

# I Am Your Clock

Lard

I am your clock  
I am your religion  
I am your shotgun mechanical bride,  
nothing is done without my approval.

I own you,  
I decide how long you sleep  
and how must rest  
you are ever allowed.

I decide what you desire,  
I deny you time to think,  
I am the mirror of constant humiliation.  
That follows and shadows you  
wherever you go  
and blocks out the light  
at the end of every tunnel you try.  
Be on time,  
be on schedule  
always feel  
life you're always late  
and need more scolding and punishment.

Do not daydream,  
do not dilly-dally,  
do not fall behind  
wings are flapping right behind you.  
You know what's coming next  
as I swoop down like a hungry owl  
and sink my talons into your back  
and drag you back to square one again,  
the pain gets a little worse every time.  
Crash,  
crumple,  
do not pass go,  
do not collect  
your dignity and your self respect.

Give up,  
it's over,  
no time allowed  
to try something you like.

The bills were all due yesterday  
you've failed,  
you've through  
first we form our habits,  
then they form us.

We dress up as someone else every day  
gingerbread houses,  
fireplace surprises,  
what tastes the best  
the witches won't let you have.

These days, having a baby  
is like what having a BMW used to be.

While they're asleep  
play their New Age cassettes  
to transmit subliminal messages,  
I like mom,  
I like school,  
I like to study,  
I like rules.

I am the schoolteacher  
who yelled at you for not paying attention  
and shamed you in front of the entire class  
and dragged you around the room by the hair.  
This is what happens to boys and girls  
whose penmanship is messy  
be neat, like the others.  
Follow orders  
obey what is put on front of you,  
imagination is the ultimate sin,  
you can't be creative the rest of your life,  
your counselor wants a word with you,  
if you liked school, you'll love work,  
resign yourself to a job you'll hate,  
get a hobby - but keep it in the garage.

Shove yourself into a slot  
despise your ideas  
your boss knows best.  
We can't all do what we want to do  
always settle for what you're told to expect  
do not take chances,  
you might fail,  
you might fail.  
You don't want to find out the hard way  
how our society treats  
the misfits who make mistakes.

Bad,  
failure,  
bad,  
failure,  
homeless,  
depression,  
mental hospital,  
murder.

Born on the cutting room floor,  
die in the bin by the door.  
Hypothermia of the spirit  
why do people chase  
so many useless toys  
in search of the perfect baby sitter.

"For just \$19.95 and just thirteen minutes of your busy day,  
you can have 'the full, rich experience of parenthood  
without the mess of the real thing.' Its called Video Baby."  
Creative Programming, Inc., offer "All of the enjoyment -  
and none of the commitment."

I am your calendar,  
there is no escape  
I am why you're afraid  
to respect yourself.  
I lead you down garden path after path

with carrots on a stick.  
I'll let you taste but never embrace  
peek in the wrong door, I slam it on your fingers.  
Go back,  
adventure is not allowed.  
Go back - not allowed!  
I leave you exhausted, henpecked and afraid.  
Never quite enough money,  
never enough nerve  
to reach out for something better  
than the grind you call your life.

The hatch of your hamster cage is open  
but guess who waits just outside the door.  
Stay on your treadmill  
keep running on that wire wheel  
briefcase in hand,  
money rains down just out of reach  
you'll burn out soon enough.  
It's all part of the plan  
when you're no longer useful  
you can finally retire  
to the glue factory of your choice.  
Free at last  
to scratch your head  
wondering what happened.  
Free at last  
I bid you goodbye  
on your own  
to wait to die.