

A Boy Called Time

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Once there was a man with white hair and a clock for a face
Everyday he would stare at the sun and challenge it
And everyday he would lose.
And as the beams crossed his pale face
Sometimes he would laugh
And sometimes he would cry
As he studied the sky and dreamed of being up there
Where there were millions of suns, forever.
And he would think about a girl
Who was like a sunburn to him,
Because she only lived in his head and danced across his skin
And he could hear her voice in the creaking branches above his head,
And he felt extraordinary in the sun
Because the heat melted his ego and warmed his heart
And taught him how to look at life through other people's eyes.
And when it became dark he felt a profound emptiness
That yawned in the void like a cave
And swallowed him whole every night
And birthed him again every day
But as he watched the sun vanish below the trees
He knew its setting and rise were the most marvelous things he could ever see
And that every one was better than the last.
Because he knew that even though the light couldn't cleanse him, it could warm him.
And it burned for him forever.