

TIME IS HEART

Time is heart. Heart beats. Time is blood.
There will be a century of expectations in our hearts.
There will be a century of beauty in our minds.
What if we sense our years as our own breath?
Perhaps impermanence will compel us to leave
memories behind?
Perhaps we carry them into the future?
And try to stay alive and smile after hopeless days' cry.
Alive, as a sea mile across the ocean of solitude.
Let us embrace this great silence as an old friend,
perhaps then we shall discover each other
far on the other side of alone.

—David Dephy