

The Motionless Hands

My eyes bulge,
one swings loosely.
My wing gives one
last attempt
to lift this weighted body.
My arm reaches out,
grasping for the
hands on a motionless clock.
Each toe...claw...digs within
the wooden chair
stripped of paint.
I rise high,
perched on this throne
of wood and paint splints.
The cold from metal
rises and chills the
feathers of my body.
Dark stained walls
hover around me,
surrounding me with
a great madness.
Fresh greens of life trapped in the
motionless clock hands.

They fall within silence
of the tick that
the clock once held....
I stare at this confusion
as I am twisted and torn
into the still hands.
Becoming one with
the greens and
the splints of wood,
Pasted to the black
plaster...motionless
in time...
Trapped in the frame
of steel,
the frame of life.

