

A LETTER TO TIME

TO MY PRECIOUS TIME,

YOU ARE UNCONQUERABLE AND FREE,
AN IMPRESSIVE GIFT, YET AN EVERYDAY
REALITY.

YOU ARE LIKE WATER, ENDLESSLY FLOWING,
AND BEFORE YOU REALIZE, YOU ARE
ALREADY GOING.

YOU SURROUND US ALL, YET REMAIN
UNSEEN,
SOMETIMES YOU PASS QUICKLY, SOMETIMES
SERENE.
YET, YOUR LIFE IS NOT ONE I WOULD
CRAVE,
YOUR WORTH AND POWER IN OUR SOCIETY
HAVE LONG BEEN FORGOTTEN AND LEFT
TO DECAY.

PEOPLE SHOW YOU NO CARE, NO RESPECT,
TO THEM, YOU ARE JUST A MEANS TO AN
END.
TRADING THEIR LIFETIME FOR MONEY,
BELIEVING THIS IS HOW THE WORLD
SHOULD BE SPINNING.

IT IS ALWAYS EASY TO SAY
THE WELL-KNOWN PHRASE,
"UNFORTUNATELY, NO TIME,"
BUT DOES THAT NOT RATHER UNDERMINE
THE CREDIBILITY OF THOSE WHO CLAIM
THIS LINE?
FOR IN DOING SO, THEY CONTRADICT
THEMSELVES,
SIMPLY CHOOSING THE WRONG PRIORITIES
INSTEAD.

YET, FOR THEM, THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WAS HIDDEN ALL
ALONG.
THEY REALIZE THEY HAVE WASTED YOU,
ON MATERIAL, SEEMINGLY "ESSENTIAL
COMMERCIALS."

BUT YOU MARCH ON,
YOU ARE IRREVERSIBLE,
AND THEY—
ONLY AT THE BRINK OF DEATH DO THEY
LEARN YOUR WORTH.

I, AS ONE AMONG THEM, CAN PROMISE YOU
THIS:

ONE DAY, I WILL TELL STORIES OF YOU,
NOT ABOUT PREDEFINED SOCIETAL DUTIES.
NO! I WILL SPEAK OF THE MOMENTS THAT
MOVED MY HEART,
NOT OF WHAT OTHERS ALWAYS TRIED TO
IMPART
OR FIRMLY INSISTED I SHOULD TAKE TO
HEART.

THESE WILL BE STORIES OF BREATHTAKING
TIMES,
UNFORGETTABLE FRAGMENTS OF MY LIFE,
THE ONES THAT DEFINE ME,
SHAPE WHO I AM MEANT TO BE.
AND SO, BEING MYSELF IS NOTHING TO
FEAR,
YET MOST LET OUR
"OH-SO-CARING" SOCIETY DICTATE THEIR
WAY.

AND YOU, YOU CAN ONLY WATCH THE
SHOW,
AS THE LIGHT OF LIFE BEGINS TO DIM AND
GROW OLD.
YOU HOPE THEY LEARN TO CHERISH YOU
SOONER,
FOR THEY CAN NEVER REPLACE YOU.

YOU ARE UNIQUE, YOU WILL NEVER
RETURN,
WASTING YOU MEANS THROWING AWAY
HAPPINESS UNEARNED.

BUT IN THE END, ONE
QUESTION REMAINS—
**HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE TRULY CAPABLE OF
CHANGE?**

