

## There's Time

Face the freezing wind—  
there's time, at the porous curve of the tide  
beating shells, stone, surf litter into sand  
there's time, hurling the elements' chorus into wide ears of the hills  
deep into coastal caves  
there's time, heaving in a dark-rimmed blowhole  
spitting salt into the twilight sky, there's time  
in the freezing wind when an ungloved hand reaches straight for another  
and a pulse sings low from the open palm.

There's time, thick and immeasurably slow  
neither kind nor unkind, time  
freezing to touch, observant  
warm and agile somewhere else  
strict to itself, caressing each certainty  
into the next: the superfluous  
into whatever is basic, inevitable—  
crystals into gas, cubes into spheres, mound  
into plain, marsh to desert  
forest fern into rock  
  
wire into watchtowers, ruins into homes  
fossils into mystery

discovery, museum, glass returned to  
sand at the tideline, where the ocean pulls and pushes like  
a thousand-million questing hands  
those red hands that drew us screeching into being  
and flutter about the unborn and the dying  
busy with the business of absolute acceptance.  
Face the freezing wind—

Cynthia Troup