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## An Old Man's Runaway Clock

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An Old Man's Runaway Clock

by Anthony Balch

Time was such a plodding beast  
Leaving large tracks in the mud  
In which a toddler taught himself to spend  
A minute's leisure watching a marred minnow squirm.  
The mane and tail of the trusty steed was  
Never beruffled by its own made wind.

But the green and golden gait gave way  
To the senses of childhood's old age.  
Bombarded by a wind in the face  
And blurring scenery's brief stay,  
Realisms grab the mind!  
More speed, then steed and man surmise  
A shrinking, swiftning, streaking state  
In a world once measured by two eyes  
Now grown beyond imagined bounds.

Now a senile hold on a comet's tail!  
The blinking eyes of the sapped old soul  
See but bursts of brief images softly  
Shaped from the smoking trail  
Of a past, soon to pass away.