

Time

Time withering quickly away
like rose petals in hot wind.
You stop to tell me a secret.
How can I stretch time and appreciate
what I have been given, however brief?
Smoke burns our eyes.
We shed tears together for open roses,
the beauty of their brief time.
Let go of the fret and worry.
I could not make them tight again.
Only thorns and stems left to cherish, and I will.
I can hear your heartbeat.
Your voice tickles my ear, even from a distance,
and sends chills across my shoulders.
Years roll by faster than anything.
Will I ever catch up with my own experiences?
I listen to clicks of the wall clock.