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The Writing of Time

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THE WRITING OF TIME

Teddy Lishan Desta, PhD

White hair

Wrinkled face

...you sitting before me

pinnacle of days.

Believe it or not—

I like the Peace in your furrowed face

the ripeness of Wisdom

the mellowness of Grace.

Peering long-out, staring far-beyond

Using your visage as the window of my eyes—

fearless I tread, I dare not stop here

believe it or not

I love my tomorrows as sketched in your face.

At Harvest Time — at your wedding time— when you change residence

When you put on your new clothes and leave the house

I wish to be there as you cross the bridge

to worship you from a distance, staying awhile.

I dare not to follow you over the chasm

(Not that I lack the courage to emulate you in that)

But I have to mellow first, as Time should be allowed

to whiten my hair

to furrow my face

to bend my back

to mature my grace.

Then when my future is shaped by my past

(As was yours)

Believe it or not

I will claim, I've lived the Life

Following you in your foot path —

the sacrifices of Love.