

Richard James Allen

Remembering Time

You cannot remember time.
Remembering time is like seeing wind
Or studying the movement of ghosts.

You can only know its passage by what it leaves behind,
The quiet undulations in the sand of a once noisy creek bed,
The mountain play of glacier tracks that are now a tourist resort.

You can only investigate time like a detective,
Who has no choice but to arrive late to a crime scene,
Or a war correspondent who, after the battle,
Can but bear witness to the dead.

You can only understand time's presence
by the savage silence left in its wake.