

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