

Time Is a Thief

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Time is a thief.

I read that once and I felt it in my chest, like a clenched fist around my heart.

Reminding me that I am alive and that I am always late.

Always procrastinating, always wasting time.

The part of me I hate.

Even when I am enjoying it, it robs me.

The days are long, but the years are short.

Long with obligations and duties- constantly moving, chasing, and still getting nowhere.

The time twisted in between is when depression and I consort.

Turning around to realize we're on the other side of a year.

Photos capture moments, but you never get back time.

It does not slow for grief; it does not pause to feel.

Getting sucked into anxiety that doesn't matter- I can't go back.

The smell of lavender baby lotion turned into lavender with woody notes in an instant.

You're the same child inside, but year after year - I can feel the steal.

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Where the Dandelions Grow

Take me back to when things were slow.

Meet me where the dandelions grow.

Make a wish mama, make a wish and blow.

Running up and down the hills with fists of dandelions in tow.

Take me back when we had nowhere to go.

Meet me where the dandelions grow.

Make a wish mama, make a wish and blow.

My wish would be different now that I know.

Take a deep breath and pause and wish.

I wished only then for your happiness.

I would go back now and wish that I wouldn't have to let go.

I would take us back and keep things slow.

We would have never left, where the dandelions grow.

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Wild Heart

I am in awe of you, every part.

Your swinging limbs and your wild heart.

You are the very best parts of me.

Mixed with the very best parts of he.

Flowing hair- oh that hair, never one out of place.

Yet somehow always, it sits perfectly in your face.

Oh, that face... how something so perfect exists.

Is a constant reminder that miracles persist.

You are a light, a spark.

Never forget to shine bright, in the dark.

This world needs it.

Your light and that wild-wild heart.

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Slow Down

Always rushing!

Always moving!

On the go -but *don't go too far*.

I can feel the static from your body flow.

Clomping treads, taking the floorboards up from the studs.

No regard for anything, other than where you're going – "*Adventure waits for no one!*"

Always rushing!

Always pushing!

On the go-but *don't go too far*.

A curious mind - all the things you do not know.

I see you grin and giggle, so pleased with yourself – with the awesomely, wicked idea inside your head.

Looking to see if it will go, or move, or boom, or break-ohhh the fantastic sound it will make!

Always rushing!

Always moving!

Look at you go – but *don't go too far*.

Rushing out the door, clothes on the floor, a black backpack in tow.

The years of ulterior motives and pushed boundaries are upon us.

Always rushing!

Always pushing!

Watch you go- *but don't go too far*.

A curious mind-it's scary all the things, you think you know.

Years of rushing, and moving, and pushing, and growing, and going...and going...and going

Please don't go - too far.

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Replay

The coos, and cahs, you're breathing on my skin.

The goo and gahs...I would do it all over again.

Your eyes wild and wide, trying to get the words out from inside.

All the words you were holding within.

The giggles and babbling turned to shrieks and rambles.

The banging, and breaking, the world you were shaking, turning the house into shambles.

Toys hitting the floor, *"I want some more!"*.

Long drawn exhaustive yawns, from the adventurous days you would vandal.

Giggles with me turned to roaring laughter with friends.

Screaming into headsets and raging until the game ends.

Blaring music playlists on speakers, screaming the lyrics so you would feel them deeper.

Somewhere between a boy and a man and I cannot contend.

Open and close the loud bang of the garage door.

All the sports equipment scattered on the floor.

School, practice, work, on repeat as the car screeches down the street.

I feel like I never see you anymore.

These are the songs of my heart, the sounds of you growing up each day.

The music of a simple life lived, I will listen forever on a loop and replay.