

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
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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