

# Slice of Time

David Crosby

A slice of time  
Curling, peeling  
Back from the edge of the knifeLight fluttering  
As if between two trains  
Motordrive frames of lifeLong blends of days  
Stream into nights  
Consciousness barely copingThe land going by seems level  
But really the tracks are  
Increasingly slopingImages, images, images, images  
Arranged against a blank wall  
Images, images, images, images  
Telling the truth to us allPluck out a day  
A week or an hour  
HOLD IT UP, HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHTFreeze the frame  
Really look at the faces  
With all of your sightSee the eyes  
Looking at you  
Immerse yourself into that minuteMy teacher said time is elastic  
I wonder just what  
I'll find in itImages, images, images, images  
Arranged against a blank wall  
Images, images, images, images  
Telling the truth to us allA slice of time  
Curling, peeling  
Back from the edge of the knife

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