Time

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The pendulum swings, counting each second as the hands sweep the face of the old grandfather clock. The Westminster melody chimes, breaking the silence each quarter hour.

Time passes, and quickly steals away.

A leather chair, the color of red wine, armrests worn, where your carpenter’s hands once lay at rest. Misty eyed dreams, plans to revisit Jefferson’s Monticello one more time.

Propped in the corner are two walking canes. One is cherry wood, a gold band below the handle, the other, a wild grained oak. The tapping of the cane as you made your way across the tiled floor, is only in my memory.

On the shelf, dusty books: Civil War, Korea, historical houses. Magazines, pages unruffled, turn yellow with age, while the old grandfather clock stands watch over all.

Time passes, and quickly steals away.