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Ode to Time

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Folded into the mold of the earth
Encases time passed and time forgotten,
In a treasure chest filled with golden worth,
In a trunk spilling with secrets of men,
Burying underneath the modern world
As a journal, a rock wearied to sand
In where vermilion stains and stars combine
Securing a note furled –
Spluttered on one corner: Franz Ferdinand,
And another: Massacre, Columbine.

But maybe in this allegory cave,
We see the shadows which were seen before,
So sure that these events came from one wave
Streaming back to the waters once borne,
Drinking that on Vasco da Gama sailed,
Sparkling cave gems now our hands never first find,
But those that century's ancestors reveal,
Past to the present old news trailed
Raised up to gods as if they're star-signed;
Gods yawn like, 'Saw same from Neanderthal.'

O time! Wearisome everlasting fate!
From wilting flowers, you bequeath the land
To sprouting seeds who bicker and debate!
With no reason you to us tripped and panned
Time: our most prominent antagonist,
Causing us to cower in constant fear,
But also our greatest healer:
On our tear-stained cheeks, hope you have kissed;
Caroling a hymn of remembrance
As we stare at history's mirror
Into our own eyes.

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Sarah "Sadie"
Dalla Costa