

POEM OF THE WEEK

An Introduction

I am writing a series of poems based on and around the theme of time. There are currently seven; there will be more. Over the next months, I will publish these, one poem at a time. They are numbered (mostly for my reference); they can be read in any order.

RHYMIN' TIME Part One (POEMS ABOUT TIME)

1.

Is Time a luxury?

Time is a luxury I have known and still do
Many I've known are no longer here
Their time has been spent, and their coupon
Cashed. The clock ticks, tick tock, tick tock

I warn, don't mock. I've taken stock
I'm fully aware my seconds are numbered
Each morning I awake and face a new day
Am I grateful? Yes, oh yes; another chance

To experience the sun, the rain, whatever the weather
Throws at us. Another opportunity to see your face
Your smile, walk another mile (why? We can!)
It is ours, right? The clock ticks, tick tock, tick tock

No Ma'am, it is a gift given to us. It is a gift to be not wasted,
tasted yes; shared and celebrated. To fill each moment with love
and truth. To better humanity; to make a difference. No matter how small
We do not surrender to despair; those in power use it to control us.

Truth is a weapon.
The clock ticks,
tick tock, tick tock
Thou shalt not mock!
Tick tock
Thou shall not pull the wool
Over the eyes of the flock

Time is a luxury.
Life is a gift.
It might not seem so.
Things do not always

Appear to be what they are.
A hurdle can be a challenge,
to advance on
Surrender gracefully?

To what; death?
It comes in many forms.
Zombies are and are not
The product of fiction

Too many have allowed themselves
to become the living dead.
Sedated by mass media
And corporate advertising

If it sells, sir
It is most probably
Bad for your health
And disastrous for your budget

Not me; not me, baby!
The clock ticks, tick tock, tick tock

Time is a luxury. I recognise that.
I seize with all my might. I'll dance to it,
prance to it advance with it as if it were
An unexpected song, that only I can hear.

The clock ticks, tick tock, tick tock
A warning
a foreboding?
It's what clocks do

I shall not fear!

Leslie D Bush
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