

Clockwork

Clockwork,
Like clockwork,
 hat in hand
 at the door
 take a box
 flash a smile
Like clockwork
Every Thursday,
Like clockwork.

Like clockwork
 take my elbow
 whisk me off in a cab to a candlelit cafe
 where we drink and we dance and we love in our manner
Like clockwork
Every Thursday,
Like clockwork.

Like the tick of a clock was the tap of my heel on the step when we walked up the stairs to my room where you snapped off the buttons on the back of my dress and we laughed when we clicked off the light; and the flicker of the candle lit the face of the clock; and the rock of the bed and the tap on the wall and the squeak of the springs was clockwork
In the darkness
Every Thursday.

Like the tip of a clock was the tap of a fresh cigarette on the top of the pack as you sat in the dark when the candle was burnt; and the light from the match lit the face of the clock for a flash and was out and the room was dark.
And the cigarette burned in the ashtray,
And your hand grew limp in my hand,
And your breath came even with a rasp and a sigh and a snore and a wheeze,
Like clockwork
In the darkness,
Every Thursday.

Like the spring of a clock I was wound in the dark, in the light of the flame, like a watch on a chain in the palm of your hand,
Like a clock who has struck and continues to swing, never minding the hour is gone, ever waiting to strike up again.
And the clock ticks on and the bell strikes one, then it's two, then it's four, then it's seven, then it's ten ... then it stops.