

In time's hourglass, grains like whispers sift. Each fleeting second, a stolen, precious gift. We chase the moments, with hurried sighs and cries. "Time for another", the desperate heart replies.

But time, oh time, a winged and mocking thief. He laughs at deadlines, mocks our petty grief. He flirts on gossamer, a dancer swift and sly. While we, below, with watches clutched, cry, "It flies"!

"It's about time" we grumble, teeth clenched tight. As if to scold the sun for fading into night. "Time at the bar", a desperate hope to drown. The gnawing fear of hours slowly slipping down.

But in the shadows, whispered soft and low, a different time, a secret rhythm, starts to flow. "Me time" it murmurs, "time to shed the chains". A gentle hand that soothes the soul's sweet pains.

No longer clocks, nor calendars command. Just moonlit walks and stars upon the sand. No deadlines loom, no pressure's cruel decree. Just time, unfurling, vast and wild and free.

For time, it seems, has many faces, untold. A cruel taskmaster, or a story to be told. He whispers secrets in the falling leaves, and laughs with children caught in playful weaves.

So let us dance with time, embrace his dance, no longer lost in the frantic, futile trance. For in each breath, each heartbeat's steady hum, a universe of time has come.

And when the final curtain softly falls, no regrets linger, etched upon the walls. For we have savored each and every chime. And danced, beyond the sands of time.

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