

The Devourer of Things

As time in relentless movement
Quietly scours the mountain
So prolonged acquaintance makes ash
From magic of first encounter

Those sparkling, seductive ideas
That teased my mind by their dance
No longer compel me to action
Or strengthen or nourish my soul

Life, that quotidian miracle
Renewed every day of my youth
Fades in crepuscular silence
As I wait for the moon to appear

The cloak of bright spectral colors
Worn in my varied adventures
Now is a thin and grey garment
That cannot keep warmth within

Yet what I am is what I was
I remain, though now transmuted
Trapped here in armor now rusted
Once useful in forgotten frays

Could I discard that carapace
Layered upon me though time
The music that plays inside me
Would renew my soul once again.

J. Joseph Marr, MD

Dr. Marr (AQA, Johns Hopkins University, 1964) is a General Partner in Pacific Rim Ventures, an international venture capital firm. He is a member of the editorial board of *The Pharos* and a previous contributor to the journal. His address is: 14885 Irving Street, Broomfield, Colorado 80020. E-mail: marrj@mho.com.

