

## hourglass

the time we held together was concrete  
a solid space of reality connecting our two worlds  
the time we held together soon turned into imagination  
a concrete space of dreaming where i could only think  
our concrete worlds built concrete walls and bred concrete words  
plastered over and bricked shut  
but we walk on pavement  
concrete that cracks under anticipation and hope  
pavement littered with cracks intended to be tripped over  
and you trip  
and i trip  
falling face first into a wall of solid concrete  
my thoughts become jumbled, mush  
solid to liquid in an instant  
your eyes become lost, seas  
liquid flowing too rapidly for me to catch up  
we are sand, stuck in our yearning for eternity  
and what we become is cracked concrete  
the single truth in our timeless reality