

CLOCK SHADOWS

A little piece of the randomness of the universe wandered in.
It whispered tears that burned like acid rain upon my skin,
Jump-kicked my hands in motion and took me and all my reasons out to sea.

We're out of work philosophers possessed by grand design.
Nothing makes sense anymore and nothing gets denied.
It was hard enough to figure out what I was sent for. Now I can't get it done.

Serve. That's all we're taught to do. When the tightrope's through with you you fall down.
We're supposed to climb off the net and take a breath and start it over again.

Through the lens, through the jigsaw laden lens this was my home. That was my life.
I can kiss it all goodbye tonight. Can you see me? Can you hear me?
Are you men of straw like all the rest? No feeling for making me give up the ghost? No!

It's a suicide squeeze in nightmare motion, a docket in disgrace.
It's a cluster of rebelling stars that think they own the place.
The sun drags up then slithers down, eclipsing everything caught in between.

The world is turning sideways and time itself's on fire.
If you take away my reasons, don't you be shocked at my desires.
Should I slam on the brakes? [That's a chain reaction.]
Hit a hundred and ten? [That's police action.]
Should I veer to the left? [That's a divider ride.]
Should I veer to the right? [And fly over the side.]

So if you learn to love the fire but still hate the flame, if you can call on trouble by its Christian name,
You'll sacrifice and climb that golden ladder all the way up to the floor.

Now I'm scared. By the time I sort this through I'll have the answer but no time.
And those clock shadows will cut you off with the key to life and hours left to live.

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