Time:

We are just a calendar,

Reduced to cyclic dates,

A frame we live and die under,

Amidst its ticking rates.

For we are shackled to its power,

Yet boast our finest cuff,

Wrists tied up by the hour,

And we just can’t get enough.

But didn’t we invent the clock,

And time it to desire,

Trap it behind lock,

And sell to every buyer?

We do with it as we please,

And zone it as we need,

Change the digits with the seas,

Watch it follow Franklin’s lead.

Time is a commodity,

Of which we spend and save,

Nature’s long undying oddity,

Both our master and our slave.