

## **Time Waits for No One**

The years fly by like the wind. And time blows my mind.

Summer, Spring, Winter and Fall. They all blend together all.

I adjust to one month another one comes. We aren't what we become.

As days melts into night. My heart takes a flight.

There are only 24 hours in a day we meet and greet people along the way.

We do many things and go many places. On the Calendar there aren't many spaces.

January February March our clothes are full of starch.

April May June the drum goes drone drone drone. July August September.

Here comes November. Don't forget October and December.

We are Christmas members. As the song goes."

Putting time in a bottle' It wouldn't stop or throttle.

Half the year is gone. We must treasure each one.

By Joy King - consumer