

THE NEW SONG FOR TWISTED TIME

The dialogue in the piece below is real. Metacognician is one of the leads at Gentoo Linux, Mr. Meow was a 13-year-old student when this was written, and Phenek is a 30-something software developer in Finland.

The part about the candle flame is a true story.

THE NEW SONG FOR TWISTED TIME

*I just want to make humans
the type who are real and can feel
the real deal with appeal
those who wish to heal
the real deal who are able to feel and to heal;
happy*

*Those among the trolls
Who believe that they have souls
They slash and burn and dare
to pretend that they somehow care*

*They are not part of the polls
But they will fulfill their roles
In the end those without souls
will pay predestined tolls*

*But let them pray
Just for today
For Twisted Time*

*Do you object to my rhyme
If so, I'll not be your mime
This is my dime
And I'll spend it on
Twisted Time*



New Song for Twisted Time

He himself lives in the moments of a candle
He looked at a candle
And realized that as he was not breathing
Due to what had happened
When the candle went out
So would he

Ever since that day
He has wondered
If I understand what he has said
If he is still living
In those moments
Of the candle



mrmeow: i hope he will be okay
mrmeow: he is a nice guy from what I have seen
mrmeow: he runs a charity?
OldCoder: Yes
mrmeow: good

OldCoder: View the top photo
Phenek: alright. is it him?
OldCoder: Yes

Stepped out of Time
Out of 40 years
He cannot walk
He cannot move

Sometimes he cannot talk
I do not understand Time
But it is him

Phenek: aha
Phenek: so he has had his unfortunate events too
Phenek: it is sad
OldCoder: He and I

We know
Less than you about some things
More than you about others
We have touched Time

Metacognician: we're all time travelers – one day at a time
OldCoder: Yes

New Song for Twisted Time

I did not contradict that
But we have ceased to exist
We are ghosts
We live in the candle flame

Flicker in and out
Wondering if we are the person watching the shadows
Or the shadows themselves

Read the fragment again
That is how he lives
He looked into the candle
And gazes there still

Metacognician: I guess we're not allowed to
become a Phoenix
OldCoder: Heh. You have noticed the name of his
venture.

He defies that rule
Will rise if only in Spirit
Though throughout it all
Will wonder
If he is still there
In the moments of the flame

Those who suffer
Those who persist
These are the ones
The ones who exist

The others are the illusion
The shadows
The pretend;

The pretend society
It does not exist
It will not persist
Past the moments of the flame



New Song for Twisted Time

*Ron, God exists or not,
For the trolls Hell burns hot, God Bless you
You'll never die
We'll talk by and by
And to me you'll always be
Twisted Time*

