

# EVERYTHING

TONI SCORSESE

When time belabors, I wallow  
When time quickens, I panic

Too enduring and I regret  
Too fleeting and I resent  
The duplicity of time spawns the deep and manifests the shallow.

When space unfolds, I dawdle  
When space implodes, I palsy

Too boundless and I rue  
Too finite and I vex  
The duplicity of space begets the waste and laments the stall.

Enduring this intricate weave, I bemoan he never found the Unified Theory.