

Only *The Now*

Time and Existence—

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Now is always *Now*...

Memories are *Now*'s sliced-shadows.

Future never existed—

a *Memory*'s plan, abiding its turn to be *Now*.

Now's don't lie,

Now's don't cry,

Now's don't laugh or sing—

Now's live only in—

The *Now*...

The Now...

The *Now*....

Memories are 'oft universal, global, national, local, home, family and self—wilting with time, then away.

Memories are but *points of views* stored in a sloshing-mind; retained 'till fading at the ending-time...life's cycle ceasing it's play.

Memories may survive when marred in war's folly, its *truth* written by nations victorious—appended by losers—their *truth* inked in darkest pint up emotions.

Future does not exist at all—'tis a memory still waiting... still waiting... a run at the *Now*.

Future is what we plan in this *Now*—dreams, hopes, and fears of what may be. *Now's* *Future* may face demise; if its memory crumbles in eyes' sleepless-sand.

There's only the *Now* of the *Now*.

Now's *Now-cobwebs of the mind*, 'oft snare tidbits on *Neuron's* web. The *Id* crawls out on strands of sparkling-synapses, clutching morsel and spins a glistening memory's cocoon—a tidbit-plan for a *Future's* *Now*.