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## 60 Seconds

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The beat has stopped,  
Yet I can still hear the rhythm.  
The record no longer spins,  
Yet I still dance.

The fat lady takes the stage  
to sing her final number,  
And I feel a dry shiver trickle up my  
spine.  
Yet I can still hear the rhythm.

Moments are no longer  
No future and no past.  
Seconds had no value,  
And now they're all I have.

With time winding down,  
Colors begin to fade;  
Until there is nothing but darkness,  
And the comforting aroma of  
leather.

From the darkness and the  
silence  
A hand reaches down  
toward me.  
And as I take hold of the  
glacial appendage  
It pulls me into the unknown.

Lying lost and alone in the  
shadows,  
I can no longer hear the  
rhythm.  
It can only hear me.

# 60 Seconds

Eric Rosenthal