

Where Does the Time Go?

Where does the time go

After its chosen performance

The cancan of life in all its roles

Unscripted

Unrehearsed

As

The sharp pierce of time

Takes aim

and

The inevitable leaving

Happens

As

The hours, the minutes, the seconds

Fly as time does mostly.

Time hung out to dry, the fallen tears

Time rustles in corners , refusing to leave

Returning in memory.

Telling its tales

On repeat.

And all I see now is the back of you

Head down

Escaping.

The tick and the tock of time .