

Time

Be weary of the faceless stranger who among us dwells
He who came with us into the world, the one we know so well
Forever stealing the treasured precious gifts of man
Beauty, youth, and vigor, are only lent by his hand
Forever chasing with no hope of catching, yet besides us he awaits
His labored presence is seen in man's shadow, where hunched and decrepit, was
 once narrow and straight
Gone are the fleeting memories of man, they now rest with him
Keeper of lost memories, of lovers and dreams, families and friends
Knowledge and wisdom he fades away
Leaving only remembrance of a better day
He knows no bounds; he heals all wounds
We part with him as friends only at the hour of our doom

Christy Horton