It’s inevitable, age. No matter how hard you try to run from it, it lingers in the creases of laughter, in the quiet aches of time. It weaves itself into stories told and retold, pressed between pages of wisdom worn thin, a silent witness to every sunrise, every dream once burned.

You swear it hasn’t changed you—your spark, your fire, Yet the world moves on as if you were just a flicker, a name spoken a little softer, a presence fading at the edges like an old photograph, tucked away in forgotten years, collecting dust in drawers where memory dares not reach.

I beg for time to hold me— to grip tighter, to refuse to let me slip. To cradle the echoes of laughter still trapped in the spaces in between, to guard the glimmer before it vanishes without a trace.

But time is ever-moving, relentless, slipping through my fingers like unspoken goodbyes, erasing me like wind over footprints in the sand, as the world forgets to turn back and see— Me.