Time’s Curse

They say that time
Stops altogether
In a Black Hole
Time’s tainting effects coming to its own grinding halt at the door
Ceaseless, merciless time has met its match.

In timeless safety
Steel betrays not its rustless pride
Friction sings not its jarring song
Items are made to be kept
Relationships struck up to remain
Durability is irrelevant
The tear ducts of man are dry.
Tear ducts were never made to cry-

Until
Time- How I wish you would unfray yourself
From the very fabric of the universe
How your oppressive weight in our threads cause
Very misery to orbit your sadistic smile
You never forget
You never do forgive- The condition of existence
Stretched to the point of twisted perversion- Time-
You capture all matter for your
Own- A deranged five year old’s hoard
Time- How you have left yourself unaged.

How gratefully I plunge into this
Black hole- Ignoring gnarled fingers of death
Reaching out to claim
Granted, it is agony;
Sears, but momentarily.
Time has lost its grudging grip on me
Death may have been a shroud, it was ice down the spine of
People too resigned to living
By Time

But death is refuge
From Time

199 Words