Time

Traveling cloud
Traveling sound
Traveling light ahead
A coin is the world
Flipped ’to a well
Bottomless pit
Spinning in haste
No one could catch
Nothing could break.

Life of a star
Life of a candle
Life of a distant firework
Whatever happened to moment?
An hour is a minute
A minute, a second
A second ‘to nothing
Nothing ‘to anything.

Clocks are famous
Time, an ideal
Life, a passing train
Death—an instant
Instant, immediate
Immediate
Immediate.

Roland Cartagena