

EASY GOING

The clock in the bedroom hesitated,
battery dying. It lingered a while,
slowing the seconds, the minutes,
then the days, before finally stopping,
12.57, any day you like.

On January the first, there was a brief reincarnation.
It ticked its way through a further fifty minutes,
its own unfinished business,
fifty slow, stress-free minutes,
and finally stopped, at a time of its own choosing,
its face still glowing,
1.46, any day you like.