Corner of time

A corner of time waits for distraction
waits for indecision
It takes that ripple of thought and twists it
Careless reach of your hand, smoothness eludes you
and it is now too late
Early warnings were brushed aside
(*far* too close to the edge!)
recognition comes a fraction after
every attempt to claw the moment back
Bottle-green needles already sting your ankle
seconds freeze as you wait for the inevitable
you watch it reach the floor in slow motion
pressed from virgin olives
perhaps, the oil may not go far
How long will tiny slivers wedged
into crevices continue to surface ?
The sound of breaking glass shatters the silence

A corner of time waits
and at least once in your life
it may find you

Amryl Johnson

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