

Marty Willson-Piper

"Time Is Imaginary"

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Spoken:

I had this dream and there was a king and he was
looking at the sky
And the sky turned around and looked at him and said,
"King, you don't
Know what it's like to rule, you only know about time,
and time is
Going to kill you. And you know what king, time is
imaginary."
White cello in an archway
Frosted glass across the courtyard
Lead light and beams
The dignity and insistence of age
Swallowing me up as I approach thirty
Coloured ideas that once were monochrome
Manifest themselves in this great mansion
The woodwork of centuries
I cannot greet new buildings
I lust after the ancient
You trip me up and graze my knee
And I'll shrug the responsibility of healing
There's all this blood on the inside of my trousers
There's an 'L' shaped tear in well cut cloth
I'm only learning
Less and less I worry
More and more I dream
And I'll feed myself sweet nectared knowledge
And I'll suffer it's consequences
Time is imaginary

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