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## You and the Time

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## You and the Time

Phillip A. Trezza

I don't know what happened exactly. Here I am,  
motionless and forgotten like a He-Man sticker  
placed crooked on the side of a lunch box.  
Throw me in the closet with the coats and the hats,  
on the floor with the pumps and the flats,  
or maybe in a cave with the ghosts and the bats.

What am I to you  
when all you do is move?  
Does it look like I am in motion to you?  
I hate to watch you fly by,  
you know, you and the time.

I caught a glimpse once,  
but that is all I was able to catch.  
Well,  
besides a case of the heavies.  
You know  
when you just feel  
heavy.

Lately, I've traded my idols for a life idle.  
I've become intangible and oddly abstract.  
But I'll move again one day.  
I'll be the most marvelous move around.  
I'll make the movers and the shakers pause and bear witness  
to this peculiar and glorious occasion.  
An unprecedented orchestration it will be,  
I'll be better,  
I'll be cured,  
just like you.  
I'll be free.

As soon as I get these shoes tied,  
assuming my feet and hands will abide.  
As soon as I stand strong, sturdy and straight,  
and I push off this soul crushing weight  
of my fears all the years have assembled  
while watching you fly by.  
You know,  
you and the time.