

Masterpiece

The hands of time slip over one another
Another day melts into a merciless week
Weekdays flurry past as the ice freezes over
Over the marks we hopelessly hope to seek.

Sought my name and yours on the wall of those remembered
Remembered to look under the pile of the blues of December

December floods into merry May
Maybe my hand bears enough weight
Weight that leaves a resting mark
Marking my presence into a forgetful date

Dates carry the burden of the forgotten and faded
Faded our handprints and our memories traded

Trade your fears for a life lived well
Welling in sorrows to remember and forget
Forget the pain of growing that never comes to cease
Cease your worries and create your masterpiece



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