

The God of this Time  
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tr. Joshua L. Freeman

I would not be so indifferent  
had I walked the road's edge that one time  
treading a straight line.  
I would not be so wayward  
had I not reached out the window that one night  
to stroke an owl's wings.

But  
what does the god of this time care  
for the roadside testament of a silver poplar  
for bloodied fingers  
for us, crazed even from our youth.

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