

The Stream of Time

By Hap Hansen

They used to say, "Time is money." Now, time is for naps. Saving time is the least of my worries. Today, instead of trying to save time, I look for ways to spend more time. Time to read. Time to write. Time with family. And yes, even time for more naps. Some time ago, I wrote a Haiku about how time keeps slipping away. It is called, *The Stream of Time*.

Sunlight in the stream
Reveals my youthful image
With worlds of promise.

Moonlight in the stream.
Sweethearts gaze at each other.
Love has conquered all.

Pennies in the stream
Disclose new, heartfelt wishes
And promises kept.

Ripples in the stream
Curse lost pleasures and desires
With hopes unfulfilled.

Voices in the stream
Haunt my nighttime dreams of youth.
Old age is exposed.

Dark clouds in the stream
Shining through the snow and cold.
The stream has frozen.

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