

The recent past hums like an old worn tune, A bass line steady beneath the glowing moon.
It's notes are soft, wrapped in a warm vibrato, Familiar, like my footsteps on paths I know.
But the future? It's a crescendo rising, A bold accelerando, ever surprising.
The tempo quickens, the air feels alive;
Each moment a spark, each beat a dive.
The dynamics shift, like whispers and roars,
Life opens wide its doors.
The past plays its chords, steady and sure, But the future's a duet, wild and pure.
There's a glissando of time, sliding us through,
Blurring the line between old and new.
The past counts carefully, every note clear, The future counts nothing - it thrives on fear.
And now suddenly a fanfare, bold and bright, A promise of change, a wish in the night.
The rhythm is shifting, the pulse is untamed, But the ensemble plays on, unbroken
unashamed.
The coda will come, as all things must,
But for now, we move forward, in hope, with trust.
The past is a teacher, the futures a dare - two voices in harmony, everywhere.