

## The Time of My Life

My time began when first I cried,  
And ends at last when I have died.

In between, by watch or clock,  
Or on my door insistent knock,  
Or buzz or pips or chiming bell,  
Or Mr Humphries who can tell  
The time *occasionally* right.  
Or tick or tock through day and night,

I register time's onward pace,  
My life chopped up by this and space,  
My breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea,  
My sleeping, waking and, let's see,  
My worldly plans, my deep-down fears,  
All marching forward through the years.

But when impatiently I wait  
And work myself into a state  
Time passes then, oh awful slow,  
As if it wanted me to know  
That it will always stay the boss  
And a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Conversely when I want time slow  
It seems to rush, it's all go go!  
Why must this perfect time soon end,  
Why can't we here forever spend  
Our minutes, hours, days and years?  
Instead of which it disappears.

There is, however, some exception,  
For when by chance we know perfection,  
A perpendicular space we'll sense,  
Where time is suddenly immense.  
Once we've been there time no more  
Can bind us by its seeming law.