

“Hourglass”

How slowly run the sands through
life's hourglass,
when first we set time's energy free.
But all too soon blameless haste
ensures rushing to its end,
and with all our strength we grasp
and turn again the
metered hour that is our destiny.

And what, I ask, of those whose
strength the hours betrayed.
No fingered grip, no subtle wrist,
no dextrous turn that
starts another day.

For them the sands are still, for
them rest, peace, tranquillity.
And for us who must remain a vow,
to seethe hourglass is
laid to rest now.