

Temporal Dance

*for Doug*

How do we know that time passes by?  
Solstice equinox, solstice equinox...  
Another bunch of kilometers or miles  
We've zoomed around our friendly old sun,  
And I feel as if I have hardly moved.  
I'm the same teenage kid in an old man's  
body. Learned a few things, forgotten more.  
Memory's fuzzy, impressionist paintings  
Still find themselves a companionable place—  
Follow me walking like a big summer moon.  
They say it's still now, always has, always will be,  
And I wouldn't argue contrariwise, yet  
When a good friend dies, time gets all ajumble:  
He could walk through that door and I'd just say hi.