

Liz

Time

A flat white face,
In a field of empty space,
Begins the story so old,
That through generations has been told.

With no way to say,
What caused the maturing way,
An old man of no specific age,
Started brainstorming on a blank page.

After diagrams of ideas were drawn,
And huge models were built on the lawn,
A tick-tocking shape came to life
(to the annoyance of the man's dear wife).

Now was a design,
With two black hands so fine,
That could measure how long
It took to sing an ancient song.

Soon the old man's clocks,
Were sold on all blocks,
As people stood in awe,
of the new guide to time law.

With new concepts abounding,
And minutes and seconds astounding,
A new measure of time was born to all,
To be mounted on every wall.