

As Time Stood Still

The time which moves  
To pay its dues  
The moments never to return  
The work one chooses to perform  
The time one spends to earn  
A price which later will adorn  
A plot one can't discern  
When time stands still.  
But in its will  
What's left is time  
A laugh, a cry, a memory lane  
A reflection in a glass pane  
Of what once seemed a timeless race  
A pace of never ending dreams  
Of moods, of friends, on which to base  
The earthly presence of what seems  
To have been a very worthy man  
Who made a mark no one will ban  
From thoughts of past and present acts  
And the darkness of the facts  
Which made time the news to bear  
Ending the time which he could share  
As time stood still.  
The past lives on in what is left  
Of days which dealt the worldly space  
The biggest single handed theft  
One can't replace.  
But in its place his spirit lives  
For it is our life which gives  
A chance to let our time be spent  
With all the warmth he has lent  
As time moves on.