Islands

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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