

Arne Babenhauserheide, 2016

I feel the time pass in our circles,
each year another one changed,
a head has turned white, a hand has gone wry,
growing older as time passes by.

In our circle our time is a slideshow,
each year adds a picture or two
and our memories in vivid colors
show the changes within me and you.

In here we see life as it happens,
see how choices affect our self,
see who will come near, of friends we hold dear,
who blossoms and who confronts fear.

Some of you brought in your children,
or were children when first you came,
the flow of time never stops running,
with none of us staying the same.

So time is present in circles,
I can feel it turning the wheel,
and life grows in meaning, with time always stealing
our hours while making them real.