

To be unwound

By Time

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Just my thoughts

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/to-be-unwound.aspx>

I have come to see.

That time its self is bound between you and me.

All the night I am not free.

In the day you go away.

Tomorrow comes, again and again, a memory yet to be.

All this sorrow all this pain are the fertile ground on which we lay seed.

We the destiny of passions crop.

But what of destiny?

What of the deed?

When come the reaper's scythe?

Is such a thing legion or myth.

Or is it the game of time, and the seconds rip.

Who are you?

Who am I?

But a hand outstretched,

Then bent,

Then broken.

Like a willow tree unwound by winds yet to be.

Are we bound here before God?

Tilling a cursed soil you and I.

No more holy than a rolling stone in a wicked brook.