

Rivers Run

*Rivers run, time slips by, seasons come and go
Autumns follow summers, sea tides ebb and flow
Childhood turns to youth, youth to mellowed age
Life's book is read, or not, but turns on by page by page
Full it is for some, others but mark time
Knowing not the reason, sensing not the rhyme
Scores and decades rightly pass into memory's lore
As we recall, in times of grace, days of golden yore*

*Time's a sieve, a screen, a mesh, a filter for our thought
Keeping only which we want, while letting through a lot
Pleasant, tranquil memories come to mind with ease
Quelled are those that cruelly nudge a battered heart's unease*

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