

THE SANDS OF TIME

The sands of time slip fast away,
High school fades to yesterday.

So pick your colors, one by one,
And think of all that you have done.

Each color holds a memory bright,
From soccer fields to homecoming night.

Layer them up and you will see,
A jar of who you've come to be.

The mark you've made will always stay,
In hearts you've touched along the way.

Now others choose their colors too,
To share what they remember of you.

Each jar they fill holds moments shared,
Of times you laughed and times you cared.

A keepsake made for them to hold,
As they watch your future unfold.

