

Time?

What is time really?
Is it a simple measurement of seconds, minutes,
Hours, days, weeks, years, decades and so on?
Why is it that when in the early stages of our life,
Time seems to be everywhere?
There seems to be no attention to how much
Time there is left.
And as we get older,
Those immunities seem to disintegrate.
Time seems to be running out.
It's sought after.
Treasured, cherished more desired.
And as we get into the mid-era of our lives,
We find ourselves almost praying for more
Time.
It's almost as if were air.
Without it, no life exists.
All we really want is to be able to slow
Down
And appreciate the things in life
Often taken for granted.
So I pose this question to you,
What is time really?

ALPHABET BY SHEER

