An Old Man's Runaway Clock

Anthony Balch
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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, swiftening, 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.