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60 Seconds

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The beat has stopped,
Yet I can still hear the rhythm.
The record no longer spins,
Yet I still dance.

The fat lady takes the stage
to sing her final number,
And I feel a dry shiver trickle up my
spine.
Yet I can still hear the rhythm.

Moments are no longer
No future and no past.
Seconds had no value,
And now they're all I have.

With time winding down,
Colors begin to fade;
Until there is nothing but darkness,
And the comforting aroma of
leather.

From the darkness and the
silence
A hand reaches down
toward me.
And as I take hold of the
glacial appendage
It pulls me into the unknown.

Lying lost and alone in the
shadows,
I can no longer hear the
rhythm.
It can only hear me.

60 Seconds

Eric Rosenthal