

Text, belonging to the collection 'ocean of time'

If you could sculpt time, it would have the shape of space,
of sky or water or land, or a bit of all three.
In the endless distance lie wonderment and simplicity
like a line connecting yesterday to tomorrow.
Sometimes you are suddenly engulfed for a while
by that delicious lethargy of time passing,
the slowness of a day, an hour, a minute.
But should you try to grasp it, it eludes reflection;
irreversible, soon gone.
It is a vast concept, holding us in its grip
and raising questions time and again and again.
Reduced to something small, it rests in your hands
and answers you playfully in the language of the sea.
Wood grows in rings and thoughts circle round.
Shortly, later, some time, coloured figments of our imagination.

Really rather strange, that striving for precision.
For secrets are divulged through the art of letting things be.