My Artifact:

I look upon time as Earth does to sun,

He keeps me in motion but none too exact,

For once my orbit in flesh is done,

A digit from mass he must subtract,

And all that I’ve lost and all that I’ve won,

To soil and roots shall it retract,

And when I am nothing at the end of my run,

When all of my being’s no longer intact,

Just a name on a ledger, you know the one,

There, chiseled in stone lies my sole artifact.