

Ribbons

Our ribbons run in front of us
They bend and mingle
And drift sideways in the wind
They dance and sway
Every inch counts.
And when you cut them
In five or five hundred feet
The sum won't matter
As much as the material.

I have a precious ribbon
It runs in front of me
And spans the length of my time
If you cut it short
In five or five hundred feet
What will be left?