

Clock Time  
(The Shape Of Time Keeping)

*The room reflected in the clock lacks the clock itself*

Daylight, and dark blanket hangs over the window  
The door is locked In the middle of the room sits  
The words "Life is meaningless" is not a judgment  
a lawn chair Sneakers A song repeats on stereo  
about life It is a subjective status The subject being  
Someone in the chair quietly sits, faces the covered  
window The cd player skips It continues to skip  
a feeling And the feeling is a feeling of emptiness  
From the ceiling something dark and long hangs  
down Opening over the chair Approaches like  
This feeling is not a reflection of how the world is  
an orifice Lined with mucus Slowly convulsing

The horseshoe lawn and brick ivy-covered buildings appear quaint. A small campus, almost. Near the main entrance, opposite the front desk, is an empty room. Escorted by two of the staff through the door: a bed and end-table, four white walls, a barred window. Sunlight cast as yellow bars of light on the hard concrete floor. The door closes behind him, alone. Voices in the hallway, fading. He sits on the bed, waits. No sound but ticking. The clock. The clock divides, like a movie camera, each moment into frames, frozen stills. Frames of himself clicking by. Streaks of yellow glide over the walls. Barred sunlight swims over his eyes. The door flaps open and closed. He remains seated on a bed that accelerates toward nowhere. *Now here*, he says [...]

The past never existed, overlaps with the future. The future never existing, overlaps with the past [...]

The room *seems to rotate*, I look out the window, the parked cars, a grass lawn beyond the metal bars. I wonder. The door opens. I begin to question. Someone observes. *What am I doing here?* The door closes. Slippered feet dowsed in gasoline of sunlight *where on this bed I sit* and the cover of *the clock in my hands appears* reflected in his eyes as *the plastic cover of time against which this room bends and warps*. Stuck. In this room. The second hand. Stuck. In the clock *and it twitches on a notch* an anonymous mark *of the dial* between Roman numeral IV and V—skipping—skipping—I watch the second hand—skipping—

skipping—I do not blink—skipping—skipping—I do—skipping—not—skipping—exist—skipping—skipping—skipping and someone *sitting on a bed* decides that somehow *this clock is a window*—The window opens and he steps into a room of warped walls and non-Euclidian angles. On one of the white walls a circle of whiter paint and a metal screw where once time might have hung, kept in a clock like an animal in a cage [....

Bars over a window offer little protection from voices inside your head Self-awareness as a voice  
A decision Inside of the emptiness A decision is made  
that sounds not like speech But a painful static A  
paralysis of noise in the skull which each white wall  
that is mistaken for a conclusion A conclusion that makes  
attempts to silence And in the contraband closet  
hang the shoelaces In the white paper cups pills are  
an absolute assertion: Life is worthless The cause is one  
administered In the tiles of the waxy hallway is a  
vision of the ceiling In the vision a white sheet  
feeling And the consequence is the worthlessness of the world

Bare feet Swinging back and forth Like a pendulum

To stare at the moving edge of sunlight, to actually witness in each moment the infinitesimal movement of light across the floor until the corners of the ceiling exert a pressure on your skull, until the pressure becomes a sign of the room's awareness of yourself, *What distinguishes two instants?* he watches himself in the clock—and in the clock sees himself on a bed watching sunlight, *Two instants? If nothing changes between one instant and the next, is it the same instant?* Violent static climbs up the walls. A fly buzzes against the glass. *In each movement*, he tries not to blink, *is a moment*, when the door every fifteen minutes opens *but is the opposite* and then quietly closes *true in the clock's reflection I see a distant white room that almost appears to be within reach. Clean. Quiet. I open the window and step inside*, four white walls, *in the corner a bed and end-table*, in the corner a bed and end-table. In the corner a bed and. A bed and. A bed and the [....

Is there such a thing as an instant? Or, rather than a stack of infinitesimals, is time the light that projects each frame onto space? Whether still or moving? [....

The door behind him inches open. Like sunlight on his neck *I feel the metaphysical pressure of someone gazing at the back of his head. When I*

*look over my shoulder I see the back of someone's head disappear behind the door. To see not effects of time but time itself I return my gaze to the reflection in the upheld clock. To see this white room not as cage but as communion I altar the angle of reflection and each thing with sudden clarity becomes present. A plain bed, bolted to the floor. Steel bars, bolted to the brick exterior. A reinforced door, bolted to the frame. Each thing is presence. Presence as a radiating sphere of influence and involvements and yet to our wondering eyes each time we gaze into a clock the reflection and the source appear as one. Thus each clock appears to keep the same time. Thus future and past appear to exist. Thus the door closing appears to be opening in reverse as again they enter and file into this room, a white box of ninety-degree angles in which I, having finally broken through, was a radiating sphere. I had detonated. The 'I' echoing between floor and ceiling. A cloud of presence they could not touch. A cloud of presence they could not avoid. A cloud of presence watching and witnessing myself, all of this in slow-motion, escorted out of the room into the hallway. In slow-motion I appeared to look over my shoulder—to where the clock hung on the wall—and in the reflection the back of my head slowly disappeared behind the door and was swallowed whole i n t o n o w*

```

n o w h e r e
n o w I am h e r e
n o w h e r e
    n o w h e r e
        n o w h e r e
            now here
            now here
            nowhere
i n t o nowhere
        now here
            now here
                now here
                now here
                    now here
                    now here
                        n o w h e r e
n o w h e r e
n o w I am h e r e
n o w h e r e

```