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by: Miriam Bedrin

What is a clock or days or time
When an hourglass can only hold a stime
And sand can always fall through the sieves?
A way to count what can't be counted.

What is a promise, oath, or treaty
When life exists in anarchy
And words wilt easily as falling leaves?
A way to surmount what can't be surmounted.

What is my title or race or tie
When those around me can always lie
And worth is more than the brain perceives?
A way to discount what can't be discounted.

