

# *Tick Tock, Tick Tock Sounding*

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*Tick tock, tick tock sounding  
the wall-bound clock's a 'rounding  
reminding me of time's old pedigree  
of ancient dead queen's and king's crowning'.*

*Many a ruler yet none a master,  
the youth they'll cry "We want it all faster"  
The old they lament for all of time were spent  
for a wasted visage much to their detriment.*

*For the leafy green rising up in spring  
borrowed time afforded to their zing  
at the end of the day is taken away  
sequestered for a debt, forced to pay.*

*Time for all of Earth's creatures  
to which they owe all their features  
the gift of life once done they must  
acquiesce for the return to dust.*

*Giuseppe Gillespie – June 2021*