

The Clock and the Casket

Marissa Blose

The warmth in her eyes, a reminder of home.
The wrinkles on her face wrought by time, like a clock
with the second hand beating. Counting down. Go!
Before it's too late, and you're trapped in
a room of voices, that are all yelling at you. Get out!
So you drink until you discover there's a bottom to the punch

bowl, and try to understand the joke without the punch
line, but then you realize that this house is no longer home.
Someone else's mother will now scream to take the trash out,
as the son sits staring at the old grandfather clock.
The pendulum swings back and forth, pounding in
your inner ears, a sign that you need to go

back. Your first day of school; she let you go.
Your resentment never occurred to her—your first punch
through the drywall—you will never let another woman in.
You can't even remember the last time you came home
to dinner on the table or went to bed before nine o'clock,
but it's not her fault. Nothing is the same without

her. God doesn't exist, and if he does, you can't figure out
how he could watch you, watching her, let go.
As if God was tapping his foot, pointing at the clock,
shaking his head, waiting for you to punch
the mirror. His only soothing words—"She's going home,"
but you know it's a lie because the bed she is lying in

is not the one you once crawled into in
the middle of the night. You're strung out.
You can't find your way home.
Today is yesterday—get up, go
to work, wait to punch
out, the motionless clock.

Clock

In.

Punch

Out.

Go

Home.

“I will meet you at home,” your eyes glisten at the clock.
Pack your bags, ready to go. Lights off, turn in.
You hold your ticket out, a ticket He won't punch.