

Clock Man

Profile, he's a cartoon
of one-thirty & eleven-thirty
pitching back-and-forth;
at the three
the watchers awaken as he
launders his liquid lingua until
they vault to high noon, eyes
spinning like animated wind-up
punches, the remarkable powers
of articulated spinach strewn
from auricle to auricle, then
all of the clockwatchers gather
in clumps and muddy their hands
onto one of gifted glossolalia,
sending his sinned & spinning
vessel into what could only
be called with flexed fingers
" "

but what we usually call
"a tile floor";
that one writhes there underneath
the undulating arms and tongues come undone,
the profiled Clock Man
wrangles the other writhers into
a zone sponsored by the
Financial Aid Office of Heaven
asking humbly on Their behalf for
just a little, what you can give,
a sufferance offering of fifty
will suffice, and if not fifty,
then how 'bout twenty; some
dig down deep and push aside
their pocket watches, open their
billfolds and step back as
doves miraculously fly from them;
cold, hard showers drench
the six at Clock Man's feet,
sending forth a small cuckoo hallelujah
that each clockwatcher collects
and takes home and encases
in his or her respective
empty medicine cabinet.