

POEM OF THE WEEK

WHERE DID IT GO
(A "Time" Poem)

I ask, "Where did it go?"
You say, "What, where?"
A perfectly reasonable conversation
Don't you think? It comes down

To the BIG question
"What is "it"?" Wealth, health
Things that move with stealth
That slip by you

Having been neither heard
nor seen. Speaking of things
Unseen and noiseless, things
That need to be mechanised

And made to produce a sound, "Tick-tock"
Is that the question? I have an answer
"A clock?" Tick-tock, a clock, tells the time
Is that the dimension you refer to?

"Yes, yes", I responded. "Yes, yes!"
A clock measures something called time
But what is time? Is it contained in the clock's
Mechanism, does it reside in dark corners

And jumps out at you? "Surprise! Surprise!"
Or is it in the water of a river travelling to the sea?
I don't know. It flows, for sure and disappears
I say, "What happened? Where did it go?"

The silence answers, don't you know?
Time is life. Life is time. Life and time
It is light. Light equals time and life
If you feel short-changed, consider

Time and life are measured in activities
Events and opportunities; opportunities
Demand action as a result. Did you act?
Or did you carelessly let the opportunity pass

Have another glass (or bottle)?
I prefer coffee; no hangovers
Do you feel that time has left you behind?
Yes? No? Maybe?

Did you decline the opportunity?
Either way, we're part of the equation
How you react matters, until multiplied
By (the speed of light) squared;
then you become energy. Then we're

Part of the cosmic energy - and time
Doesn't matter. Or, does it?
Confusing. Is it not

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