

Sonnet 1

by Kristoff Malejczuk

How shocked am I to feel the Sun's sharp rays, Perplexed I question where did Winter go? My world stands still as seasons waltz unfazed, No angel's plea can cause the Earth to slow.

Have I a right to curse the passing time? This planet spins as even mountains hush, And watching them I see I too will die: Oh Time, why must you be in such a rush?

Despite her power, Time was given no ears, The fault not hers, her blindness is not cruel. I see this now and stand to wipe my tears; Those born into this game don't make the rules.

The path lies clear; if Time stops not to breathe, Go forth and fight – at least she must be seized!