

Hourglass

Salem

Time is seeping between my hands.
The clock is ticking.
Days fly by.
Time is seeping into my thoughts.
There's no mistaking what's to come.
I live my life.
I have no choice.
No voice.
The line's not getting any shorter.
The road we're taking is straight and narrow.
Looking forward.
Nothing is clear.
One thing is certain: The end is near.