause.
The still, sweet dawn is cracked.
The moment. . .crumbles in.

And only something
Ground far finer than our love
Can give us now, again.

(Divide and conquer Time!
Perhaps. But love?
And loneliness?)

Finer than the dust that rides the air,
Our love must sift
Into the crystal peaks and plunging valleys
Of the mind.

To level distances
Like fallen skies of snow--
Giving access over soaring drifts,
Where will could never climb--
In time to heal the deep heart's core.

No longer young now,
The peaks and valleys of the blood
Divide my time from that eternity.

The wild geese slant
Unmoving down the evening air.
And while it's up to me
(And while I'm in one piece),
They never never need to land.