

*Lake Ontario, New York,
November 10, 2005*

TIME WARP

It took me twenty years
 To turn sixteen
Twenty minutes
 To hit forty

Now that I am
 Nearly sixty-five
It seems that
 The rest of me
Is tied to a team
 Of wild horses
Galloping for all
 They're worth
Toward a black hole
 In the wilderness
Trying to escape
 The yoke of the rope
That tames saddle broncs
 And children

Wish I had learned
 To ride better
Or better yet
 To run free

Not like a clock
 With too much
Time on its hands
 Too many springs
Stops and winders

Better to run like a mustang
 Racing wall shadows
And the sound
 Of its own hooves

Through canyons of stone

Or to ride like an arrow

Plucked

From the quiver of life

And shot

In no time at all

Into the stars

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