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
going
Trepidation,
you gotta be mistaken
It was an endless time ago
You gotta, gotta let it go
Trepidation,
you gotta be mistaken
It was an endless time ago
You gotta, gotta let it go
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
Trepidation,
you gotta be mistaken
It was an endless time ago
You gotta, gotta let it go
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