Clockwork

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss2/12
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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss2/12
JAMIE BIRD

LONG HAVE I CHASED, WISHING

I used to run
to every bend in the road.
All optimism; all hope.

Now the autumn gray
has bullied the blue out of the sky,
and I’m not running anymore.

You’ve proven to be elusive,
and long have I chased, wishing
that you’d wait for me at a turn.

But the road is always empty,
twisting into that Autumn sky
so gray, the asphalt is
swallowed into its oblivion.

And, it is right there, at the mouth
of the horizon, where you must be:
the place where dreams go to die.

GEOFFREY POTTER

CLOCKWORK

The morning commute,
bag lunch in the cubicle—
buzz little bee, buzz