

18:48 At Lime St. Station

A sea of faces, some look lost, some at ease.

The grand clock controls everything;
every second, every minute, the big hand dictates.
Awash with urgencies from near and far,
waiting and running for their desired destination.
The fading sun filters through the pane,
as the end of the day becomes nigh.

The week dissolves as the clock ticks away,
different expressions tell a thousand words.
The onward journey deliberates their future.
Leaving the city behind you, seeing the colours blend,
the silhouettes of the buildings outline a life you used to know.
Time to move forward and embrace what's next,
always remembering the sea of faces,
each telling a different story.

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