Time





I saw a bouquet of dried roses today. That made me think about time. I realized the roses didn't bloom very long That made me think about life.

I thought about how I look at my life And how I think about time. I've adopted a mindless lack of respect. I don't care unless I'm far behind.

I wondered if the fragrance was strong As the sun helped the buds come of age. When the petals were fresh, did anyone see? What if no one smelled them 'til now?

By the time I know what my life is about Too many roses will die. Other flowers will bloom once I'm gone. How much will I miss until then?

It's true that fresh roses are here a short time. It's true that my life is the same. I struggle to find the essence of life But distractions prevent many gains.

All of these years of mismanaged hours As I studied time management books, I frantically searched for what isn't there. I have usually misunderstood.

I've thought about time as something to sell-A commodity - not a true gift I can give to me, to my family and friends. But I've lost more than I ever sold!

After I saw the dried roses today I thought about time's forward thrust Its mechanical ticking of minutes and hours Its swift, ineluctable span.

With its unceasing movement and unyielding force Inexorably rushing ahead Time holds my life, but I let the clock stop. I think about what I have left.

Time is a gift, not something to sell. It's mine to control as I choose. I'm going forward now with strengthened resolve And respect for what once I abused.

Credits:

From *Life is a Non-Stop Event*, a book of poetry by Carole Bos.

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