

Michael McGuire "Days"

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DAYS (part 1)

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Days drift by innumerable, in the great chasm of space
and sanction of

time, light in the retina flowing water laws, humbled
transfixed before

the alter of change, matter: energy crumble in dust, as
the great march

moves on unheeding, one soul struggles to find its
place looking down

both sides of eternity.

Days falling from my memory, future stands looming
like an enemy, life

springs from its mysterious womb, and leaves you here
to carve your

tomb, dreams slip into the great trap of the night,
never to be found in

the morning light, swallowed alive by the dying, a birds
not free he's just

fling, and I wonder what's hiding in this maze, at the
end of all these

days.

nov 91

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