



Corner of time

A corner of time waits for distraction

waits for indecision

It takes that ripple of thought and twists it

Careless reach of your hand, smoothness eludes you
and it is now too late

Early warnings were brushed aside

(far too close to the edge!)

recognition comes a fraction after

every attempt to claw the moment back

Bottle-green needles already sting your ankle

seconds freeze as you wait for the inevitable

you watch it reach the floor in slow motion

pressed from virgin olives

perhaps, the oil may not go far

How long will tiny slivers wedged

into crevices continue to surface ?

The sound of breaking glass shatters the silence

A corner of time waits

and at least once in your life

it may find you

Amryl Johnson