

THE SANDS OF TIME

By : **Philip Roberts**

A very early poem, from the 1970s, perhaps my first poem where each verse is a separate haiku poem.

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Normal 0 MicrosoftInternetExplorer4 /* Style Definitions */ table.MsoNormalTable {mso-style-name:"Table Normal"; mso-tstyle-rowband-size:0; mso-tstyle-colband-size:0; mso-style-noshow:yes; mso-style-parent:""; mso-padding-alt:0cm 5.4pt 0cm 5.4pt; mso-para-margin:0cm; mso-para-margin-bottom:.0001pt; mso-pagination:widow-orphan; font-size:10.0pt; font-family:"Times New Roman";} The sands of time
Which control our existence,
Are fast running out.

Borrowed moments
Must be repaid with,
Alarming interest.

Life is slowly
Grinding to a halt,
Before our very eyes.

Misty feelings
Control all our emotions,
Control all our reasoning.

People touch us and
Some small part of them,
Rubs off onto us.

But now time's sands
Are running out, as our lives,
Are fast running out.

THE END
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