Time Keeps Moving
Ashley Talesky

The ashes rest beneath the ticks of time.
The clock, which oscillates in perfect beat,
Is marking off the rhythms with a chime.

A steadiness impossible to cheat.

The watch on freckled wrist, a hasty glance,
A cry of lateness, frenzy, faster, yes!
And time is not controlled by spiteful chance,
Imposed restraints, we cause our wild distress.

Imagined time - explain to me one thing,
If fancies rule, how does a season change?
A bearer: birth, through life, till death you bring.
A fabled notion, real results? So strange.

The bell continues ticking evermore,
Above devoted crowds, its truth they swore.