



TIDAL CHARTS:

Reflections on the Flowing Currents of Time

Groowing olde is
witching wrinkles
marche acruss yer farrehead
und feeling heavy bags ander yer eyes.

It's a naughti sing how m
ach younger udders looke
an' realizin' our mist preciouise
commoditie is time.

Groowing olde is
shivering an late Novembere mournings
or swelte ring be
for sumhare has arrived.

It's a knawing as the hunds
of cloocks mooff relentlessly
'n all of us grind
screech', tick' towards
an appaintment wit destiny
at mid naight.

Ron : (yawning) The only thing interesting about this work is the spelling.

Lex : Well, perhaps mur thun one spell is at werk?

Ron : (raising his eyebrows) Whad'ya say?

Lex : I said yer under a spell. Until real awakening cums, yah's bewitched
on money levels.

Ron : (shrugging) Oh – I thought it twas sum ding important . . .

- T Newfields

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