

CLOCK-TALK

M.L. McCarthy

Hark to your minutes beating down
Your stretch of years light-strewn before.
Hark: you are hurrying to the shore
Of final night; shall be no more.
Think: in that sea your lamp shall drown,
Where waif and hero have been lost,
Pell-mell into the water tossed;
All hunger's dole, all honour's pride
Dismembered in the salt-wash tide,
And beat from coast to coast.
Harken: your feet that sound upon
The road that you hate walking on,
But fate directs your grudging step.
Your very thoughts are like the tick
Of clocks, as minutes played some trick
To bite you like a trap.
A wheel turns in your brain.
You, time's caged squirrel, are in vain
Climbing it. Think: fate gave you free
The sky for field of fantasy,
And the agile brain's capacity,
Enlarging worlds to your desire,
Trellised with frost and roped with fire—
Then, hung your self about your neck.
Between each nervous thought-beat rears
The rubble of Man, a mass that leers.
It bids the reason break.

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