

Time

With certain sadness I recall when all my days were mine
When I could while away the hours aknee in fancies fine
When time was mine to have and hold, to fritter or to flee
Into realms beyond this earth where spirits can roam free

Those childhood days of yesteryear seeming so long past
Would that they had never been, or would that they would last
Forever or at least remain to ease my adult life
To brighten every now and then these tiresome days of strife

Time has different meaning now, 'tis bought and sometimes sold
To make my way in a weary world - it's no more mine to hold
Can I spare the while it takes to watch a flock of geese
Vee their southward journey on to seek the winter's ease?
Can I fly along with them, at least with my soul?
No, I cannot, for I must pursue some other earthly goal
Some goal that I just dimly know, a goal I did not set
But it seems one I must attain, so I've no time just yet

Tomorrow, then, I tell myself, or someday very soon
I will watch the northern lights, or contemplate the moon.
Silly, foolish nonsense, many folks would say
Is it? Really? Then tell me, friend, I pray
What nobler, sating sustenance a drifting soul can find
Than marv'ling at the works of God, to see and not be blind
To what you see, imagine, hope and dream
No matter how unreachable the distant stars may seem.