

TIME

Time it lies to us
It flips us back, and up and here and there.
Time it plays with us.
Yet we play it's game, we take no care.

Masters are we of nothing
We cannot see time for what it is.
Why or where or what or when?
We are blind to time
Time is blind to us.

Blinded by our mind
Seeing, we see nothing
Feeling what we wish to feel
On the circumference of life
The wheel throws us round and round

We need not stop the wheel
But rest in the axis and watch the world go by.
Then we see how blind we are.
We speak two rungs in.
We speak of freedom while we still name our patch, of earth.
We speak of water, yet we see rain and sea and ice.

Then suddenly time stands still
Time it is no longer our master
For we are master of time
Yet we do nothing to stop time
For we always were it's master

Know nothing, start from the centre
Let time go, observe the mind
And you shall hear and see and feel.
For the very first time.

