

I've objectified time.

Now it acts as a surface I stand on.

The soles of my feet impress.

My soul impresses it.

My single idea has miniscule reflections.

The same Idea repeated: its fragmented distortion collides with its antecedent -- they meet again.

No longer in coherent motion; they cause wrinkled impressions, worrisome of *their* change.

-Taiga U