

## 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.

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