

## 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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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-600.html>