

# TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE

My whisper, thin as rice-paper,  
abjured the line of action.  
One flimsy objection: stop.

You cannot fix this erotic clockwork.  
These springs and cogs require concentration.  
You think one clever screw would set me ticking  
but my gears are meshed intricate  
as a ruined Rubix Cube  
and hands which work too coarse  
will only do more damage.

You'd see that if you studied with a loupe.

*—Sarah Stahl*