

Little Parcels of an Endless Time

Asaf Avidan

Little parcels of the past are spinning down towards the gyre
And a sinuous truth unvoiced is stretching up forever higher
Leaves of places, leaves of friends are blowing in the wind and
falling
But my ship carves through the rain to the place that I am goin
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It was an endless time ago
You gotta, gotta let it go

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Tiny particles of light have travelled in a wave to find me
A hundred million light-
years past, but still they seem to find a way to blind me
Storms of old, I never told, last year they were all the rages
All the sciences of motion cannot calculate my changes

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