**A Shape of Time**

Pamela Hobart Carter

Time will tell truths of how we came to be,

how long atoms of us take to transform

into salt seas, salt seas into Lot’s wife.

When we weep in solitude, tears sliding

into tissues and tossed in the trashcan,

it is a waste. What if we assemble

on the sediment of the nearest shore

and sob, later today or tomorrow,

as time allows, and let sorrows, seaward,

run together? Time, we name *subtle thief*,

and fault with casting finite limits. But

we constructed ticking dials and Tuesdays.

Construe existence as sky, spread about

and over and around, and light and dark

on different lands below; reality

cut like a torus, a disk, a spun top,

a star map of a belted Greek hunter,

a tentacled spiraling galaxy,

a memory of post-blizzard snow forts,

a breeze lifting feathers of the resting

Western tanager by this bright water.