



# The Time Traveler

by  
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Sitting here upon this spinning rock  
I curse the Sun  
That brilliant clock  
For He grants Time to neither lend nor borrow  
Despite desire  
No sooner may I reach the morrow

Unless, *in theory*, my travel nears the Speed of Light  
Which I planned to ride, *swiftly*, upon my bike

So,  
I pedaled down a favored grade  
Alas! To no avail  
Not more than a dozen knots  
With wind aback  
Could my bicycle sail

Thus spoke to me the Great Timekeeper of the Sky  
“The Speed of Light is mine alone  
Which, rest assured, you cannot fly!”

Then He left and doomed me to a Night of sorrow  
His last whisper  
“All of Time, but one day from Tomorrow”