

# Little Parcels of an Endless Time

Asaf Avidan

Little parcels of the past are spinning down towards the gyre  
And a sinuous truth unvoiced is stretching up forever higher  
Leaves of places, leaves of friends are blowing in the wind and  
falling  
But my ship carves through the rain to the place that I am goin  
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It was an endless time ago  
You gotta, gotta let it go

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Tiny particles of light have travelled in a wave to find me  
A hundred million light-  
years past, but still they seem to find a way to blind me  
Storms of old, I never told, last year they were all the rages  
All the sciences of motion cannot calculate my changes

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