Federico Federici *Time in four movements*«Sand» (n.10), Berlin (2014)

[time that passes is no longer time or time already in the closest turning of a palm]	[time never being too late: as the few moments ago are gone those to come bring each other to the end]	[time always flows into other time a river into a river neither spring nor mouth on the lips of water]	[when time ends days shall all be back in place beyond the self]
[days behind us fold, not long enough to take hold in seasons]	[hollow trees shored against hollow woods] [the conversation of leaves fell long since unheard]	[how easily it breathes and cuts or lengthens in its own likeness the thread to pick up its loose knot in a rope that is so short!]	
[how long or how far shall we all follow footfalls in the dust?]			[the depth of the question is the heart of nothing]
[time is where they come from time is where they go]			[there is no other]
[everything else appears then disappears at once]		[when the last bird calls we inherit the place where it dries or drops into its slot]	[what lasts is what ends what has begun]
[death has one voice it owns things twice]	[its word echoes into words, whose voice deceives us within the noise of restless bones but time is neither true nor false]		[words continue to fail]
[out of sunlight clouds are empty forms of inner dark in a pattern of dust]		[it treads on seeds of light and leaves holes in the sleep of dark]	
in a pattern of dust j		[we dare not meet light when torment terminates for we don't hope again]	
			[there's always been nothing more than time and gestures only to stop or to delay the moment of the end and spend the lapse between motion and rest]

[time to tie one's shoe and gauge the full amount of stars]