

Clock on the Counter

Riding in the past

Pictures flashing subconsciously with a blast

Film bubbling, erupting, developing fast

Missing a voice with no choice

A slap that shoots you there

My feet have tickled this grass before

Physical reception blocks the garden door

Senses taking over, the tides coming in

I'll swim where I've never been

Backstroking isn't a sin

Float forward holding a fin

Postcards sent through your stares

Fates and fairs propositioning dares

Circle around twice, don't settle for nice

No bets on this vice of sacrifice

Forward the slide, pause your breath

Rewind to remember only the kind

Release when it's all in a bind

Shadows do not blind

Pull the lid up and shutter to find

There is no such thing as father time

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