**Time**

Nadine Fiedler

just an inkling

evanescent as a moment

vague in its passing

a whisper of memory

of blue cloth and perfume

of darkness, of ice, of waves

indistinct flowing

through breath and sleep

work and food

love, heartache

exhaustion

celebration

monotony of the clock

tyranny of the deadline

anticipation of holidays

peace when we find it

seconds whoosh by

rustling my hair in their wake

I cannot mourn their flight