

"The Hands of Time"

The hands of time
(Not friends of mine)
No pity they bestow;
They never cease,
Nor give me peace,
No mercy ever show.
Around the clock
They move non-stop
And beckon loud to me:
"Your life will end--
Watch how you spend--
Your minutes are not free.
You must be wise
And sever ties
With passions not the best;
Each choice you make
Some time will take
And leave your balance less.
Your life is brief--
Beware the thieves
Which steal your time away;
Do what is best
While time's still left;
Have no regrets today."

TRH
11/12/2016