the sands of time are always flowing,

no matter how hard you try,

no matter how much you close your eyes and wish,

they never stop,

their always flowing,

and as the earth spins

and the dawn turns to dusk,

the mind wanders

it tends to remember the sad times

and believes it doesn’t belong,

and it wishes harder and harder

to keep the sand in a glass

so the moment will never pass,

but the beauty of the sand

is that it can never be contained

and the beauty of the moment

is that it passes

but the footprints it’s made are eternal comfort,

and as you turn around, you see

the footprints on the sand are made in groups, not one,

so the mind returns

to flow together with the others,

like the wind

onto the next dawn