

## EPILOGUE TO A BIRTHDAY

When you walk, do you think?  
When you think, do you think  
of when you walked  
for the first time?  
And do you think of your first thought?

The stuttering footsteps transcend the times,  
the borrowed times, and the scattered lines  
of Life.  
And when you think, do you know  
that you're alive?

Sheltered in the shade of moonlit places,  
walking on the floors of nebular spaces  
a day of the days  
commemorates the Day,  
as does the other commemorate  
the Day of the Time, in a lulled forest.

The Aged Oak whispers; "This is the Time."  
The time to leave the road and greet the gate.  
But, remember, as the Aged Oak remembers,  
the Day they saluted its first leaf,  
and the times between.

**W.L. MURPHY.**