

# A stitch in time

The fabric of time is worn and weary for me,  
The wrinkled hands of my clock,  
And the rusted Coggs,  
The wheezes that escape my strained lungs,  
The slowed timer of my beating heart.  
Yet however impossible for me,  
My only desire is to just have a little more time,  
To say goodbye to my costly possessions,  
To stop my world in its tracks and adore my polished medals of idleness,  
Silk and satin to coarse thread,  
To not be able to recall vivid memories of joy,  
From sunrise to sunset,  
Staring blankly at the colours smeared across the painted skies,  
Unable to feel,  
Only vacant and unoccupied,  
To make a home of the hole I had dug myself in,  
My mind confined by these wall that surround me,  
A potent mindset was created,  
Painted with gold and false glory,  
To look like great architecture but was ready to fall at any given second,  
All the lies seeped into the gnawed wood, the only thing holding it up,  
It's foundation was corrupt so the building followed in suit,  
I was spiteful,  
I was greedy,  
Yet I do not care,  
And I decide to turn to those who I despise,  
For them to fuel me and to hand me a blade,  
With the intent to create scars that will never erase,  
My hardened sorrows at hand sharpened,  
Ready and armed,  
I look at time,  
And demanded back what I already spent,  
I slashed and sliced it open,  
It cried and began to plead,  
As the wound decided to bleed,  
I wanted more time,  
But there was nothing to loan,  
As it had been wasted,  
Waned every second, every breath,  
In this case lost than used,

They say time is money,  
Well, what if you are broke,  
Squandered on what was thought to be worthwhile,  
A brief smile,  
And then my face morphs back to sneer, taunt and jeer,  
As my time unravels before my eyes and became threadbare,  
Realisation arises that I had lost something I did not even own,  
Nothing to invest in, nothing fruitful, nothing of complete value,  
My barely flickering candle smothered,  
My last breath desperately escaped, the twisted branches corroded and decayed,  
The barbed wire melted away to reveal a hollow gap,  
And like a clumsy seamstress time began to stitch itself up,  
Looped and weaved a weary fabric as the sour old man began to disappear to the next stop,  
Time commenced to fix what unraveled apart,  
Left to repair what others afflict,  
Needle and thread,  
As tears of pain were shed,  
The burn to disinfect,  
The only way to sterilize of a grim experience to heal,  
And not to escalate; a little pain to avoid an infection,  
A little sting a faint memory,  
The needlecraft,  
Each time the wound was pierced by the dear, old friend the needle,  
The satin thread weaved,  
In and out,  
To and fro,  
The skin and the wound,  
The injured and the healthy,  
The victim and the survivors,  
The grey-haired man with an acidic mind so narrow like peering through dear old needle's eye,  
There were many countless weathered scars from foolish old men with ridiculous tall orders,  
Their sense blurred as they are too close to the end as panic fills,  
Their mind clouded with an unquenchable yearning for what they had already spent and what  
was not theirs,  
Their chest stuck out full of their delusional entitlement,  
There cost of their inanity something left to us.

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