

# LOST IN TIME

By Richard Tornello © 2011

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Olive oil and garlic in the air,  
children's crys and laughter in the street.

Of this I smelled.

Of that I ate.

These things I did, then and there.

My whole soul and being, I did participate.

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Life is a mistake, no intent, just a missed take.

Energy and mass took a wrong turn,  
and bang.

Coalesced, grew, now here-  
now big and slow,  
like the sun will do.

There's me and there is you,

given eighty years or so,

and back to our origins to romp and play.

No restraint, speed of light, eternal,  
no time constraints bound away, ethereal.

All of One.

Until another mist take,

or wrong turn

And again, we get lost in time.