

AND THE TIME IS

We have come to the point of decision,
and the hands of the clock say- be careful.
We've learned from the past that our choices
are one or the other or neither,
and the hands of the clock say- be careful.
We have readied ourselves for the challenge
by weighing the odds and the chances
of what will result from our choices,
and the hands of the clock say- be hopeful.

We're not what we were when we started,
and the hands of the clock say- it's over.
Our yesterdays lengthen like shadows
that fade when we no longer cast them,
and the hands of the clock say- it's over.

Despite what it brings to surprise us,
we treasure each day in its passing
though we know that we pass as it passes,
and the hands of the clock say- discover.

We sit on the porch every evening,
and the hands of the clock say- be watchful.
We study the leaves in their turning
from green to vermilion to purple,
and the hands of the clock say- be watchful.

While we stare at the sky in its vastness
and name every star in the distance,
we dwindle to scale in the balance,
and the hands of the clock say- be grateful.

The dead come to life in our living,
and the hands of the clock say- remember.

The words of a prophet keep haunting
the ones who ignored him when living,
and the hands of the clock say- remember.

The world that we think is around us
is neither before nor behind us
but always within us, within us
and the hands of the clock say- forever.