

## present time

for the first time in my life  
the past is beginning to feel like  
the past.

the many ghosts of used-to-be  
my loyal long-time companions  
have drifted away like a morning mist  
leaving me here alone  
in the blinding light of present time  
weighing the merits of truth versus mercy  
as I watch the pages of the calendar fly past me  
like fallen autumn leaves  
blowing down a dead-end street.

time is a train going faster and faster  
    nothing behind me  
    nothing before me  
now there is only  
now.