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My Old Friend

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My Old Friend

The waves of time pull at me.
They pull at me all the time; I've come to find.
Like swirls in the surf,
my attention draws to the questions near the center.
Questions to which the answers can only be found in time.

The ebbing waves used to be my friend, you see.
They'd wash over me, but I was unaltered by the pull.
In truth, I couldn't even feel the waves. I felt only my youth.
But I could see the pull,
though only on others.
But the pull on others, delighted me.
I'd point and giggle as time pulled wrinkles on my family's face.
They'd blush, or laugh,
and then warn me of time's fickleness.
Then all of the sudden,
I realized that time could pull too hard.
In a reddish casket with white pillows laid
a familiar grey face in front of a small boy.
That was the first time my little heart cracked,
but I didn't understand the crack,
just as I didn't understand the pull.

Time comes in waves though.
And I've seen several low tides since my first.
Oh... I suppose I've seen just as many high tides, as well.
For years, I tried to tug back at the tide, even if only in words.

But it seems that time tugged at me first.
I can see the tiny crevices, from the times that I smiled so wide,
that it cracked the skin around my eyes,
and I can see the creases, from where the tears were pulled down my face.
The tears that time had pooled into puddles of dangling questions
that swirl with answers yet to come.

These cracks,
they're not that deep, you see.

These cracks that time has placed all over me.
I've still time to watch them grow, I know.
But seeing them hurts all the same.
And they'll deepen, as time pulls at all of the things that I love.
Those loves will slowly fade at the hours' grasp.
The hours and minutes will slowly pull, and then pass
until I no longer see the moments, at all.
And instead I'll only remember the waves.

Time is not all loss though.
Sure it rises and falls, pushing then pulling, and it slowly drags us to the sea.
And yes, because of time, one day I will die, and you... just as me.
Because the cracks will never not continue to grow.

But... just as it ebbs, it also flows.
My skin had to suffer these cracks
and my eyes had to crease.
Because without the flow of time,
I couldn't have met my favorite niece.
The one that loves to point out the wrinkles.
That she can clearly see, even easier than me.
I blush and laugh, and pass on the warning,
but then she asks, what the world was like before I had them.

And time had to swirl for me to make up my mind
on what kind of life was supposed to be mine
and to make me decide what my purpose should be.
It took time for time to pass into memory.
You know the one I mean, the one's half hers,
that kiss, that blush, that first time under the covers.

Time then has two parts.
The first, of course, is my enemy
But it would seem the other part is still my friend,
Because time brings more than only the end.