## The Lord is time

no perfection or order counts in mind or matter form and matter will always spin together and scatter and in come the demons

be like the wind the demons cannot argue with the wind the wind does not argue

the wind is as deft as death it whispers its whispers only in the fluttering wing and in the silent breath

even the flute that makes it sing can be taken

it is forsaken

play for time most of all only time will take all the demons and awaken time is mightiest of all

it is not a passive wind that blows, over time

the Lord is time

I offer this for your reflection.

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