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 superficies 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.