

The Crime of Killing Time

quarantine fillers
empty tasks, devoid of worth
staving off boredom

life's stark finitude
nonrenewable resource
spent one day per day

youth's bottomless cup
unconcerned for careless spills
blinded by plenty

elders' clearer sight
murky depth comes into view
we savor each drop

harking once-full cup
heeding crime of killing time
I sip slowly now

