

## **a time no longer relevant**

by Jane Galian

the irony of a simple motel marquee

the glowing concept of a temple

shining virtuously in silver starlight, mellifluous angel song blinding skeptical eyes

set into a mountain of hollow stone

emptiness imbued with dissimulating illusions

skepticism eviscerating peace of mind,

as the waterfall descends, exposing insufferable truth

frothy waves whipping at the walls of a gentle mind brought up in sweet, mellow deceit

to envelop oneself in such pure fragrance and beauty

only to crumble moments later as the mountain of deception tumbles out of the sky and into reality

pages and pages of hypocrisy up in flames as bright and convincing as the pretense upon which they were established

temple city motel marquee

color fading into an empty abyss of vacant faces

markings physically displaying the obsolete ideals of a temple

the irony

light that constituted that temple city

and gave way to the firelight that scorched the tips of angel wings dipped in deceit

the smoke that overwhelmed the mellifluous angel song

the vehemence of the heat that bore through the stone

and the gleaming flames that engulfed the temple and its city,

a motel marquee beholding such a negative connotation, supported by its temple associations,  
and that alone

we will not let go, the concepts too beautiful to consider life without

yet we constantly tell ourselves to move on from things of the past

the mountain of hypocrisy burns, streams clouding with dust, godly air almost tangible with  
burden

the significance of what once meant something is no longer existent.

yet we deem that unacceptable.

waters, once clear, were tainted with time, memories fading into a desolate landscape.

yet we grasp what yearns for liberty.

what was once modern became obsolete, replaced by the contemporary.

and we still lie in the narrow, infinite stream, we call temple city

as we are buried by ashes that burned through a time, no longer relevant