

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 off and faded away
dissipated 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.