

# In My Time

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Category: Literary Arts

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## In My Time

The days fall short of summer's length,  
Like an old man pining for youthful strength.  
There's a crystal light that glimmers in the mountains.  
Bluebirds splash like children in the fountains.

Tendrils of cloud cling to the peaks.  
Everyone listens as the wind speaks  
Through the trees with its northern breath.  
Winter's creeping closer with its hint of death.

And the river flows placidly by  
Murmuring, "I've seen millions die,  
In my time,  
In my time."

A Buck Moon burns behind the trees,  
Where only their tops wiggle in the breeze.  
The moon dims the stars with its virginal light,  
Sharp shadows form in the darkness of night.

And the river flows placidly by  
Murmuring, "I've seen millions cry,  
In my time,  
In my time."

Would that I could turn round the direction of time,  
And return to those hills that young lovers climb.  
What would I see through these ancient eyes,  
That before I had missed in adolescent disguise?

What better pastimes has every old man,  
Than to remold his life with arthritic hands?  
Nothing can be changed but wouldn't it be fun,  
To return and undo what should never have been done?

And the river flows placidly by  
Murmuring, "I've seen millions try,  
In my time,  
In my time."