

Disassembling in Time

Misty Clark

Father's guns stood attentive—a row of hired soldiers
which he polished like silver pieces and cherished like
dogs.

The clicks and slides chimed with the t.v. clock
as, godlike, he petted their parts into cleanliness.

A squat clock twisted,
and from its vantage told
every second of each deception.
Its vision paired us in adultery.

Clockworks and firearms' faced each other across a room.
Ladies-in-waiting, they gleamed and tolled the loud
and silent hours. There is nothing so strange as waiting.

Father would often take me across the lake.
I blazed away with one of his precious Purdeys.
He taught safety and praised me, sparely,
when I hit a mark.

As sportsmen we returned,
covered with the smells of the forest in the cold
and Little Ben proved that silence is rare
in a house paneled with love's deceit.

A woman crazed I chase intimate seconds.
Now, I feel a curious scratching behind my breastbone
when I view even pictures of hunted deer.

The gun's luster dulled, the clock wound down,
oil and water now, they face each other no more.
Twelve o' clock chimes recoil
and clocks void of numbers push me to this past.