

# Time Is The Biggest Trick Of All

I'm an all-over-the-place  
don't-fit-in-anywhere  
expatriate  
poet

I wonder what I would have become  
if we never left Clarktownship  
New Jersey when I was 14  
& drove across America  
to L.A. in a new 1950  
torpedo back  
dark green  
straight-8  
Buick with 4 portholes on the fenders  
& flashy red seatcovers

like Blake I may have lived my lifetime  
in a 50-mile radius with cosmic sunflowers  
writing poetry in the backyard

innocence & experience  
balancing each other out

I live on the edge of the universe  
on the biggest island in the world

## Billy Jones