

# Time

*by* Bill Yarrow

Time is the fragrant jelly  
spread on the black bread  
of eternity. Time is the  
gravy of the bloody roast beef of  
emptiness. Time is the slime on  
the original skin of infancy.  
Time is the vatic lining of the  
popular soul. Time's the  
proxy messiah of the world.  
Time is the meconium of God.

