

The Sputter and Spin

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If clocks had mouths,
They'd tell old rhymes.
A truth and a lie
Every time.

Of course this is false,
And also quite true.
There's simply no telling
What a clock might tell you.

Good or disastrous
Early; too late
It'll sputter and spin
Leaving chaos
Burning, searing
Chaos in its wake.

If clocks had mouths (and they do I assure you),
They'd open up wide –
Swallow and deceive you.

Jagged teeth,
Like dentist appointments.
One for every second
You've spent reading this.

Claws,
No.
A single claw.
Prominent and translucent.
A claw for every chance you get –
To place your hopes upon.

Its eyes,
We gave our clock's eyes.
To see every second.

Their eyes like a scale.
How much time in a second?
And how much time within that?
Infinite amounts within infinite amounts.
They're eyes are unseeing for so are we.

Though,
Time is but a measurement.
And clocks are simply a place to put it.
To never forget it,
Always remember it.
And never,
Ever,
Run out of it.

The clock sputters and spins,
But time,
Will always be.
It will be, and be, and be.
And it will be unmeasurable.

And

Humans remain
The manifestation of Love,
Honest promises,
and Wonder.

The clock will sputter and spin,
It will tick and tock,
And it will die.

And yet we'll hear its voice.
For the mouth of a clock –
Like chronic anxiety,
Is unavoidable.
Forever spewing,
Nonsense and dissatisfaction.