

My Grandmother's Clock

The clock sits on my Grandmother's wall.
It's carved Cherubim and Seraphim look down upon my play.
The chimes beat out another hour.
Each tick a sensation to be savoured, each tock a challenge to beat
It chimes once for the half hour and when it chimes again, mum and dad will be here.
The distance between two calls is time enough to play.
I'm allowed to wind it, taking care with each turn of the key not to overwork its taut
spring.
My Grandma says she no longer hears it; it's been so much a part of her life for so long.

And now the clock sits upon my wall.
Its angelic host blind to my work.
I often neglect to feed it
Letting its aging heart run slow.
I am deaf to its chimes.
There are other sounds to hear.
The ticking goes unheard.
Here, in my living room,
I no longer hear time pass.