
An Untitled Poem

As you watch the sand of your life
sift through the funnel of fate,
will you turn to your mirror and ask
"Is there time still, or am I too late?"

Have I done all the things that I love,
or only those things that I hate?
Do I know the value of life,
or only the hourly rate?

Could the money I traded for time
compensate for what I had lost?
Oh, if only I'd known then, what I know now:
the sunshine not only the frost.

The rich and the poor share one fact
when the time of your life unfulfilled,
falls through the funnel to black.
Not one grain can be sucked through time's hole, not one grain can ever come back.

EVEN THE FORTUNE TELLER
WON'T TELL YOU WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS;
SEEING YOUR LIFE DISSOLVE IN A GLASS BUBBLE,
SHE LOOKS AT THE DEVIL AND WINKS