

Time
Alexander J
Old Donation School, 8th grade
Soon to be,
Not quite yet,
Continuing on,
Forevermore,
Flowing water,
Crumbling vine,
Ticking,
Ring ring,
Starts again,
For I am the ending of all men,
Olden wood,
Starts to rot,
All of which you forgot,
Old designs begin to crumble,
As you think,
You begin to fumble,
Who is that?
I don't know,
We will never get to go,
Back to there,
It is gone,
The future has come so far along,
In fact the past is always gone,
I remember that thing,
So long ago,
Who was it?
I will never know.