

SHORT TIMER

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I have posted this poem before, but I like it, so here it is in the middle of the night. Believe it or not I just woke up and can't sleep.

SHORT TIMER

I am older now.
I have less time,
But more of it.

I finally have enough,
Of whatever I was saving for,
To make it to the end.

And as that end draws near,
What I need to get there,
Grows less with every year.

So I can take a break,
Even chance to look around,
To see how you are doing,
To know where you are bound.

We could even walk together,
But here is what is tough,
I am only going to the end,
And that is close enough.

- Michael Erlewine