

Transient Time

by Crystal Wilson

I hear the whoosh of the speed, the speed of my life passing by in a single second
I begged the clock for more time; I desperately pleaded and I beckoned
Life is constantly passing me by, without a moment to give—
as if I am the law, as if each fleeing minute is on the run like a fugitive

The tick-tock of the clock seemed to get faster—
Anxiously, I know that time had me mastered
Each tick meanly mocked me, as I mourned the lost time;
With each tock, I screamed at the clock, but I was an unheard pantomime

As I screamed, grains of sand flooded, causing me to choke;
The heavy, harrowing hourglass was unable to turn in my throat
Time was a thief stealing seconds, stealing breaths, stealing hope—
I always had one foot slipping off a tumultuous tightrope

Time was my ruler, a relentless dictator,
a constant reminder that there isn't always a "later"
I knew in my heart that it was time for rebellion,
or else I'd die a slave to this impetuous hellion

So how can I cope with time as it's fatefully fleeting?
I must spend my time *living* while my heart is still beating
Time will keep counting down, dwindling to the end;
time will continue to take from all of us and never lend

So I must steal from time what it tries to steal from me and deprive:
the moments we exist the deepest within, the breaths that make us feel most alive
The moments in which we love one another wholeheartedly and know that love is returned;
the moments that feel like daylight savings time, like we've had an hour returned