

# Was Is

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The narrative is not as simple as it seems.

Life is stained-glass evinced in some  
Holy place, colorful and mysterious,  
Crosscut with gashes of lead veins.

We exist in clock-time, consciousness

Measured chronologically. Images,  
Experience, superstition and action  
Are ordered: past, present and future.

But this measure of things is wrong.  
Time is motionless, ever-present,  
Inevitably vivid. Desolation and dust,  
Mourning and regret are inseparable.

There is only now. To be truly  
Alive, order must be suspended;  
All time converges and dies.  
It is crooked and bent, dishonest.

Was is and is was, and the future  
Exists only when we dream  
Like infants who desire nothing more  
Than a mother's gentle touch.

