

Time

It is an ever bearing presence
Passive, yet prominently placed
It holds all, yet uses no fence
For its hands take all that it has faced
He never leaves your side, merely one step behind
Whispering and breathing down your neck
“Keep going, keep going,” it’s raining, it’s snowing,
And your miles deep in the wreck
He’s a gambler, he’s a priest
A kind friend and a savior
He thrives in greed, and lives off your labor
He deals seconds like dollars, minutes like pain
Hours in intervals, and years in vain
He takes first breaths in quarters, and last breaths in dimes
He will thrive forever, for he is time.