

THE MAN WHO KILLED TIME

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On a beautiful day,

With work to do.

A man sat in a stall,

pretending to poo.

The man who killed time,

Was a man similar to most.

He liked to scroll past time,

With each and every post.

But eventually a knock came.

A second, a third,

Then a voice yelled out,

“How long is that turd?”

‘Oh no,’ he had been caught,

With no excuse to be said.

So, the man waited it out,

Until his phone was dead.

With a blank screen in hand,

Boredom began to set in,

And he looked about frantically,
Aggressively itching his skin.

The discomfort bothered him so,
As he searched for a why.
He thought, "I don't understand...
So, it is time that must die."

Then he took off his watch,
And threw it at the wall.
Yet nothing changed.
Time did not stall.

This troubled him even more,
While it clicked and it clock'd.
As time carried on,
It was he who felt mocked.

But then he got an idea,
That was cleverer than the last.
He planned to gather the worlds clocks,
And destroy them all in a blast.

So, he made an attempt,
And travelled the world,
Hunting down every clock,
As the two hands twirled.

Mashing, thrashing, crashing,
Clocks in every size.
This was his mission.
It would be time's demise.

But each step forward
Did not seem fair.
Even after every clock was gone,
Time was still there.

The man was baffled,
Completely confused.
He thought, 'if this is a joke,
I am not amused.'

Then he glared at time,
And this is what he said,
"I shall ignore you time,

And then you'll be dead."

So, he closed his eyes,
And breathed aloud,
Humming and thumbing,
his mind became a cloud.

Then off he floated,
Adrift and unaware.
There, time seemed hidden,
As it waited somewhere.

Suddenly, the man awoke,
With his senses rearranged.
For a moment, he thought time to be dead,
Yet, it had only changed.

"Damn," he said,
"What else can I do?"
Time is still here,
And my ideas are few.

But then he had a thought,
'If time moves forward, as do I,
Then I must run backwards,
So, time can die.'

Then, he walked, and he ran,
Reversed from the rest.
Yet time persisted,
Putting his calves to the test.

Eventually, his legs gave way,
And his butt hit the ground.
Then the man screamed out,
"I'll beat you next round!"

See, it's sad to watch people,
fight time with such strife,
wasting everything important,
especially one's life.

The man fought time for years,
Without a win insight.
All he did was grow old,

Desperate and full of spite.

Today, he lies in a bed.

Without a dime to claim.

No friends, no family,

With little time to remain.

Tears flood down his cheeks.

A light flickers in his eyes.

Here was the end,

And there the truth lies:

That time is spent,

So spend it well.

A lot can be said,

Yet only time will tell.