

## The Clock . . .

. . . without hands still may  
understand the time,  
but cannot speak to me.

I walk down the street  
gaze at faces of other clocks  
as we pass each other by,

wish I could supply  
each one of them  
with the hands it lacks,

wish, in fact,  
that I could remember  
where I left my own.

Steve Bloom  
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