

The Clock

(For Grandpa Bob)

By Nick Roberts

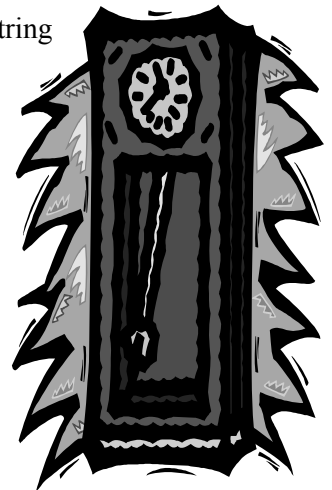
In the Eno I sat as the sun went down flaring
 Looking at the minnows swimming and twitching
 Darting beneath the surface weaving invisible stitching
 Between my toes, beneath my knees, bullfrogs in the distance blaring

Blaring to tell the valley that night had come a calling
 Perhaps it was time for me to leave my quiet escape
 Humidity hung its thick rope across my neck's nape
 Yesterday's storm had left leaves atop the water, the rest were soon
 to be falling

Falling as confetti blown high by the thunder
 Drifting downward to the symphony of the river's dry trickle
 Largemouth danced among the rocks, flashing silver sides bright as the toss
 of a nickel
 Sitting lonesome in this shallow pool I was left to wonder

To wonder why I allowed my mind to tangle itself in knots of endless string
 It was Grandfather's last sunset, perhaps that is why yesterday I could
 not leave
 If I could be there now with all my strength the sun I would heave
 Swinging back up to the heavens on its cosmic pendulum swing

I would swing it fast on a course so time could be forgotten,
 then delayed
 But I can do nothing; years turn to memories, flashes to an empty hall
 The vastness of the forest, the brevity of life twists a man until
 he feels small
 That day, Grandfather and I both heard nature's perfect clock chime
 and we obeyed



He obeyed the chiming of the grand clock to return into the land
The grand clock chimed for me to leave the river for the night
To place myself for another dawn back before the city lights
Now as I wake and only one of us remains I trust in the rhythm set by
 God's flawless hand

The rhythm set bids the moon rise and the sun depart
My wish is that, that evening together we witnessed the same thing
Sun fading gracefully, waiting to be carried back up upon the eagle's
 bronze wing
I sit now in the river my mind tangled and tattered, his last sunset burned
 into my heart

