TIME'S KINSHIP

Time is the miracle of the babe's amile, the old hag's ugly scowl:
the cradle, 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 devastating quality. It doles out treasures to its crea-
tures, 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 loveliest flower in the garden. White and pure. Spreading
its 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 sus-
pended! 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
throbbling whir in your head.

Is Time beginning to function again? Listen with all your ears
with all your senses. Listen! Time has worked, is fuctioning... 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, 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!