

3.

Another Time

Make today's poem somehow deal with the concept of Time.

Sometimes an abyss opens between Tuesday and Wednesday but twenty-six years could pass in a moment. Time is not a straight line, it's more of a labyrinth, and if you press close to the wall at the right place you can hear the hurrying steps and the voices, you can hear yourself walking past on the other side.

Tomas Tranströmer in *The Great Enigma*,
Translated from Swedish by Robin Fulton

Dewlight

Now in the blessed days of more and less
when the news about time is that each day
there is less of it I know none of that
as I walk out through the early garden
only the day and I are here with no
before or after and the dew looks up
without a number or a present age.

W.S. Merwin
Anthologized in: *Coming to Age: Growing Older with Poetry*
Edited by: Mary Ann Hoberman and Carolyn Hopley

Where Did the Time Go?

Time gushed
out of the clock
to spill splashing
across the floor.

Fishermen came in the window.
In hip boots they waded through
swinging nets to catch the lost minutes
and fallen seconds.

Hamming it up, each grabbed
a floating clock hand,

the stubby and the narrow,
then laughed as,

with thrust and parry,
they waged a mock battle,
a theatrical swordfight,
and all the while

time was running out.

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Hours

I have known hours built like cities,
House on grey house with streets between
That lead to straggling roads and trail off,
Forgotten in a field of green;

Hours made like mountains lifting
White crests out of the fog and rain,
And woven of forbidden music—
Hours eternal in their pain.

Life is a tapestry of hours
Forever mellowing in tone,
Where all things blend, even the longing
For hours I have never known.

Hazel Hall

Anthologized in *How Lovely the Ruins*

Selected by: Annie Chagnot & Emi Ikkanda

Time

“These are the old dog’s ashes”
I said to the new dog.
He said, “Oh dear, will you turn me into dog dust too?”

I said, “Oh no sweet Austin, time will turn us both to dust!”

He said, “I don’t know who Time is!”
I said, “Time is something people made up

so they could constantly run out of it.”
He did not reply

And then we went to the reservoir together
And threw the ashes in
And lay there on our backs

forever.

Meg Hutchinson
In *Let's Be The Awake Ones*

Therefore to us, time's
final lesson: be content
with no monument

Hayden Carruth
in *The Collected Poems: Shorter Poems*
1946-1991

Lost in Time

Lost in time, she imagined
today was tomorrow
and no yesterdays ever were.

As if the Queen of Time,
that tyrant, had tossed in
all signposts, calendars, clocks.
and stirred her great cauldron,
cackling the while,

If this is eternity,
it's the scary version.

jch 12/8/2018

XIII

Eternity is not infinity
It is not a long time.
It does not begin at the end of time,
It does not run parallel to time.
In its entirety it always was.
In its entirety it will always be.
It is entirely present always.

Wendell Berry
in *This Day: Collected and New Sabbath Poems*