

## *Time Lines*

Don't try, and you can feel  
how it will lose its form,  
the fading stain of paint  
spilled before its destination,  
friends spread out so far  
they cannot be friends.

That time breathless after the ride home,  
bikes abandoned in our hunger. Later  
handlebars entangled in an embrace  
curve to curve, hard edge to hard edge.  
Rust-crusting chrome.  
Between the forks spiders bred generations.

In my hands a handful,  
sand gathered from a sun-flecked pool.  
It has lost its glitter,  
sifted grain by grain,  
each with its own history.

Old loves lie in dusty albums,  
compressed in notebooks,  
fading in the script of rubber-banded letters.

Within the abandoned garden  
once it is no longer a garden  
only someone who has gone  
knows where paths led,  
how floribunda bloomed crimson  
where briars hide the trellis by the lean-to shed.