

“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.