

## Hourglass

### Sleeping at Last

We're taking turns  
At shattering apart.  
At least we're taking turns.

How did we get so good  
At dismantling these hearts?  
How did we ever get so good?

We dress our best  
To receive their sympathy.  
At our worst, we dress our best?

"time heals all"  
According to these greeting cards.  
Oh how we'd rather time resets.

If we could turn the hourglass, we would.  
If we could move a grain of sand, we would.  
If we could find our way back, we would.

Our minds keep spinning webs  
Of question marks and of regrets.  
Will our minds keep spinning webs?

I once heard honest words:  
"though nothing may ever be the same,  
The heart keeps widening for change."