

Quick Study

Here we come, rising from the mud of this beginning.

Heartbeat, nose, and rosebud lips.

We tiptoe in.

Time plunges past so fast it feels as though we're but [an eye blink interlude] between the stanzas of some consummated phrases.

[We can't reverse the meter.]

But, the corset waist of the hourglass [slows] the sand from slipping past too quickly [for commemoration].

We are invested in observance.

So we strive to tuck our obligations into [early] bed.

We sweat to get the crust crumbs swept up from where they bounce and scatter every day across the floor.

With chores laid straight as silver knives beside a china plate, we're more than ready.

For there is much we clutch endearingly to our mortal breasts.

Though the ratio of [remembrance]-to-[just going through the motions] is seldom more than just a poor sliver slice of cake, we lay the sweet taste of those morsel moments [to memory] on our tongues.

And we tiptoe out.

Heartbeat, feet, and slender lips.

Here we go, [eloping] from the ashes of this ending.