

BORROWED TIME
Poem
By Ken Formalarie

Borrowed Time

This time is mine, this place is mine.

I will wait, watching for the moment to be right.

I shall adapt to the many changes from life's wind and rain.

I may be consumed with the chore of survival but not care why.

I will rest at will, always vigilant that another waits to take my place.

I shall be guided by the rhythms of life, delighting in each new day.

I may glide through this life without worrying about why I exist,
but will be driven to hone my skills for ever greater rewards.

I know my presence here through my senses feeling a powerful
impulse to continue forward until I am no longer fully able.

I am aware of the shrinking strength in my body I once
knew as my shield. It makes me care less now for
the hardness of life while my thoughts travel
inward to an ever-diminishing world.

I am ready now for my time
to be complete.