

Time

Nature's Way

IN Nature's unobtrusive way,
Old Time goes by, it would appear,
'til man may confidently say,
"I may not be around next year."

That makes them smile at thirty-three,
And more, at raw-boned twenty-five —
United, as they fail to see
A problem: simply stay alive!

How they laugh, when Big Four-O
Makes anxious friends cry, "*Stay in bed!*"
Yet if they pause, they'll surely know
That they are more than half-way dead.

For every tick of Nature's clock —
Perhaps it calls it Little Knell —
Propels them gently to the shock
Of feeling, oddly, not quite well.

And aches augment and stumbles start.
Recollection's not so clear.
"Perhaps they'd better check my heart:
I may not be around next year!"

And Time laughs, too: its mighty span —
Reaching whither, stretching whence? —
Ensures it harvests every man,
No later than an eye-blink hence.
