

at that moment when you have the same moment as the end of that moment are you joined  
to the unknown or are you isolated from it...

the cosmological clock with no big hand or little hand  
is time that does not even know itself...

well i am hard pressed to deal with justifying symbolism  
from wharf front smugglers at the edge of this ocean

and their commercial instincts...

of spiritual grifters looking for marks.

nor can i settle for animal migrations almost bodiless in the possession  
of wild voodoo navigating neural paths.

sometimes it seems that consciousness is a only a broken jar of night and dust  
arguing at the well.

but i am sure of this... that all domestic quarrels will be settled if that clock strikes at midnight.

the settlement.

wf.h.

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