

Where Does the Time Go?

Where does the time go

After it's chosen performance

The can can of life in all its roles

Unscripted

Unrehearsed

As

The sharp pierce of time

Takes aim

and

The inevitable leaving

Happens

As

The hours, the minutes, the seconds

Fly as time does mostly.

Time hung out to dry, the fallen tears

Time rustles in corners, refusing to leave

Returning in memory.

Telling its tales

On repeat.

And all I see now is the back of you

Head down

Escaping.

The tick and the tock of time.

Inky hour

The relentless pound of rain falls hard through the black notes of night

A timpani of battery accompanies and sleep turns over and wakes

To the early inky hour

Awash in hazy dreams

Recall floating away as day delivers.

It's beating heart.