

By Design
By Sarah Tallman

The clock never stopped
Refusing exchange
His glance softly spoke,
it's good to be back

A tattered riddle
With a modest start
"Where have you been?"
The hour hand chided.

Relying on rhythm
and intent. He smiled,
"We're just passing through"
The tick of time promised

Just once more before
the indigo sheen
Collapsed the sky
amidst golden stars

Undeniable,
Warm and bold his smile
Unforgettable,
Memories in skin

A pageant of color
rippled through his spine.
He carefully watched
her sturdy design.

One always held tighter.
This time it was him.
Not even in sleep
could she vanish.

The clock never stopped,
her diamond shaped
chime sang out, again
and again, and again.