

Tedium

The clock ticks on in merciless rhythm,
round and round she goes
Her midnight tolls taint my life
with sick hues of monotony

I cry for her and how she repeats
then wonder, *would she cry for me?*
For all my life I could never persist
in that kind of constant routine

Hands from 12 to 1 to 3
unburdened by anything linear,
but maybe the burden, as I've discovered,
is needing that chaos to thrive