

TIME

In life we're always looking at
A clock, or watch we wear.
We check our phones, we check our apps,
How long to get to there?
And as for journeys in a car
Or bus or train, we take.
We grumble till it does arrive?
It's late, for goodness' sake.
We tut and mutter when we think
Our trip will take more time
Than we had planned. In busy lives
Blood pressure starts to climb.
We curse the folk responsible
And think they're simply lazy
We're sure it shouldn't take that long,
Our memory somewhat hazy.
And when we're asked to do a task
We wish to just avoid.
'No time', is the excuse we give,

We're otherwise employed.
But everybody wants *your* time.
You have to share it out,
Your boss, your child, your friend, your spouse
And 'Time for me,' you shout.
But too much time is hell on earth
'Cause loneliness appears
But then, too little brings on stress
The breakdowns and the tears.
And if the balance isn't right,
We pay a heavy price,
Our health and then our happiness
Are all gone in a trice.
And when we're at the end of days
And life is running out,
Time becomes our enemy,
This truth beyond all doubt.
But I am grateful for my part
In life's rich tapestry,
Some things you win and some you lose

Yes, nothing comes for free.
So, when I ponder on my time
With all those passing years
The triumphs and the tragedies
The hopes and many fears.
A feeling overcomes me
A confidence sublime,
For I am grateful for my life
Time after Time.

Carolyn R. Bradley