

Eon Velocity

If you could split an instant into [three], it would take but [two of them] to give one's current actual-ity [the exit gate].
For nanoseconds [hurry to each other] like a compass needle speeding toward [its North].

These [time-snippet bits] and wafer slices of our lives stack MRI-style.
Each heaps upon the last, coming forward on-and-on and arm-in-arm.
Each layer summoned in annex to the last; then fast gives way to the next flashing blink, [whose whole and total duty is to be the new and latest "ex"].

The future is sober and [undaunted in its calling] to proceed.
Never late, it is ever gliding to its fate [and mine] on perfect time.
[Chaining everything together; changing everything forever.]

As clearly as a coin must have two sides, this [unappreciated] fact of time is the exact and perfect candidate for urging me to [not be tardy] in the turning of my pages.
For though a Minnesota late-fall snow [will take] my last tomato, so a single vernal rain in spring [will startle life] bravissimo again.