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.

