

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