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Radio reminds me
of lines that held emotions
in three minute life spans:
Loves lost, found and misunderstood.
In my hand
I hold a stone axe,
from another time-life ago,
one that I would never know . . .
it feels of building, not war.
How this is, I cannot answer.
I am surrounded.
in elements — there is not counting
ability here —
but I am summoned to be part,
and as
I trip wisenings that pass,
set them, as records, to play . . .
I'd say no time word has description,
age a misnomer.
Some things, perhaps all,
don't need the bound . . .
I have stood on mountains,
by trees known in centuries,
canyons grown by no clocks
felt clouds mist my face:
rain mix in my eyes.
More . . .
Been within peace,
yet given knowledge
of struggle, passage, and building.
Is this the measured me?
Can I say
how old, then, that I really am?

Daniel Levit