

## TIME SONG

Alter one link, we vanish--  
turn nothing, never were--  
these solid-seeming bodies  
changed to air;

or follow the dark web backwards  
through mazes finely spun,  
and over the first ocean see  
the first sun;

or stretch a hand into the future  
that down through a thousand years  
will shape the lives of those unborn,  
affect the stars.

And yet, like some picture woven  
upon an endless wall,  
it hangs--perfected--finished--  
never to change at all.