Displacement of the Black Clock

Claws of morning
Rive the curtains.
The white walls blare
In the sunburst.

But the lean hands
Of the black clock
Are motionless

And the lean hands
Of the black clock
Dominate the room.

A stick of wind
Begins to prod
And stir the room.
The curtains thrust.

The yellow heads
Tumble their wit
From the red chairs.

Shadows of heads
Bend to the clock,
Nodding, distorted.

W. H. Petty