

A Better Time

Peter Hammill

As surely as the countdown begins our time is not our own; already there's the breath of the wind which bleaches bare the bones of the deadlines we set, of the jokes we don't get and forgetfulness that furrows the brow... no, I'll never find a better time to be alive than now.

So I wake up, to remainder the dream of personality and posture and face for nothing can remain as it seems in some perfect state of pure grace.... all we prize and protect only cause and effect but I suspect the furrow may be guiding the plough and I'll never find a better time to be alive than now.

No better, no worse, much the same, we wait on the why and the when; no question but we'll go as we came with no shift in the shape of the zen and it is as it is and we take as we find always next season's buds on the bough... but I'll never find a better time, hard though it is to allow. I'll never find a better time to be alive than now.

This is the life and we've only time to be alive right now.