

WHEN I AM OLDER

one Day
when i am Older,
i will know how to Live.
In a monochrome autumn
leaves become moments
which had fallen by.

yesterDay
when i was Younger,
i knew how to Live.
Under the orange sun
sunshine became memory
which did fall behind.

one Day
when i am Older,
i will know how to Live.
Without your voice
sound grew still
and echoed on by.

One Day
when i am older

—*Timothy Giles*