

WHEN TIME WAS STILL SLOW
AND THOUGHTS FUZZY
AND WITHOUT
SHAPE DID I SIT ON A BEAUTIFUL
BRIGHT SUMMER DAY ON THE SMALL STREET
IN FRONT OF THE GARDEN OF OUR HOUSE
AND WATCHED THE INTERPLAY
OF LIGHT AND SHADOW AND HOW GRASS BUSHES
AND TREES WERE WRAPPED IN SOFT LIGHT
AND MOVED SLIGHTLY TO AND FRO
IN THE MILD WIND AND THE WARMTH
OF THE DAY LAY ON THE LITTLE PATH
WAY TO THE HOUSE AS IT MUST HAVE BEEN
AT THE CREATION OF THE WORLD WHEN
TIME WAS IN ITS INFANCY AND EVERYTHING
WENT ON LEISURELY DID I REALIZE
THAT I WAS SITTING ON THE STREET
IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE WRAPPED
IN THE WARMTH OF THE DAY ABSORBED
IN THOUGHTS OF BEWILDERMENT
REALIZING THAT I WAS ALSO
EMBEDDED IN THIS TIME AND CARRIED
BY IT AND THAT THIS WOULD NOW BE
MY TIME MY LIFE THEN I LOOKED AT TIME AS

A RAIN
BOW
AND SAW HOW IT RISES HIGH UP INTO THE SKY
THEN SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY STARTS
TO BEND DOWN
WARD AND EVEN
TUALLY COMING B
ACK TO THE GROUND DID I NOTICE THAT THOUGH
TIME WOULD BE FLOWING SLOWLY IT WOULD
IRRESISTIBLY CARRY ME ALONG AND THAT I
COULDN'T
STOP IT AND I REALIZED THAT EVERYTHING IN
LIFE HAD ITS OWN TIME BEING BORN
GROWING-UP AND THEN DYING
ALL THIS IMMERSED IN THE CURRENT
OF TIME WAS HELD UP BY ITS
KNOWLEDGE MADE ME FEEL
SAD BECAUSE ALL OF A SUDDEN
ETERNITY HAS BECOME TRANSIENT
THE TIME OF NOT-KNOWING
WAS OVER THE PAIN OF
RECOGNITION HAD SETTLED IN

AND I KNEW NOW
WITH UTMOST CERTAINTY
THAT I ALSO WAS TRANSIENT.