

Time

Yesterday, upon the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today,
oh how I wish he'd go away.

I think he's back, it's hard to say.
I thought that he had gone away.
His face, I think, just rang a bell,
he's come to take me off to hell.

Tomorrow I'll refuse to go,
tell him to find another, though
he has a point, though never spoke.
I hardly even know the bloke.

The future's bright for all to see.
I wonder why he picked on me?
He wasn't there again today,
please, oh please, just stay away

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