

Magritte's *Time Transfixed*

The cliché is apt: time as a nonstop train
on a track, run by the tick of the clock.

But Magritte: locomotive steaming on no track,
coming from and going nowhere.

Fireless fireplace, bare walls, and it's 12:43 on both sides
of the infinite mirror.

A wise man once said that there will be a time when there will be no time.
There is a difference between infinity and eternity.

Cleopatra saw eternity in sex.
This is not a poem about time.