

Sonnet 25,879,023

The seconds, the minutes, the hours, the years,  
Endlessly moving their course alters not.  
Timeouts at a ball game amidst all the cheers,  
Are but an illusion which we have bought.  
Though not visible we know it exists,  
It moves in stealth like the wind around us.  
It makes itself known in so many ways,  
Like fading beauty it's so hard to mask.  
Time doesn't sleep at the end of the day,  
It has no objective, it has no task.  
Passing of time can't be halted or blocked,  
It leaves in its wake a broken down clock.

- Pete Lyons