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The Inexorable March

Taylor Robinson

One, two, three, four...

Here they come, there they go,
While I sit watching the show.
They parade; they march in line.
The new day waits.

Lazily they raise the bar;
Warily it mounts the heights,
Then haltingly it falls back home
Only to dawdle forth again.

Now I see them wander round,
Trudging down the endless trail.
The day is long, the march is hard,
But steadily they carry on.

Long they dance; long they play
As each one marks the passing day.
Those members of an eternal band
March on.

They stand to face the coming dusk,
And even as I watch no more,
Still they saunter through the night;
Even then I hear them march.

One, two, three, four...