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The Clock



POEM BY **ELVY P. ROLLE**

On my desk, sits a clock,
It ticks away seconds of my day and ultimately my life,
It says nothing and does not engage me in conversations or activity,
Yet it screams

Time moves along steadily,
To the beat of an unknown schedule that must be met.

Different points in my life have all been under pressure,
The demand of the incessant ticking of the clock,
Meandering down the road,
Up hills and through the valleys of life.

Time, a rigid master,
Makes no particular claims,
Rushing, like fierce winds and waves,
Taking and giving without regard for who I am.

Time moves along until it runs out and there is no more...
No more of the precious commodity available.

How have I dealt with Time?
Have I given in to its calls,
Succumbed to its fury,
Met its constant challenges face to face,
Or have I molded it to meet the shape of my dreams and goals?

When time no longer exists,
A review of life reveals that touching someone's life,
Will linger and be passed on.

Time continues its relentless pace,
Leaving me,
To become the clock on someone else's desk.

*Elvy Rolle is a speech-language pathologist, serving
K-5 grades in the Lansing School District.*