

Sobeit

A backalley
 in a backwater
A backstroke
 in time
back, again
i once asked a man
what space is made of
he said time
large alcoholic arms sweeping
hyperbole to emphasize
hyperbola
watery eyes bloodshot
vessels forked like
arcs in a plasma globe
Can't you see? It's all
time!
time
how much time separates us
now
me from you?
how much time is traversable?
it seems none
where i am
always so far from
where I am

from
where i want to be
a tide that never comes in
always lapping up
upon a distant shore... *gate, gate, paragate*