



# A Map of Time

by William Oxley

*Time measures all. It is life's map  
From birth to death—so many units of decay.  
But we are centuries upon centuries away  
From a proper survey, a verbal ordinance  
That will enable Time's limits to be known:  
Whether it is fixed or can advance  
And how far it is part of the heart.*

*And what of the jargon that is needed?  
What must it express?  
We are already heavy with history  
"Time in the affairs of men"  
And we have geography, cartography  
Can time the turn of tides  
The stare of night-white moon  
The orange track of the zodiac  
And measure any hillside we choose.*

*But more than superficialities are needed now  
"The journey to inner space has begun:"  
The tide of emotion must be checked  
The time of love be known.  
And it is needful to map out beauty  
If only for an age that is in despair.  
All should now show concentration  
Not silly fragmentation:  
Unity to replace analysis  
Aesthetics against a poetry of paralysis;  
And a language joining myth with history  
(Reason and Imagination in harmony)  
With statement wrapped around the image  
And the fact in love with symbol . . .  
Then, maybe, the world shall have a map  
To show this timescape of which men speak  
Is but a dream of measurable limits.*