

Jake Hyland

Villanelle

Inert Sand

Living is falling through the hourglass.

Like sand, through a determined path below.

Falling, falling, with no time left to pass.

Not celebrated, nor adorned with brass

is the life we wish to grasp or forgo.

Living is falling through the hourglass.

A life is not watered and grown like grass.

A life is living, but like grass to mow.

Falling, falling, with no time left to pass.

Sometimes having collected hopeless mass,

a life is weighted down-never to go.

Living is falling through the hourglass.

Hyland 2

A driven life; a car filled up with gas,

is a life that has yet to crash or slow.

Falling, falling, with no time left to pass.

Precious parts of greater wholes, but alas,

sand will all fall within its cage: fallow.

Living is falling through the hourglass.

Falling, falling, with no time left to pass.