

taking the moving hands off my clock

i opened the standing timepiece up and put them on
the other side of its faceplate
where time has not been kept.

i wanted to let no time

become self aware of its timelessness.

the sun and moon still track
the ticking gears still tick with precision
the chimes still chime on the hour

but now the house is a house
of identity crises
about where time really occurs.

taking the hands off.
wf.h.
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