

*SHANNA DOBSON*

## **Time's Homeomorphism**

I fell out of a star,  
Vitrified.

And into the hour of glass,  
Glass Colossus.

Someone's Epipsychidion.

As vitrified as an infinity-stack looking glass cake.

Above every word is a homeomorphism.  
Notice I did not say 'lies.'

Time's covering.

I have lost everyone's illusions, but that requires  
Time.

Whose time I do not know,  
I seem excluded.

Perhaps I excluded time,  
That's it!

Who says I need time?

They say else it happens all at once, but does that  
Not also require time?

To separate it from its covering,  
Seems  
To require another covering.

Thus we enter ad infinitum.

Can we say time is dense in infinity?  
Infinity dense in time?

Others say  
That is the very definition,  
Of more or less moderation,

Of time.

But of course that was me.  
Dense in subjectivity.

I thought I lost all of time's illusions.

Oh, that was my illusion.

But of course,  
That was me,  
Most infinitely me.

Time's Homeomorphism.