

Time

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Existence is meant to burn in structured candescence,
the lighting of a candle, hot melting of wax.
This extolled by man who thought, in all his vainglory,
to make structured time by casting it
in the accruable tick—
seconds, minutes, days
—tock.
All action, mathematical rodomontade.

But life, existence, consciousness,
they all ignite in fulminant flares and offshoots,
no two souls concentric,
for man cannot temper fractal being.