



Time: poems in the Flamenca Form

by Saffron Swansborough

Not This Time

When Time is against me
I turn on my high heel
Let it take my weight
Lean back and be carried
That way, I finish first.

It's About Time

Time flows through each of us
It's gifting and stealing
Both, at the same... time
When it has filled our boots
Through eyelets, time runs out.

Picked a Fine Time

Time was in a bad mood
That did not start or end
Only Time will tell:
Do not pick fights with an
Infinite universe.