Rolling Times

Time is printed on the skin, in the marks of his wristwatch.
The sun warms the pointers and softens the numbers, the days.

His fingers dig into the beach sand and touch the memory
of a starfish.

He's been jogging for forty-five minutes,
sweating after an explanation.

The face beyond doesn't look like anything.

From deep sea, the ghost of his wife looks at him
with femininity. Can the dead be feminine?

The tourists of the restaurant don't know
what is going on. Only at five in the afternoon
he realizes that he has no watch.
He feels the emptiness of his wrist.

Disappointed, he doesn't run the next morning.

The memory of his wife's perfume paralyses him.
For years, he will hear ocean's swell
and hold her close.