

Clockwork

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Originally published in
Mind the Gap, 1998
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The clock, left to its own devices,
murders each second neatly.

The seconds die bloodlessly—
although ghosts temporarily tick on
wherever brains can be found.

Like any animal's, the candle's feather head
flickers despairingly over an evaporating body.

Stars, meanwhile, seem to rotate genially
in constellations. But, they scatter apart,
and alone: they explode, implode,
and leave as debris twisted chunks of space.

Nothing keeps time.