

Bastard Time

Augie March

Nothing gave birth to time,
Time has no birthday, no mum no dad.
Nobody ever taught time,
No social contract, moral code, No good no bad.

And in the dirt, in the bottle of our poor atmosphere,
The lesson here is never learnt.

You feed on dogs bodies, on carcasses of government,
You tongue the graft over the grief.
Bastard time, you give no relief
but it's said you give relief.

You heal the wound like a crocodile saves its victim for later.
..

What do you love?
Leaves turned, woods burned, ashes then
Are what you love?
Fraud time, child's birthday,
Spring deceit, brood love,
Tiny feet, callous time.

You light the womb like a pantomime stage,

Give dress to plainness, cake to age,
And make us clowns...

You heal the wound like a crocodile saves its victim for later.
..

You give the cheeks a rosy hue
As the lips are turning blue,
This is the artist in you, bastard time.
And you our guide to perpetual suicide,
But what makes you sad, what makes you tired?

What says to you as you're passing it by
"Oh no, no, no, this should never have died"?
To be the snake, and the sword, and the veil,
To author the joke and be the sting in the tail...

No currency can buy,
No tale can ever tell,
No thread can make a stitch in you,
Nor any tolling bell arrest you.