

In Everything

I.

I have a clock on me,

a clock on my mother,

father, niece...

I find them on the rocks

that built the road for you and me, childhood

road that narrates a thread of

silver, not meant for us,

like the smell of the dead frogs that winter when the newlyweds

fenced up their land.

How we missed the songs after that.

How a clock hangs on that fence now.

II.

I also have a clock on you,

strange child,

portly image of strange demeanor.

Like, how can you avoid my sight when you are just

a roving eyeball?

I have a clock on your lips that turns

dull with the hours.

Remember the fountain bursting
out of that spring in the woods?
Those tattered trees? By 9 a.m. you feared dead branches,
by 10 you loved the spring, by noon
roving eye turned to the mountains.

III.

Between 1 and 3
you left me standing underneath
a crying tree.

You crushed brush beneath, aura reached
earth before your feet.

And the jasmine flowers on your green dress
detached themselves, fell behind you
so when you turned to wave goodbye
there was a white mantle between

you and me.

You scooped a bundle of the flowers and delivered in my hands.

Your silver, lifted face gazing at the gold, traversing sun
beyond those tragic mountains outlined our sylvan parting.

IV.

At exactly 6:48 p.m.

the crickets sing. I have a clock

in the night that announces

everything.

A clock in your departure.

Every second

turns into another second, which turns into

the faces of you and me; feeble

attempts to finish the lyrics of that song

based on your smile.

And the jasmine flowers you once put in my hands

silvered to mirror. In the mirror, a clock;

the transparent, broken image of a child.

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