

THE MEASURE OF TIME

By Laren Grey

Time, measured by heartbeats

by traumas

fears and loves

By a calendar of silly traditions

Measured

like the ticks and cuckoos of the clock

Like the whipping of the sun about

our horizons with a quickness quicker

each year.

Like yardsticks going nowhere

measuring nothing

or chopped up into quarters like poultry, the solstices and equinox

We cast moments out the window like exhalations of pointlessness

and inspire a lustless grandeur

Measured firmly like the march of the finale band of a parade

pounding through the town on a fading day

Measured by the twinkling life of a star

so far away

Measured by waves of granite more fluid than an ancient sea

The quartz-sand and shards of the cracked hourglass fill our shoes

yet we still count our paces

Measured for the height of the gallows

Measured again and again

by winds that brush our face
and hide someplace behind us
Then may we stop and turn
and measure no more
That the now may measure us
and time can peacefully fall away