

Passage of Time

A Poem

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I

Does Time assist that Ravage – Age,
Inflict its toll upon our mold?
We're fleeting points on plane of Time,
Brief breaths on plain of history.
Forlorn, astray, youth's form depletes:
With arms too short to read a word,
With hairs too thin to hold their black,
With waists too round for waning height.
As wrinkles mark the years past lived,
Like rings in trees – the lines of time;
As aging joints soon creak. We stand
Against the winds of Time. Persist,
Perceive and persevere. We bend,
The gust of time o'er us in end.



II

Does time unite what brain perceives,
So imagery connects as one?
A yellow sphere tossed into air,
Perceived as whole in unity;
Shape, shade and color, bound as one,
Mind-molded through the glue of time.
Straight information lines of time
Unite the silos of the mind.
Through Time, adults create a child,
Through Time, that child attains adult;
Time circles on, from straight to round:
Round rhythm – clock – circadian.
Percepts in Time flow from our mind,
And know the future of our kind.

III

Does Time permit us to emote,
To feel emotions, frolic, full?
Emotions are the prize from Time!
So what is gained from breathing time?
Excitements, dreams, mind images!
Time touches brain to thus unlock,
Feelings to kindle a mind to thought;
Magnificent desolation.
Listen. Live. Appreciate Life.
Exult. Exude. Experience Time.
Enslaving infatuation.
Passage of time, passion renewed,
Thought-filled perambulation,
Platonic intoxication.

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