

Time

With every glance, the watch appears older.
Time is ticking quickly, a burden is on my shoulder.
I wish that I could just give in to all those things I learned.
I wish that I had given in before I had gotten burnt.
I needed to be strong every time that I was weak.
It seems that I would cry every time I got a peek.
Opening up was all the joy, all the life I had.
Opening up, I never tried, when I was feeling bad.
Now my time is running faster than it ever has.
I live each moment separately, every time is a blast.
My life now full of what I want, and not of what I need.
Now that my time is running out, I hope that I will heed.
Every word given onto me, and every passing day.
I should have chosen to give to those that came my way.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Adam Custer.