

Time

by drake *Sunday, Apr 30 2017, 10:05am*

international / poetry / post

spin ur gold and crystal,
hooded and faceless
u are

destroyer of worlds
ur efforts are wasted here
the unborn do not die
time is a snare that entraps
only the ignorant subject to birth and death
there is nothing to reap here

entire populations
in worlds too numerous to count
are entrapped by your ruse
ur sickle is of no use here

who do you pretend to intimidate?
show me your face -- i know ur hood hides
emptiness, no-thing
only the blind see you
diamond eyes see through you,
each oscillation of ur chain and crystal pendulum
measures nothing here

why expend urself in futile endeavour,
misdirected persistence would destroy the destroyer --
beware, i cannot succumb

i witnessed ur birth in the dreams
of men
what business do u pretend to have
here?
this world has no time it continues
without measure, a sphere that
swallows and regurgitates itself
simultaneously -- you cannot measure
the infinite present

time, u are the king of fools
enter my realm if you dare,
the spaceless devours u
and all illusions

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2638.html>