

Clock

by reg *Friday, May 3 2019, 12:12pm*

international / poetry / post

an incongruous oddity
broke the usual harmony in my
life

not yet clear of the source
i began hunting it down

everything seemed anally in its place
in my chaotic studio until i closed my eyes
and deferred to my ears instead

it then hit me like a brick
the old clock was not ticking it was tocking
and its arms were moving backwards

tock tick, tock tick

how could this be?
the clock had departed into the surreal
like Dali's melting dick

i thought little of this at first
until i realised that it was pulling
the rest of the room with it,
low tones became brighter
the ceiling became the floor
leaving me spinning without a fixed
location

tock tick, tock tick, on it went until
the melt set in

first the walls began to drip and then flow
like sheets of honey, Dali hadn't effected this before
so i grabbed my book on the history of art
before it melted

vincent was alive and his swirls were
moving, the german dude's cock
was becoming erectile,
what the fuck?

until munch's scream
transported me into the terror, the horror
but pablo saved me
by locking me in a blue cube
until my clock regained its composure

hickory dickory dock,
tick tock, tick tock,
the mouse ran up
her twat -
the clock struck One the mouse ran down ...
finish it yourself

tick tock, tick tock --
no apologies
as i was forced to rhyme

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