

Jasper

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Someplace else,
time is solid.
Someplace else,
time is something
you can touch,
can pick up and take
with you. So it is also
something you can break.
Something you can crack
in half and look inside of.

What color would time
be, if it were a thing? If it
were like a stone that
could be broken in two?

(I think: it would break easily.
I think: it would be blue.)

Imagine: time as a stone
you could slip inside
your pocket and carry.

Imagine: time as a
stone ground down,
like sand, like the sand
at the edge of a continent.
The sand that the sea
sinks into,
vanishing with a sigh,
with relief
after traveling
all those miles.

Imagine: time ground
even more finely: like dust,

it would settle
and then drift,
floating in and out
of the sunlight, becoming
and unbecoming
without end.

Here: I am always so busy
fighting with time. With its
absurd need to continue
all that forward momentum.

But in this someplace else,
I'm careful with it:
sitting there,
my arms outstretched, waiting
for time to fall,
ready to catch it, but

(So afraid: to miss it.
So prepared: to lose.)

And later, when they
examine the crash site,
I'm long gone, but
the stone that fell:
It's called Jasper,
he says,
most often red
but in this case:
blue.