

Life is Feudal

Keegan Hawkins

Time's our driver, not cruel but cold, unmoved. We can't fault him for that.

A wilted flower or a casted mold. A page we've painted black.

We can't hold him. Plead nor persuade his passing.

We can't please him. Though he stares and ticks away.

He's not a shifty or a shady master. He's not dealt in fairs and fouls.

He's simply that which he's always been, for change is a folly only humans feel.

So take it, if you must. And we must.

Toil and scrounge, and scream. And we do.

Stretch to break those steely bonds.

And cry, oh Lord, we cry.

Time, sweet Time again. Fluttered to a tune.

He asks of us but one thing back.

And what will we have done,

when rent comes due?