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# The Time Machine

Stephen Edgar

It's not by that contraption, nor inside  
The worm holes to be bored  
Through outer darkness to its farthest reaches,  
That this tight knot of noon will be untied  
And loose the morning's bonded hours toward  
The otherwhile your constant prayer beseeches.

Who would believe that now — poised plainly over  
The harbour's wintry haze,  
As far off in the littered blue inane  
Mir, error-prone, still manages to hover,  
While west and north, despite the massed berets,  
The old deals are all brokered yet again;

Shares do their magic on the stock exchange;  
While to consolidate  
Some fly-blown tyranny the usual slaughters  
Fall to the usual goon squads to arrange;  
While sleek yachts ride, as though absolved of weight,  
Tinkling upon the pleasure-blinded waters;

While mountains stand still as their photographs  
Somewhere beyond the edges  
Of cities that turn earth to neighbourhood;  
And though the papers press their epitaphs,  
Babies will drink the white lie that milk pledges  
And sleep on it, dreaming the world is good —

Who would believe this moment now might hold  
A past remoter than  
The pyramids? that like the bright, oblique  
Plume of the comet falling unforecast,  
An era that is yet unknown to man  
Comes plunging into the middle of next week?

Wisps writhe above the river's fancied rind  
As though it might soon boil.  
Patience. Be still. Your wishes will appear.  
That pebble in your shoe; what lies behind  
The hand clasped to your forehead; the blue voile  
Of the elapsing vista: name your year.