



*What's on your horizon?*

*Morgan*

*Chai*

"A WOMAN'S TIME"

I should stop drifting in my reverie and get busy. But why? Maybe it's the sense or pre-warning of evenings arrival, the sense that women have ruled their homes by since the beginning of time. That same sense of knowing the exact minute when they must stop what they're doing and get the evening meal ready for the family.

I wonder if I'll ever grow weary of the ruling sense of responsibility that ticks away within my timepiece soul?

Will I always react and respond to the external stimuli that forces me to adjust my day and night to the needs of others?

Are the seconds of my experiences counted on the clock face of my soul by the inner timepiece of eternal awareness?

Will the relentless ticking ever cease within my mind? If so, will I be able to cope with the silence, missing the ticking cadence of life, when all has ceased to give me reason for living?

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