

Time Flies

by Annette Bochenek

There is rhythm in the rambling wind.
Restless minutes race past our faces,
wreak havoc through unruly hair,
abruptly ascend and vanish—
Like carefree kites disappearing in the sky.

The hours lift the birds into the air,
a feathery fleeting moment,
winding through and around the clouds.

As soft as the hands of a child, grasping a red balloon—
string slipping through fingers,
while the rueful witness wails over its retreat.

And tiny hands grow bigger with time.

But the clock has no hands, only wings,
beating in steady staccato heartbeat,
brushing against weathered places, aging faces—
Until time's baggage is once again
welcomed, worshipped, wanted, wasted...