

Life Times
By Tiffany Alvarez

Dawn, the sun is on the face
Of time, the stirring of a life.
The spring is born and freshly wound,
Potential energy newfound.
Morning, swinging high and low
Encased and yet to find the world.
Reality dawns, the glass screen cracks,
Illusions separate from the facts.
Afternoon, the brightness dulls,
A sober rhythm to maintain.
Hours merging, days by daze,
Slipping to encroaching haze.
Evening, lifelong seconds drag
Reflecting on the bygone times.
The race is run, the mind is free,
Succumbing to eternity.