

EPILOGUE

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TIME'S KINSHIP

Time is the miracle of the babe's amile, the old hag's ugly scowl: the cradel, the grave: the blessing, the curse: the morning dew on the bursting petals: the beaming first rays of the sun, the frowning thunder cloud: the friskiness of the vitals of the restive stallion, the wild big eyes: his erotic extacy.

Time is about now.

Time has a devestating quality. It doles out treasures to its creatures, takes them away and leaves frustration in their wake.

Is Time standing still for Cynthia?

As for George Time is unreal, eerie; and himself a flimsiness floating in the air. Is Time a magic wand, or a witch riding on a broomstick in the moon? An omen of evil?

Time's lovllest flower in the garden. White and pure. Spreading it's delicate incense to all the other flowers. Look at the brazen ones in the garden, they raise not their heads for shame. And the delicate, the fragile one, the innocent one, least able to protect herself, because she knew not the ways of the wicked!

Time stands still for Foster. In Time's reckoning it's not even a wink of an eyelash. But to you an eternity. The very air is stagnant with stillness, and the click of the clock stands still. Breathing suspended! Time stands still while Dr. Capen lifts Cynthia's hand, and looks into her eyes. No Time signal. His face a dead mask. No hint when Time will cease standing still. When the clock will begin clicking timeless Time. When breath will come and go... When the pulse wouldn't be a throbbing whirl in your head.

Is Time beginning to function again? Listen with all your ears

with all your senses. Listen! Time has worked, is functioning... Is it in reverse, is it destroying your Cynthia? His mother is embracing him. But she is not Mother Time, she didn't give birth to him. She is your mother now... She is Mother Time. Mother Time, Mother Time what can she do, and what will you do? Will you stretch out a hand to her and help her?

And there is George. Good old George! His mother gives him over to George. George grips his arm, but says nothing.

Foster is lying in Time's warm embrace, and wandering in the dream-land of sleep, while Cynthia is riding the witch's broom and glimpsing the faces of the evil gnomes in the eerie light of the darkened room.

It was like sunshine after a storm when old Forrest came to the house of Lena and Solomon, and accepted them with all his heart. After all the man of iron and steel had a soft spot that could and was touched. It is an inspiring and brotherly love (not just respect) that brings serenity, even if not real happiness.

"Why," George thought, "why must there ^{be} catastrophe to bring different people of diverse climes and origins, of distinctive (perhaps, contrary) emotions, to one accord of understanding?"

"Is it because the chain of reaction to calamitous events is our birthright, profiting by hate and the misfortunes of others, until - until we are seized with panic before a common enemy!"

We are the whimsies of the stars. And the stars are the whim of TIME!
KINSHIP!