

Watchmaker

Area 11

Serve or break the patterns
That would be
Echo positions of the free
Middle child of eternity
Caught between the
Branches and the roots
Move in any way that suits
The creeping vines of anomie

I never wanted to believe
I never asked if I could stay
Switch the pressures you relieve
Forge your aggression in the clay

The art that I buried in the earth
Sketching parallels to understand
Why I can't share your love
Watchmen and makers in dissent
I'm only building what I meant
To do so many lives ago

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