

A Linear Passage

Kekal

One definite progress meter
built up by the burden of strain.
Uncyclical infinity,
eternal journey to the yet unknown.

Nothing is so complicated:
when it's done, it's done.
A sentence cannot describe
the will to keep moving on.

I just take this strange continuum,
leaving all my peers bemused and clueless.
Have I changed, have I gone insane?
Even past is haunting me,
I have no time to turn around.

As mysterious as the universe itself,
my reveal is also my secrecy.
Everything is relative to the other,
issues that will never ever be solved.

At the end of the day we would realize
we can never expand our time in space.