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Autumn's Reminder

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AUTUMN'S REMINDER

Andrew Smith

His sand trickles down
In the hourglass.
Soon yours will pass through
and be gone.
You know this,
for the footsteps
of Time's brother
echo louder
in the space that empties.
His brother is Death,
whose sharpened scythe
casts shadows
in the dim-lit corners
of your mind.
You try to hide from
his bloodlust;
Try to run from
his hellions,
the hounds of mediocrity,
which forever gnash
at your heels
in your flight of fear.
And where do you run,
except around
another corner
where that shadow and steel
still linger?
Then in the end,
you are completely forgotten,
or at most remembered
only by how well
you kept the dogs at bay.