Over time, 
they have mellowed and slumbered 
into an eternal nap. 
But yesterday, these pink-pinioned minions 
cocked up their heads at me, 
winked, sniffed the air, whistled and 
jostled to vie for a nip of antiquity. 
Then we broke into a hymn of wind-piping, 
melting the hearts of the clouds 
into a myriad spittles. 
And I walked on the mire 
fly-whisk-armed administering 
large doses of salutation. 
And now! 
Why have these particles of Time 
breakfasted on themselves 
and gone to sleep?