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Tim Winterstein
Concordia University - Portland

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Of Slaves in Winter

by Tim Winterstein

sometimes I am wishing
just to sleep through a month or two
it's cold and dark
and wood smoke is layered in the air

the plaintive voice singing to me
is reminding me of my original sins
(at this point I'm inclined to be reticent
but I ignore my inclinations more often than not)

I'm seeing the stages of my life so far
as if in a jaded pointillism
recognition only coming when I'm standing far away

and we're all slaves to something
whether we have it figured out or not
and we've all got placebos
in place of the only real cure

but everything is much more clear
in the bright light of eternity burning
all flesh will surely pass
returning dust unto the dust

let me never resist the terrible force of Your eye
as I'm marked with the permanent transience of ink
and we're all slaves to something
flesh and blood or plastic
and all eyes are blind or dim

let them with eyes and them with ears

