

Grains of Sand

Tiny, little grains of sand
Always shifting none can stand
Pressed upon by gravity
Through a narrow cavity
'Til they stop upon a mound
In the lower chamber found
Grains upon their heads still pour
'Til the sand on top's no more

Seconds, minutes, hours that pass
Like the sand within the glass
All our time so quickly flees
The clock of life no one can freeze
None can know the weight of sand
Which the God of time has planned
But as stewards we will give
An account of how we've lived

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2/25/13