

## The Ward

The clock

*tick    tick    Tock!*  
has given up  
on wheeling us about.

Ask its deathly pallor

*(theonlytrueghosts)*  
where we were—

No Are  
but it is allblendednow  
any-

ways-a-y-o-u...OPEN UP NOW...

Our *I* seek out

what is ~~not seen~~.

Flinch

Twitch

s-c    -r    -e    -    a    -    m  
door opening with a rusty  
squEakthe st-u-u-u-tt-er of  
thinking.

The thunder gnashing its *jAggEd tEEth*

About us

the moat

*(a mOat!)*

circles with many poInTed TeeTH  
*(the scalpels gleam)*

in their fishy stink

of cigars and bars

*(noted link)*

in underwater lairs where

sharks

drink the bloodbag's

beer gut.

Stepping from my chair

—wheels protest—

I crEak over a floor

(its butterscotch light

sticky-un-releasing)

NOisetheNOiseNOise of

giants' thump-thumping

They come  
    Tw-os  
        Thr-ees

their *fast* and s – l – o – w hands  
taking seconds & Buts!  
    from our...OPEN UP NOW...mouths

Soon the white  
        jagged lightening  
                                teeth

    (*blink*)  
turns my eyes  
    (*blink*  
        *blink*)  
to

static sleep.

