

## **My Thyme**

My thyme, my thyme, my thyme,  
Burns swiftly to a crisp  
I meant to check her off,  
But alarms I must've missed

My thyme sits softly silent  
Until matters draw her nigh  
A birth, vacation, holiday,  
Or our last goodbye

For thyme she flavors strongly,  
Singing softly that she's near  
What used to be an afterthought  
Turned out to be so dear

So look back in your farthest reach,  
While your thyme is still acquired  
For when I tried to start anew,  
I found my thyme's expired!

And my chicken's all gone,  
So I wrote up this song  
And when I tried to cook again,  
I noticed way too late...