## ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

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## Flight of Time

By JOHN M. BARNARD

OVER our dreams and ever-changing plans, Like birds of prey begot outside earth's laws, Time flies with ruthless haste, and what is man's Must feel the terror of the dragging claws. Must feel the terror, and permit the dead To sit at tables loaded for the quick: Only the briefest moment may have fled Since pulses wearied and their tongues grew thick.

The heavy shadow of the beating wings Shortens the days of all our promised years, Making of hope a gutted form that flings Us empty nights in which to catch our tears. And always, while our looted lives are spent, Time flaps forever on, destruction bent.