

## Thoushaltnot "Cardinal Directions"

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I split the atom of one second  
Choosing history's lathe  
Each word summons now the next  
A master to his slave  
Countless links  
Within some silent chain  
And time becomes the sediment that drifts to algae  
Divorced from comets' trains  
In the East a reflection  
Of the Western sunset  
North, South, pole to pole  
Turn back in regret  
And to the East I might stumble  
To the West I would crawl  
And if North is the winter  
Then South is the fall

And if I had my way  
I'd make the clock rewind  
I'd live again that moment  
Though I know I'll never find  
The future that I missed  
A parallel line  
Where the world would be so bright  
That it could make us all go blind  
And if I had my day  
There's so much I'd reclaim  
The sanctity of motion  
The neverending rain  
The cardinal directions  
All pointing to the past  
Where realities converge  
And for a moment, we're the same  
(As always)

And magnets spin the compass  
In an embryonic flame  
Somewhere is the promise  
Of an uncharted trail  
With seven hundred branching limbs  
And seven hundred ways to fail  
To the East a reflection

Of the new moon in the West  
Her timeless watch is quiet  
Over tides of her unrest  
To the North is the current  
Of a man breathing out  
Giving birth to the breeze  
To be inhaled in the South

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