

Minutes Of The Mind

A clock is ticking
its treadmill round . . .
and round,
as one passes time reviewing
minutes of the mind.
The left behind belongings
serve as memory entryway,
memories sweet, and bitter.
The, why? Why? Why?
And always, what could have been?
We face the Chasm of Separation.
A world of Here. . .
A world of There. . .
There. . .
a world of timelessness,
one of clocks,
without pendulum,
without face,
without hands of brass.
Minutes, the precious minutes
to love
ones imbued with life,
minutes for days of living.
Minutes. . . minutes,
so many wasted minutes. . .
Create we with our minds
a vast expanse,
using the minutes
with which to share our inner joy
and longings?
Our meager minutes remaining
forever meaningless to the dead.
. . . Left behind belongings,
secret things,
the last sigh.