

The Cube of Time

All I see now from my bed are pink tile and nurses filing in and out
Doing their best to keep my spirits from dragging across the floor
Upon the opening of that door,
A bright light shines in as my son brings in a blank television screen,
And sets it down slowly on the desk where the food I cannot anymore consume lies
He smiles as from behind his back he reveals the relic;
The cube of time!
It has once again entered my life brought forth by one so close to my heart
As he drags the cords along the tile,
I see my brother follow them as he once followed me
I slowly rise out of bed and hook the cables up myself; my last mission!
With eyes that lose their sight and hands that were once steady
Time travels backwards once the cube awakens from its slumber
The memories wash over me like a flood,
Freeing me from the oppression of Father Time who knocks upon my door,
Yet I do not hear the knocks but instead I hear voices:
Mother?
Father?
My brothers?
I look down at the vessel brought forth to control the cube
And notice that the buttons are wet with fresh water
I suppose these are the tears I have searched for since they all left this world