

When Time

(For old Jack Muller)

When Time in his magnificent blood-tide
turning
moving, moving fast
takes
TAKES YOU HENRIETTA
for his own
and shivers me
makes the breath of me rasp
my skin sag
my bones
crack
my hair
fall in pieces around me
then
if I can
I'll buy a front porch
I'll search in junkyards
for an old rocking chair
to glue myself to
and make myself
mean
in the sunshine.

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