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Wind Up

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Wind Up

Cover Page Footnote

This piece was presented as a branch to "The Clockmaker's Children (excerpt)"

Wind Up

When the wind
Is out of breath,
I breathe to the beat
Of the second hand on the
Hand-me-down wound clock.
Heart-beat at a hundred and sixteen beats per minute and—
Steady on old friend.

Steady on and keep her course,
There's a storm rising in the south;
And the rain is coming, subdividing
Drops and dripping dances down into the waves, wave goodbye to
Calm glass waters reflect me back in
My own image a magic-mirror message I don't want
To hear tune it out turn it off take it down a notch back to
Two knots tell me it's not all for naught because in every storm
 there's an eye and I
Just want to find that spot—

Where the wind has died.
But I'm alive.

All quiet outside my mind
And I listen
To the clock.
Inexorable.
Tick—