

# The Shadow of Time

When a soul laments  
and in a past frequents,  
Time does not move forward.

That is the universe's rule.

And although comfort is there  
please beware  
The trappings of the fool.

For that is why rivers they run,  
And why the birds glide upon the breeze.

It is why roads are meant to be travelled,  
Tho narrow they wind.  
For life is for the living,  
And comfort for the blind.

