

"My Time Will Be Me"

by Ron Sasso

Time is not the answer
It is just part of the equation
That surrounds the Life force,
Driving us to and fro
With our shadows behind us,
And memories of old lovers
Like dust on a picture frame,
Safely tucked away in an old box
In the attic of a home
Left long ago---
Forgotten in the frenzy of moving
On with Life
And into another phase
That will be left behind as others before,
Or auctioned off
At a funeral sale.

We can drown in the sea of Time
Without making a ripple.
Those who conform
Are born submerged in the ocean
With gills to pass the time.

I would at least be a shark,
Cutting the water with my fins,
Putting fear in the empty hearts of
those submerged.
I cut through Time
Trying to leave my mark;
I may die and become a fossil
Or run myself onto shore
Beyond the last waves of Time,
All for the sake of Life
And Living Bold.

But I am not a shark,
I am a man
And I Love and I Live
And I shake the earth with my feet
As I run.

There is no time like Now:
Tomorrow is just a Dream
that may never come,
And Yesterday is a Memory
That may never return.

If I live this moment
As though All Eternity would
depend on it,
And each moment succeeds
the next,
My Time will be more than just
meaningless dust
And more than Empty days
Spent counting grains
of sand.

My Time will be Me.