Hourglass

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Class of 2011

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The Hour Glass

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Slowly passing through the narrow gateway made of glass, the microscopic grains of sand count the seconds that tick by. Each moment is measured, no matter its magnitude, by the handfuls of dirt dripping from the top of the translucent cage to the shallow, unwavering bottom. The instant your eyes blink, the quicker it is all gone. The sand’s pace appears to hasten as the quantity of pieces diminishes. As the particles add themselves to the growing mound of the lower orb, the hollowness of the sand spent is reflected in the empty one above. The sand falls faster and faster as the pile cultivates higher and higher. The heap swells, steepens as the top drains. Time’s up.