

In thinking about the future, and reliving the past, we forget to embrace the moment.

## **Moments**

Once again, the days are flowing silently on.

How soon each fleeting second is spent,

And filed away in the realms of memory.

I want to grasp each moment,

Caress it in my hands,

For the precious creation it is.

'Time,' conceived from the void:

For in reality, can there ever be, in time, a future?

Is it a creation of imagination?

Something mystic, mysterious,

And a magic beyond belief.

If I try to comprehend its construction, its form,

I become, absorbed, spellbound,

For it is beyond my understanding.

The moment is - NOW!

And as I let it slip through my trembling fingers,

Did I touch it with love?

A tear falls upon the page.

The salt stained pool, denies the pen, to break the spell, and bring me back to reality, once again.

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