Time



I saw a bouquet of dried roses today.
That made me think about time.
I realized the roses didn't bloom very long
That made me think about life.

I thought about how I look at my life
And how I think about time.
I've adopted a mindless lack of respect.
I don't care unless I'm far behind.

I wondered if the fragrance was strong
As the sun helped the buds come of age.
When the petals were fresh, did anyone see?
What if no one smelled them 'til now?

By the time I know what my life is about
Too many roses will die.
Other flowers will bloom once I'm gone.
How much will I miss until then?

It's true that fresh roses are here a short time.
It's true that my life is the same.
I struggle to find the essence of life
But distractions prevent many gains.

All of these years of mismanaged hours
As I studied time management books,
I frantically searched for what isn't there.
I have usually misunderstood.

I've thought about time as something to sell-
A commodity - not a true gift
I can give to me, to my family and friends.
But I've lost more than I ever sold!

After I saw the dried roses today
I thought about time's forward thrust
Its mechanical ticking of minutes and hours
Its swift, ineluctable span.

With its unceasing movement and unyielding force
Inexorably rushing ahead
Time holds my life, but I let the clock stop.
I think about what I have left.

Time is a gift, not something to sell.
It's mine to control as I choose.
I'm going forward now with strengthened resolve
And respect for what once I abused.

Credits:

From *Life is a Non-Stop Event*, a book of poetry by Carole Bos.

See Alignments to State and Common Core standards for this story online at:
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