

Our Desires and Fate with Time

Time is the most precious possessions of ours
We are pressed to realize this right from the sensing of our growing hours
In school days though it was somewhat boredom to keep
Its company all the time except at times of play and sleep!

Time does not wait for any and it's not the same for all at every time
Though in simple terms it's the elapse between two events of prime.
Events come and events go as the time quietly flows
The clever ones make it faster for things to conclude and to close.

We are ordinary; our time flies like a bird flying without aim, when out of its cage
And the events of childhood move to youth and to the older days.
When lonely, events appear in the memory lane that happened decades before,
Like the colorful dreams that burst too fast to leave feelings of pain to endure!

All our actions and activities would sooner drown into the eternity of time
And our bodily mass that moved in space in old days or in its prime
Shall leave nothing everlasting for the people of the earth in any showcase
Though at the core of heart so we dreamt and often remained restless!