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Would You?

Time is a mirror.

A reflection of yourself,

staring back at you through your memories.

A pound here,

a line there,

but what does it really mean?

If you could talk to that girl,

the one with the knowing eyes

that have yet to read the world,

wearing her imitation cool

"I've got something to say" clothes,

would you give her a hint?

Would you let her peek at the chapters ahead?

Or would you just give a silent smile?

Knowing that what lies ahead,

is what lies behind.

And a reflection is just a reflection,

who you thought you were then,

a mere echo of who you are now.