

## The Time Ek Stasis

Minsk

Whispered words. These walls breathe the inanity of accusation  
and a moment of gifting passes through what once was identity  
so that its dispersement surpasses even reciprocity in a movement  
beyond truth and falsity while well worn pillars of objectivity  
collapse as if blown asunder by the blameless pawns of poets  
ecstatically exhuming treasures of forgotten grace.