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It's Time

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It's Time

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“It's time.”

It's time.  
Take away the scaffolding  
the drop cloths  
the supports.  
Family, friends  
school, work, play –  
added and subtracted  
like so many facets  
of a gem  
cut.  
Molded, shaped  
shaken  
patched oh so many times.  
Pieces added  
which did not fit  
and were discarded.  
Pressure from inside  
cracking away the outside  
until there is  
me.

CLAUDIA WILSON

Islands

The island of the present day  
Drifts amid a sea of time,  
While other isles of other days  
Float out of sight and out of mind.

The isle that sailed here yesterday  
Sinks until the voices drown,  
While other isles from older days  
Fall faster still and further down.

The lesson of a thousand years  
Dies before its voice is heard,  
As older minds and older mouths  
Grow up to fade without a word.

My heart is bleeding acid tears;  
Rain upon a drowning man,  
As younger isles and younger minds  
Turn blind away my outstretched hand.

RICHARD BARRINGTON